



3 1761 08823979 3

UNIV. OF  
TORONTO  
LIBRARY














Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2011 with funding from  
University of Toronto

<http://www.archive.org/details/theforum52newy>



# THE FORUM

VOL. LII

JULY, 1914—DECEMBER, 1914



*New York & London*  
MITCHELL KENNERLEY  
1914

136140  
61 4/15-



COPYRIGHT 1914 BY  
MITCHELL KENNERLEY

AP  
2  
F8  
v. 52



# INDEX TO VOLUME LII

A	PAGE		PAGE
Abdullah, Achmed		Briton, Eloise	
Seen Through Mohammedan		The Two Flames	440
Spectacles	484	Brittain, Rex H.	
Abolition of Poverty, The		An Interlude	434
By Alfred Bishop Mason	165	Brooks, Van Wyck	
American Farmer as a Coöperator, The		The World of H. G. Wells	128, 278, 451
By E. E. Miller	595	Bryson, Lyman	
American Farm Landlord-Tenant Problem		The Prophet	416
By Philip R. Kellar	81	Bynner, Witter	
Anti-Jewish Prejudice in America		The Cardinal's Garden	562
By Bernard Drachman	31		
Atalanta and Meleager		C	
By Allan Updegraff	387		
Atavism		Call from the Minister, A	
By Karl Remer	515	By Leslie Davis	228
At the Flowing of the Tide		Capes, W. P.	
By Edward J. O'Brien	375	The Social Doctor	89
		Cardinal's Garden, The	
		By Witter Bynner	562
		Carman, Bliss	
		Phi Beta Kappa Poem	677
		Carter, Huntly	
		Dramatizing the Theatre	60
		Changing Temper at Harvard, The	
		By Gilbert V. Seldes	521
		Cheney, Sheldon	
		The New Movement in the Theatre	749
		Cleghorn, Sarah N.	
		The Minority Report on Vivisection	707
		Community Cooking	
		By Lewis C. Mumford	95
		Conscience of the World, The	
		By Wallace Rice	633
		Cook, George Cram	
		The C. T. U.	543
		Correspondence,	
		143, 299, 463, 621, 776, 933	
B.			
T.			
Our Venture in Love	437		
Baillie-Grohman, O.			
Seppel	695		
Baxter, Sylvester			
Better Than Democracy	313		
Better Than Democracy			
By Sylvester Baxter	313		
Björkman, Edwin			
Smashing the War-Machines	797		
Blake, Warren Barton			
Emerson	612		
What of Civilization?	661		
Bowden, Witt			
The Shadow of the Brain	882		
Bragdon, Claude			
Learning to Think in Terms of Spaces	196		
Bread and Butter and Art			
By Frederick James Gregg	443		



	PAGE
Country Life in England	
By F. E. Green	233
Cournos, John	
John H. Twachtman	245
Covenant in Ulster, The	
By James David Kenny	23
C. T. U., The	
By George Cram Cook	543

## D

Daughter of Jairus, The	
By Beatrice Redpath	127
Davis, Leslie	
A Call from the Minister	228
Determinism and Character	
By C. E. Heathcote-Smith	726
Drachman, Bernard	
Anti-Jewish Prejudice in America	31
Dramatizing the Theatre	
By Huntly Carter	60

## E

Editorial Notes,	
148, 307, 468, 627, 786, 938	
Education and Preventive	
Medicine. By Crawford	
Richmond Green	70
Ellis, Mrs. Havelock	
Love the Pilgrim	356
Emerson	
By Warren Barton Blake	612
Eucken, Rudolph: Champion of	
a Spiritual Reality	
By Albert L. Whittaker	41
Eve's Daughters	
By Lucy Huffaker	861

## F

Fairchild, Henry Pratt	
A Sociological View of the	
High Cost of Living	49
Fashion and Feminism	
By Nina Wilcox Putnam	580
Feminism, The Philosophy of	
By George Burman Foster	10
Feminism and Polygamy	
By Henry Walker	831

	PAGE
Ficke, Arthur Davison	
Sonnets of a Portrait- Painter	249
Field, Louise Maunsell	
The Modern Heroine in French Fiction	240
Religion in the Modern Novel	603
First Courtship, The	
By Harry Kemp	430
Fisher, Mahlon Leonard	
In Crypts Uncandled	210
Foster, George Burman	
The Philosophy of Feminism	10
Fruit	
By Lewis C. Mumford	889

## G

Gammon, Samuel Franklin	
Nationality and the Union	822
German and British Theolo-	
gians and the War	815
Germophobia	
By Helen S. Gray	585
Giovannitti	
By Kenneth Macgowan	609
Glaenzer, Richard Butler	
Measure for Measure	594
Graeve, Oscar	
Parallel Street	407
Gray, Helen S.	
Germophobia	585
Green, Crawford Richmond	
Education and Preventive	
Medicine	70
Green, F. E.	
Country Life in England	233
Gregg, Frederick James	
Bread and Butter and Art	443

## H

Hackett, Francis Byrne	
The New Steerage	531
Hall, Bolton	
The Honest Citizen	232
The Society Worker	124
Harris, Frank	
Whistler	338
Heathcote-Smith, C. E.	
Determinism and Character	726



## INDEX TO VOLUME LII

V

	PAGE
Hedges, M. H.	
The Physician as a Hero:	
William James	875
Herts, B. Russell	
The Shadowy Mr. Yeats	911
Honest Citizen, The	
By Bolton Hall	232
Huffaker, Lucy	
Eve's Daughters	861
Money Poor	110
Hume, E. Douglas	
Lady Anopheles	565
Humphrey, Zephine	
Lay Reading Philosophy	903
Huneker, James	
Skull and Crossbones and	
Nine-leaved Clover	1
Three Disagreeable Girls	765

## I

In Crypts Uncandled	
By Mahlon Leonard Fisher	210
Intellectual Awakening in Athens and Its Modern Analogy	
By Albert Augustus Trevor	186
Interim	
By Edna St. Vincent Millay	332
Interlude, An	
By Rex H. Brittain	434

J

Johnson, William Samuel	
Prayer for Peace	829
Jones, Robert E.	
Leaves from My Notebook	804

## K

Kehler, James Howard	
An Open Letter to the Na- tion With Regard to a Peace Plan	794
Kellar, Philip R.	
The American Farm Land- lord-Tenant Problem	81
Kemp, Harry	
The First Courtship	430

	PAGE
Kenny, James David	
The Covenant in Ulster	23
Kiper, Florence	
The New Motherhood	203
Kitten and the Shadow, The	
By Alan D. Mickle	745

L

Lady Anopheles	
By E. Douglas Hume	565
Lancaster, Hewes	
The Will	219
Lay Reading Philosophy	
By Zephine Humphrey	903
Learning to Think in Terms of Spaces	
By Claude Bragdon	196
Leaves from My Notebook	
By Robert E. Jones	804
Lemon Seed, The	
By Robert Rudd Whiting	211
Lerner, Mary	
Summons	573
Levin, Louis H.	
Little Tragedies	417
Lippmann, Walter	
The Woman's Movement	153
Little Tragedies	
By Louis H. Levin	417
Love the Pilgrim	
By Mrs. Havelock Ellis	356

## M

Macauley, Ward	
The Maintained Price	738
Macgowan, Kenneth	
Giovannitti	609
Maintained Price, The	
By Ward Macauley	738
Mason, Alfred Bishop	
The Abolition of Poverty	165
Masseck, Clinton J.	
Some Aspects of Freshman Knowledge	899
Measure for Measure	
By Richard Butler Glaenzer	594
Merkel, O. J.	
The War and Germany	654



	PAGE
Mickle, Alan D.	
Kitten and the Shadow, The	745
My Thoughts	430
The Sea	406
Middleton, Scudder	
The Wax Museum for Men	915
Millay, Edna St. Vincent	
Interim	332
Shroud, The	498
Sorrow	764
Miller, E. E.	
The American Farmer as a	
Coöperator	595
Minority Report on Vivisection,	
The	
By Sarah N. Cleghorn	707
Modern Heroine in French Fic-	
tion, The	
By Louise Maunsell Field	240
Money Poor	
By Lucy Huffaker	110
Mumford, Lewis C.	
Community Cooking	95
Fruit	889
Murphy, Charles R.	
Youth	872
My Thoughts	
By Alan D. Mickle	436

N

Nationality and the Union	
By Samuel Franklin Gammon	822
Need of a Naturalization Treaty with Italy, The	
By John Valente	810
New Loyalties for Old Consolations	
By H. A. Overstreet	499
New Motherhood, The	
By Florence Kiper	203
New Movement in the Theatre, The.	
By Sheldon Cheney	749
New Steerage, The	
By Francis Byrne Hackett	531

## O

O'Brien, Edward J.  
At the Flowing of the Tide 375

	PAGE
Old Houses	
By Lizette Woodworth	
Reese	793
Open Letter to the Nation	
with Regard to a Peace	
Plan, An	
By James Howard	
Kehler	794
Our Venture in Love	
By T. B.	437
Overstreet, H. A.	
New Loyalties for Old Con-	
solutions	499

P

Pan-Slavism in America	
By C. Townley-Fullam	177
Parallel Street	
By Oscar Graeve	407
Phi Beta Kappa Poem	
By Bliss Carman	677
Philosophy of Feminism, The	
By George Burman Foster	10
Physician as a Hero: William James, The	
By M. H. Hedges	875
Prayer for Peace	
By William Samuel Johnson	829
Precocious Children	
By Lewis M. Terman	893
President's Message, The	513
Press and the Reporter, The	
By George H. & Gilbert V. Seldes	722
Problem of Immortality, The	
By Mowry Saben	684
Prophet, The	
By Lyman Bryson	416
Putnam, Nina Wilcox	
Fashion and Feminism	580

## R

Redpath, Beatrice	
The Daughter of Jairus	127
Reese, Lizette Woodworth	
Old Houses	793
Religion in the Modern Novel	
By Louise Maunsell Field	603
Remer, Karl	
Atavism	515



	PAGE
Rice, Muriel	
The Stranger Woman	109
Rice, Wallace	
The Conscience of the World	633
Rudolph Eucken: Champion of a Spiritual Reality	
By Albert L. Whittaker	41

# S

Saben, Mowry	
The Problem of Immortality	684
Sea, The	
By Alan D. Mickle	406
Seen Through Mohammedan Spectacles	
By Achmed Abdullah	484
Seldes, George H. & Gilbert V.	
The Press and the Reporter	722
Seldes, Gilbert V.	
The Changing Temper at Harvard	521
Seppel	
By O. Baillie-Grohman	695
Shadow of the Brain, The	
By Witt Bowden	882
Shadowy Mr. Yeats, The	
By B. Russell Herts	911
Shroud, The	
By Edna St. Vincent Millay	498
Skulls and Crossbones and Nine-leaved Clover	
By James Huneker	1
Slater, Mary White	
The Vision of Bergson	916
Smashing the War-Machines	
By Edwin Björkman	797
Social Doctor, The	
By W. P. Capes	89
Society Worker, The	
By Bolton Hall	124
Sociological View of the High Cost of Living, A	
By Henry Pratt Fairchild	49
Some Aspects of Freshman Knowledge	
By Clinton J. Masseck	899
Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter	
By Arthur Davison Ficke	249
Sorrow	
By Edna St. Vincent Millay	764

	PAGE
Stocks, Arthur	
The Trend Toward Mate- rialism	847
Storey, Walter	
Upper Second Avenue	846
Stranger Woman, The	
By Muriel Rice	109
Summons,	
By Mary Lerner	573

# T

Terman, Lewis M.	
Precocious Children	893
Three Disagreeable Girls	
By James Huneker	765
Townley-Fullam, C.	
Pan-Slavism in America	177
Trend Toward Materialism, The. By Arthur Stocks	847
Trever, Albert Augustus	
The Intellectual Awakening in Athens and Its Modern Analogy	186
Tuckey, Edson N.	
Wastes and Abuses of Our Educational System	713
Twachtman, John H.	
By John Cournos	245
Twilight of Experience, The	
By Grace S. H. Tytus	100
Two Flames, The	
By Eloise Briton	440
Tytus, Grace S. H.	
The Twilight of Experience	100

# U

Ulster, The Covenant in	
By James David Kenny	23
Updegraff, Allan	
Atalanta and Meleager	387
Upper Second Avenue	
By Walter Storey	846

# V

Vale, Charles	
The War	473
Valente, John	
The Need of a Naturaliza- tion Treaty with Italy	810



	PAGE		PAGE
Vision of Bergson, The		Whistler	
By Mary White Slater	916	By Frank Harris	338
Vivisection, The Minority		Whiting, Robert Rudd	
Report on		The Lemon Seed	211
By Sarah N. Cleghorn	707	Whittaker, Albert L.	
		Rudolph Eucken: Champion	
		of a Spiritual Reality	41
W		Will, The	
		By Hewes Lancaster	219
Walker, Henry		Woman's Movement, The	
Feminism and Polygamy	831	By Walter Lippmann	153
War, The		World of H. G. Wells, The	
By Charles Vale	473	By Van Wyck Brooks,	
War and Germany, The		128, 278, 451	
By O. J. Merkel	654		
Wastes and Abuses of Our			
Educational System		Y	
By Edson N. Tuckey	713		
Wax Museum for Men, The		Yeats, The Shadowy Mr.	
By Scudder Middleton	915	By B. Russell Herts	911
What of Civilization?		Youth	
By Warren Barton Blake	661	By Charles R. Murphy	872

# THE FORUM

FOR JULY 1914

## SKULLS AND CROSSBONES AND NINE-LEAVED CLOVER

JAMES HUNEKER

WHEN Sir Oliver Lodge, as President of the British Association of Science, metaphorically slapped the face of Professor Schäfer, his predecessor, because of the latter's "materialism," misinformed persons fancied there would be waged a wordy warfare. As a matter of fact, no war was waged. Professor Schäfer is a busy man and his adversary was sparring with a straw figure, the old stuffed effigy, long known as "the arrogant man of science," that bogie of middle-class orthodoxy which flourished during the mid-Victorian period. The speech of Sir Oliver at Birmingham was an attempted answer to Professor Schäfer's speech the previous year. But that particular speech, like the historic Belfast address of Tyndall's, was neither arrogant nor was it windy prophecy. Tyndall's idea of the potentialities of matter have been verified with the years; elusive and magical as is radium, nevertheless it is matter; its properties are apprehended in terms of the real. Not less miraculous is wireless telegraphy. What "miracle" in the past can match it? For Walt Whitman the "hinges" of his hand were miraculous. The starry heaven and the moral law filled Kant with awe. Rightly viewed, we are living a constant miracle, whether as matter or as spirit; for these categories are outworn verbalisms interchangeable in meaning. Matter in the light of recent experiment is none the less ethereal and spirit none the less material. The curious part of Sir Oliver's attack is that he and his followers are really materialists, for they desire to render visible the invisible, to weigh the spiritual; while the materialists, so-called,



are seeking an opposite path. Occult phenomena are just now suspected and Sir Oliver Lodge's appeal for the "spiritualization" of science but recalls the experiments of Sir William Crookes and the "materialization" of the spritely "Katie King" and the other's dire exposure; also the sad ending of Professor Zoellner, of Leipzig, as a result of his endeavor to discover the Fourth Dimension of Space. The fling at the "relativists" by Lodge now demonstrates the hopelessness of arguing with an absolutist. Yet, nature abhors an absolute.

Science is ever humble and only records. To limit investigation because some table-tipper or clairvoyant believes science to be "materialistic" is to open the door to the whole rag-tag and bobtail that hovers about the moving army of civilization, playing upon its credulity, and exacting toll for its fake panaceas. Sir Oliver's utterances were not warmly received by the orthodox, but fortune-tellers, palm-readers, astrologists, horoscope humbugs, anti-vivisectionists, anti-vaccinationists, friends of barn-burning and votes for children, and purple motherism; in a word, all enemies of the light, of progress, hail the President of the British Association as a mighty prophet. It was the clear-thinking Huxley who said "our knowledge is restricted to those feelings of which we assume external phenomena to be the cause," which is modest enough; and Sir E. Ray Lankester truthfully adds: "We think it is of the utmost importance to humanity to maintain that separation"—i. e., we have gained this science by making observation and inference—the main purpose of our mental activity, and by keeping them entirely distinct and free from any unverified suppositions, hopes, or fears, as to the ultimate mechanism and its purpose—"lest once again human thought be paralyzed by bogies and by those who seek to wield power over their fellows by the false pretence that they not merely guess but know the secret workings."

Sir Oliver Lodge was answered at one of the sessions in a paper by Professor B. Moore with the collaboration of Mr. Arthur Webster. The authors demonstrated that sunlight so effected chemical and physical changes in organic matter as to bring about a form of life. However, this is a question for the biologists. After witnessing the results of the experiments

of Hugo de Vries at Amsterdam last autumn we balk at nothing. And de Vries is not "arrogant"; nor was Darwin, the astronomer, nor Father Secchi.

What has literally been a magnificent bone of contention was the discovery of the Piltdown skull in Sussex, December, 1912, by Mr. Charles Dawson. It is unlike other ancient skulls, but the fact that two such eminent men of science as Professor Arthur Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons and Dr. Smith-Woodward of the British Museum should dispute over their respective reconstructions has kept the British Association in a state of suspense. Dr. Smith-Woodward's reconstruction shows us the Piltdown creature as half man half ape, with a brain capacity of 1,070 cubic centimetres; while Professor Keith's reconstruction shows a human brain with the normal capacity of 1,500 cubic centimetres. Professor Elliot Smith partially sides with Keith. It appears that Father Teilhard, a young French palæontologist, who was working with Mr. Dawson, found a tooth in undisturbed gravel not far from the spot where was exhumed the skull of "*Eoanthropus Dawsonii*." This tooth it was that lends color to Dr. Smith-Woodward's claim. Not so, says Keith, whose argument is: "By some mischance the groove for the median blood channel which runs along the roof of the skull was displaced nearly an inch to one side . . . In the original reconstruction the bones of the right and left sides are nearly in contact; in the amended reconstruction—my own—they are widely separated in order that the groove for the venous channel may fall into its natural position, namely, in the middle line of the roof of the skull." This technical fault, urges Professor Keith, has caused the Smith-Woodward reconstruction. But what a disappointment it would be if the skull was once owned by some thick headed Briton. I haven't read that glorious book of fun, *The Pickwick Papers*, for years, so I can't quote the episode of the finding of "Bill Stumps, his mark" (was it Stubbs or Stumps?). This page might be profitably read by certain scientific men without a sense of humor.

Théophile Gautier with due solemnity once urged the French authorities to exhibit at the Jardin d'Acclimation, in a cage,



specimens of naked mankind because, thanks to civilization, we are fast forgetting our origins, even the look of our race. A real live human, male or female, hopping about, freed from the restraints of clothes, would, added the witty "Théo," furnish a startling novelty for Parisians. And by the same token the appearance of such a little book as *Man and his Forerunners*, by H. V. Buttel-Reepen, (translated by A. G. Thacker; Longmans, Green & Co., New York) is a timely reminder, if not the same sort as Gautier's. From its simple and concise prose we may learn something of our ancestry and of our relationship to the animal world. Thanks to metaphysicians and "idealists," mankind has become a sort of sublimated intelligence and nothing more. After observing, even superficially, the phylogenetic development of the brain at the Central Institute for Brain Research, Amsterdam, (as I did under the guidance of its director, the brilliant young Dutch neurologist, Dr. C. U. Ariëns Kappers, whose paper on Neurobio Taxis—the course of fibre tracts in the nervous system afforded sufficient evidence that their arrangement was influenced if not determined by associative stimuli, was his thesis—was much appreciated at the recent International Medical Congress) we may no longer claim the distinction of being of different cerebral fibre from the animals, no matter the huge intellectual gulf that intervenes. That exquisitely subtle neuronc recoil or involution which is called metaphysics—Goethe rather contemptuously spoke of it as "thinking about thought"—is the greatest triumph of the highest cerebral centres over the lesser. To be able to say "*Io sono Io*," or pronounce the Cartesian formula, "*Cogito, ergo sum*," is to put mankind at ease with its environment, if not precisely solving the riddle of the universe. Man does this (Quinton of the French Institute believes that birds come later than man in the evolutionary series) and animals do not—perhaps for that reason the latter live a more contented existence. (Are we not far now from the famous phrase of Cabanis which so shocked Père Lacordaire early in the 19th century: "Man is a digestive tube pierced at both ends"?) The truth is we think backward and live forward.

Mr. Thacker in his bibliography to the *Man and his Forerunners* makes the significant statement that "general treatises

on Pleistocene Man, published before 1908, are now almost valueless." A new science, indeed, dating as it does from yesterday, nevertheless its few discoveries are weighty ones. I can't resist the temptation of giving you Professor Buttel-Reepen's summing up, before I transcribe the half dozen discoveries that have revolutionized all that has been hitherto written on the momentous theme of the origins of our race. He says: "It has of course never been believed in scientific circles that men are descended from apes, but only from a common ancestor with them, although the contrary has often been stated by the opponents of evolution. Such misunderstandings are well dealt with by Klaatsch in the following words: 'such a misconception is best corrected by stating that the apes are to be regarded as the results of unsuccessful attempts to compass the road to mankind, as degenerate branches of the prehuman stock, which in adapting themselves to special conditions of life in the struggle for existence sacrificed important parts of their anatomy, the way upward being cut off in particular by the reduction of the thumb. Whilst this was happening, a more favored branch of the primeval stem was quietly evolving upward into mankind, retaining in the process many of the primitive characters!'" This misconception, adds Buttel-Reepen, may be crudely summarized in the statement:—Man is not descended from the ape, but the ape from man. It would be well, however, to take the theory *cum grano salis*. A few years ago I would have said with pounds of salt, for then I was taught almost the same theory by the very religious order that is said to be opposed to the evolutionary theory. Apes were described as degenerate men, about as reasonable an idea as the contrary statement. The "Fall" must have been when the first ape stood up on hindlegs and patronized its maker; thus its brain developed! I agree with William James that the man who discovered Time and Space was the greatest benefactor of mankind, though Remy de Gourmont believes that the title should be accorded to the man who first used fire. But was it man or his predecessor who first discovered the uses of fire? I remember several stories told me by a returned traveller from some vast and tremendous regions in Africa, stories retailed to him by the natives. One was that



monkeys can converse as fluently as the natives, but never do if there is a chance of their being overheard because detection would be followed by captivity and hard work; also the enforced wearing of clothes, which they detest. Hence their cunning. They have, however, been overheard, though neither Du Chaillu nor Garner has confirmed this tale. Another story is that the sacred apes of Benares have been seen in secret glades cowering and gossiping over a fire of their own making, just like sacred apes all over the world. I recall a monkey in the Hamburg Zoological Garden which had a mirror and literally starved to death because it could not be coaxed away from the contemplation of its own face. This anthropoidal Narcissus would leap in disgust from the society of its companions and spent its days staring. It grew ill, peevish, moody, dangerous and finally refused food. All this is not miles away from certain traits in humanity; indeed, from the fabled superman. In Amsterdam there is a pair of Orang-outangs at the Zoo which for eccentric behavior beat the doings of any superman or superwoman. The female is the boss. Her joy in living manifests itself in slamming her brother spouse (for the social situation is like *Die Walküre; Siegelinde and Siegmund*) on the floor of their cozy apartment and compelling him to perform all kinds of disagreeable tasks. When she has mortified him sufficiently, she smiles a sinister smile at the audience, as much as to say: "You would give me the vote, would you! now this is what I am doing to prove I'm your master." And then she begins anew her persecutions while her human cousins on the other side of the bars duly grin and applaud.

But the very human proceedings of these "degenerate men and ladies" need not concern us now. It is to the discovery of the Neandertal skull in 1856 that we must turn. Heavy brow-ridges, the brain case of very small cubic capacity, with other peculiarities prove this skull to have belonged to a race of men, or species of men, who lived in Europe during the great Ice Age. A short time after this skull was discovered the bone and teeth of the cave-bear, the cave hyena and an extinct rhinoceros were found in the same stratum and quite close to the skull. All these animals, writes our author, are now extinct. They lived during

the Pleistocene or Glacial Period, the age in the earth's history immediately preceding that in which we ourselves live. Their authenticity is not to be denied, as the remains near the skull point to an extremely ancient date. In 1892 M. Dubois, a Dutch army surgeon, discovered in Java a remarkable being—a creature which can only be held to be intermediate between man and his prehuman ancestors. This Ape man of Java (*Pithecanthropus erectus*) was discovered in a cliff: the roof of a skull, and a cheek tooth (in 1891); a thigh bone (or femur) and a second cheek tooth in 1892; and later Dubois found a third tooth (a pre-molar.) One of the most significant discoveries of human remains in a stratum which may be as old as the Pleiocene was made in 1907 near the village Mauer, not far from Heidelberg, Germany. This jaw with human teeth, and absence of chin (for the chin is quite a modern achievement of mankind) is the most valued treasure of the scientific world and the Heidelberg man is now a distinct tribe in the rather vague histories written of primeval mankind. The Piltdown skull is another treasure, for there have been discovered many corroborative remains and for all the fascinating details the book of Buttel-Reepen is heartily recommended. Thanks to the courtesy of Dr. Kappers I was personally introduced to Mr. "*Pithecanthropus Erectus*" in Amsterdam, where, at the Chemical and Geological Institute stands a life size reconstruction made by his discoverer, Professor Dubois, who lives at Haarlem but lectures at this Institute. I was shocked to discover the resemblance between this Java man and a certain artist I knew who thinks that the Post-Impressionists paint like gorillas. "Pithy" (for short) is about 5 feet 6 inches high, has poor shoulders and very long flail-like arms; his feet and hands are almost alike. His forehead is low, retreating and above his eyes is a prominent superciliary ridge, the sure mark of his ape origin. He is beardless and chinless (where is the theory of the prognathic wild man now?) and his eyes do most fiercely glare. Unlike Mark Twain at the tomb of Adam I did not weep but smiled over Nietzsche's notion of a great Blond Beast roaming the dusty plains of an unfamiliar Europe in search of his prey. (Pretty our remote ancestors were not.) When the Woodward-Smith vs. Arthur



Keith controversy will be settled no one may say. You may remember some time ago the controversy between Dr. Ales Hedlicka and the anthropologist, Florentino Ameghino, concerning the alleged human remains discovered in Argentina. Merely bones of "Homo Sapiens" was the verdict of Hedlicka, and he proved his case. Every discovery is discredited by some one and this admirable scepticism always results in the truth being brought to light. Science then is not so arrogant as the soothsayers who descry your fate in a mystic bowl of water. By the way, Balzac's theory of movement in man as revelatory of his character should be read by all students, as it is suggestive and in the key of our subject.

It was a warm September Saturday morning when in company with Dr. Kappers I met that truly great scientist and most modest man, Hugo de Vries, and in his own "experimental garden" at the Amsterdam Botanic Garden (*Hortus Siccus*, is the legend over the gates). Professor de Vries—he is professor at the University of Amsterdam—looked very well after his long visit to America, where in New York he was invited by President Butler to join the teaching faculty of Columbia College. He wisely declined the honor, notwithstanding the horticultural temptations of Bronx Park. But, being a canny Dutchman, he hammered this offer into the heads of the Dutch authorities, and was given a new and more commodious building in which to work out his now famous doctrine of the Mutation of plant and flower life. He admires Luther Burbank and thus sums up the difference in their respective experiments: "Burbank crosses species, I seek to create new ones." He does create new species, does this benevolent looking Klingsor with the flowers in his Magic Garden. But it is white, not black magic. He lets nature follow her capricious way, giving her from time to time a gentle hint; a sort of floral eugenics. I saw 8 leaved clovers and was told that many more leaves may bud, as the clover was originally a stalk full of leaves. For the superstitiously inclined there are 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 leaved varieties. The Evening Primrose (*Aeonthera Lamarckiana*) is at present the object of Professor de Vries' experiments. Certainly

this yellow flower means more to him than it did to Wordsworth's "Peter." He ties up its petals in tiny bags and protected from marauding birds and bees, and no doubt being bored by its solitude (though pistil and stamen remain) it begins to put forth a new species. With my own eyes I witnessed the miracle of a half dozen flowers in the world that were not in existence a year ago. That is creating life, indeed, and even Sir Oliver Lodge must give his assent to the statement. The new flower is a "constant," it goes on reproducing itself, but at times the back of a leaf shows a struggle to revert to its old pupillaceous state. Darwin taught that evolution is orderly, progressive, slow, without jumps—nature never leaps; there are no sudden miracles. De Vries proves the reverse—the miracle has taken place over night in his experiments; nature strikes out swiftly, blindly, apparently without selection. The age of miracles is not past. I saw what he called a rosette, a green plant-like production, and was told that it was a new birth of the commonplace Primrose—in Alabama he gathered his parent flowers. Really you think of the "Dr. Moreau" of H. G. Wells (his remarkable book) and wonder if such things could be possible in the human order. De Vries is the most significant figure in the history of science since Darwin.

He has just published a big volume concerning his travels and experiments while in America. His great work on "Mutation" was translated long ago, but it is principally for students. I can recommend, however, a pamphlet of 37 pages, entitled "Afstammings en Mutatis—Leer" (published in the Levensvragen Series at Baarn, near Utrecht, Holland), as containing in crystallized form the doctrine of Mutation, set forth by its author with a wealth of argument and in his usual clarity of style. Professor de Vries speaks and writes English fluently and idiomatically, but he is too immersed in his work to translate his prose into our language.

I was loth to leave the presence of this man who, in the Indian Summer of his life, looks like a bard and philosopher, summoning strange and beautiful flowers from the vasty deep of nature. He is an exalted member of the most honorable profession in the world, a gentle gardener of genius.



# THE PHILOSOPHY OF FEMINISM

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

**I**N an undated past man obtained his food by the chase and by plunder—the hunting stage, we are wont to call this. But while the male persisted in this mode of life, there is good reason to hold that the woman in due course of time resorted to a kind of rudimentary agriculture and horticulture. The old myth is quite right, then, in declaring that it was a goddess who taught man how to till the ground, trained him in the arts of peace, built him homes, and led him at last to live kindly with his kind.

This achievement of woman was not due to accident or to feminine caprice. She did not wake up some fine morning and say: “Go to; I’m tired of the chase; you men can wield the ‘big stick’; but I mean to plan some better way; I am thinking out a scheme of my own.” Not that! Her new thought arose from the hidden depths of her nature as woman. Her new plan was a natural necessity of her destiny to bear and rear children. This function handicapped her in the chase, and claimed her physical strength; and therefore she had to hit upon some substitute for predatory roaming. This substitute could not possibly be anything but *work*, work where she was, and therefore work in the soil.

Now it was this work on the part of woman that formed the new foundation on which all the future generations built. A world-historical moment, this, to which we may not refuse to give the deepest interpretation. Weakness was made strength. The weak inherited the earth. Not the savage’s “big stick,” but woman’s faith and insight and survey and vision became the motor of our civilization. Indeed, it was something in woman deeper than her choices, wiser than her deliberations, more imperious than her conscious necessities, to which we must credit the great step forward. Mother’s rights were the first human rights. Matriarchy preceded patriarchy. The mother gave her name to her child. Her grave was humanity’s earliest sanctuary.

So much for the beginning of the woman movement. How

manual labor led to her servitude, how the lord of the forest coerced her to do for him what he had not learned to do for himself,—this primitive secular and menial ideal of womankind requires but passing mention to serve my purpose.

But the second historic fact to which I wish to refer is the attitude of Christianity to woman.

There is room for difference of opinion as to the meaning and even the genuineness of the few diverse sayings of Jesus concerning women. The gospels report utterances of his which would require the total elimination of sexual "desire" from the sexual life, and support also the absolute indissolubility of the marriage "contract." On the other hand, those same gospels yield the full substance of Pompilia's words of flawless beauty in Browning's *Ring and the Book*:

". . . . . He is priest;  
 He cannot marry therefore, which is right:  
 I think he would not marry if he could.  
 Marriage on earth seems such a counterfeit,  
 Mere imitation of the inimitable:  
 In heaven we have the real and true and sure.  
 'Tis there they neither marry nor are given  
 In marriage, but are as the angels: right,  
 O, how right that is, how like Jesus Christ  
 To say that! Marriage-making for the earth,  
 With gold so much,—birth, power, repute so much,  
 Or beauty, youth so much, in lack of these!  
 Be as the angels rather, who, apart,  
 Know themselves into one, are found at length  
 Married, but marry never, no, nor give  
 In marriage; they are man and wife at once  
 When the true time is . . . ."

To be sure, it is futile and false to answer any question or solve any problem with the mere words of Jesus. For him there was no marriage question or any other kind of question,—or, rather, there was only one question: he himself. Nothing so easy as to gather up his hypothetical sayings and press them into a "system"—and nothing so perverse, so false! It was a new life alone with which he was concerned. From love such as his a new world was to arise, wherein problems and social ques-



tions would cease to torture. Old things were to pass away: poverty, riches, family, state, calling, old conditions, relations—all these were to go. There was no family “according to the conception of Jesus,” and so there was no “doctrine” of Jesus concerning the family. He had only one phrase: Kingdom of God. All that he said had reference to this coming kingdom; he said nothing in the sense of a finished doctrine concerning a definite object. How could he? How could one and the same Jesus propound doctrines concerning human relations and yet proclaim the imminent dissolution of these relations in favor of a new world of a different order? How could a carpenter at once advise as to the improvement of a building and decide to tear it down? No, Jesus would make all things new. He was the arch-radical, in this regard, of all the ages. Beside this purpose, there were to him no questions or problems or movements—not even the woman movement.

It was somewhat different with Paul. He had quite definite views upon the subject of marriage and virginity. From the seventh chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians—and if Paul did not write this, we have nothing from his pen—it is clear that he stood for the ideals of sexual asceticism and virginity. Best not to marry at all, he says. Or, if you must, being incontinent—you observe that he made incontinence and not love the basis for marrying—remember that marriage is a necessary evil. His position, I doubt not, was due, partly, to the sexually surfeited, decadent, pessimistic attitude of contemporaneous antiquity; partly also to his belief that the end of the world was at hand; but especially, in part, to his own continence which, from his point of view, rendered marriage superfluous. Certainly, as he thought of the speedy end of the world, he said: Let them that are married be as if they were not.

When we pass to the ideal of woman in the ancient Church it is plain sailing. That ideal found embodiment in the image of *Maria*, dominant throughout many subsequent centuries. Still, we do not find it easy in our situation to appreciate aright this feminine ideal of the old Church. The “Queen of Heaven,” the “Mother of God,” the “Pure Virgin”—these are among

the stones of stumbling which the old Church has bequeathed to modern thought.

And yet, at the great turning-point of ancient civilization, when the old gods through age-long mutation and evolution unified and matured into a God of all the world, and when the Triune God had subdued and subjugated the barbarian peoples, the maternal deity, Maria, Queen of Heaven, competed for primacy with the all-powerful Church God, and won the victory. In the affections of the people, Maria became more than Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! And, indeed, in the whole history of the race, the gods have been worsted by the woman in the end—whether “the female of the species be more deadly than the male” or not!

Now, Maria was the solution of the woman question of her day. In ancient Greek civilization, the ideal of woman was *sensuous* beauty, celebrated in the statue of Venus. From Venus to Maria, that was the great change. In Maria, mediæval civilization acknowledged the *spiritual* dignity of womankind. All women began to chant Maria’s song in the primitive legend (Luke 1:46-48). A new position for woman in the history of the race. She became sacred by virtue of the sacred child.

But, for all that, I have to point out that this old ecclesiastical picture of woman is full of contradictions. To exalt marriage by celibacy, to honor motherhood by virginity,—that is contradiction. To be ashamed of sexuality, natural to every normal human being, and yet adorn the *head* with a halo of heavenly glory, alien and external to the very nature of that human being,—this, too, is contradiction. The head cannot be honorable if the body is shameful.

And so, the ideal woman of the old Church came to be the nun, who sundered herself from the natural that she might serve the supernatural, from the secular that she might serve the sacred, from man that she might serve the Heavenly virgin. The *nun* was “emancipated.”

In the end, the ecclesiastical Middle Age found its solution of the woman question in the cloister, and there spoke its final word upon the subject of woman’s worth and woman’s rights.

But let us be fair to those Middle Ages. We must add,



therefore, that in that cloister life, not only was the woman's outer position assured till death, not only did she find a firm moral support in an ordered profession, but she also entered upon a respectable and enlarged field of activity. No one can tell how much of the praiseworthy achievements of woman-kind, how much of the service that has been a blessing to humanity, originated in that old ecclesiastical organization for women. Nothing less than this may be our meed of praise for that old day.

The criticism, however, which I would offer is decisive enough. It was not woman *as woman*, it was woman as *nun*, woman, that is, who vowed life-long celibacy, it was this *nun* who was ecclesiastically sanctioned, and who enjoyed some recognition of her *human* dignity. And it is the merit of the further course of history that the *woman as woman* revolted against her inferiority to the *woman as nun*. It was an epoch in the history of our western world when the woman as *mother* began to say that motherhood is higher than either virginity or celibacy. And from this time on, ecclesiastical chastity began to be discredited.

This brings me to the third historic fact upon which it were well to reflect. As I have said, the female of the species was first primitive roaming huntress; then a settled agriculturist and tribe-maker; with the Greeks, the ideal was female sensuous beauty; with the old Church, spiritual beauty, angelic,—precisely the ideal which she seems to resent most of all to-day. The revolt against the ideal of virginity and angelhood marks the beginning of the woman movement in the modern Protestant world.

From the cloister to the home and society! It is the merit of Martin Luther to have headed this new woman's movement. He adopted what were at that time radical measures to assert the divine right of marriage in the face of the ecclesiastical support of the higher dignity of virginity. Marriage is woman's true destiny and natural calling, said Luther. And Luther himself, vowed to celibacy, married a nun and thus emphasized woman's freedom from the ecclesiastical ideal.

At that day, this was an emancipation of woman, far more revolutionary, far more radical, than the most iconoclastic champion of woman's rights to-day can emblazon upon her banners.

It was emancipation from canonical law and sanctified authority.

But what, now, was the new Protestant ideal of woman? It was the *domestic* ideal of the house wife,—*Hausfrau*, Luther said. And we should not be children of the new day did we not respect this ideal.

And yet—and yet—good as it is, it is no longer good enough. We must now be willing to have its defects pointed out. Even the present German Emperor would tie woman down to domestic devotion, to Kaiser, Kirche, Kinder, Kuchen. But it is obvious that the domestic ideal of *Hausfrau* does not say the last word on the woman question. For, even here, the central thing is not—what it ought to be—*woman as woman*, but woman as house-keeper, or, at best, as specific social and civic character. Even here, woman is not a *being for herself*, but a being for home and society. We shall see that it is the exclusive merit of the post-Protestant modern woman movement that it seeks to transcend, yet include, all these previous historical ideals of woman—not only the primitive secular and vocational ideal, the Greek æsthetic ideal, the mediæval virginal and angelic ideal, but also the Protestant domestic ideal—include yet transcend all of them.

And now I have done with history. Now I must turn to the future. I am henceforth interested in the ideal of woman which is at present in the process of emergence and formation. We are to-day at a new turning-point in our civilization. Of this there can be no doubt. Nor can there be any doubt that the great change is revealed in what is going on in the soul of the woman to-day. But what precisely is that? As in the beginning, so now, it is not something which woman consciously and deliberately set out to do. It was not begun from chance or choice,—any more than birds wing their mysterious flight to and from northern lakes from chance or choice,—any more than Huns and Goths beat their way through untrodden forests down into Greece and Rome from chance or choice,—any more than the lass premeditatedly fell in love with the lad across the way, to whom a day came when from well-springs of her being deeper than deliberation and thought, she found herself saying, “I believe I am in love!”

It is not simply a new right, the all-important point is that



it is a *new kind* of right which the woman is going after to-day—something which has never been in her experience before.

To be sure, the phrase “woman’s rights” sounds offensive enough to many ears. “More rights, is it, that the women want? But what more rights do they need? Is not their position secure as our wives and our daughters? Why, their rights are so comprehensive now that it is wanton audacity when they wish to overstep their present well defined sphere of rights. But here they come again, clamoring for more rights, new rights. They need to be taught that there is such a thing as divine rights. And divine rights have destined men to be masters. It is a perversion and subversion of the divine order of the world for women not to leave this right alone, but to propose to claim equal rights with man.”

That is the indictment. But it is not the first time in the history of the world that this, and such as this, has been said. It has been said every time some traditional and hoary prerogative has been summoned before a human judgment bar. Never did some up-rising, struggling class seek an opportunity as a *human* right but somebody declared the thing wrong from the point of view of *divine* right. Thus spoke the nobility of the Middle Ages against the demands of serfs. The peasantry, it was declared, already had just the right that it needed. Thus spoke the slave holders, justifying their attitude toward the black race. Thus speaks the modern capitalist,—Mr. Baer, e. g., to whom, he says, God gave the coal fields—as he wars against the extension of the rights of the working man. Indeed, it is always easy for any of us to persuade ourselves that our particular right is divine, but that the demand of some one else to share our right is rebellion against the divine order. And thus it is the same old selfishness which stoutly resists the demand of this new movement for woman’s rights, which will not give up any of its prerogatives or claims to supremacy, which will not allow any encroachment upon its ancient monopoly.

But what, now, is this *new* right for which woman is striving? The right to vote? It is that, but it is much more than that. Woman does not want to vote so much as she thinks she does. She will vote, never fear, but she will find, what men have found,

that, comparatively speaking, voting does not amount to much. The man "Within the Law" is of small moment if the law be not within the man. But if the law be within the man—and voting cannot put it there—all is well, in any event. In this whole matter woman is preparing a great disillusionment for herself, as thoughtful men have been disillusioned. Nevertheless, voting is one of the outer signs of the inner fact for which she is striving. What, then, is this fact, this new right, which she is seeking to achieve?

Very simply, but, as it seems to me, very profoundly, she is seeking to be a *self*—and to be *for* herself. In past ideals,—secular, servile, æsthetic, angelic, domestic,—she has not been a self, and she has not been for herself. She has been for roaming, or working, or beauty, or other worldliness, or the home, but not for herself. The new, wonderful, final step which woman must take is to enter upon the free unfolding of her personality as an end in itself. It is this most necessary thing—the arrival at free selfhood, the free devotement of independent personality—that is the big new thing of the new day.

Are men and women by nature monogamous or promiscuous? Big as this issue is, it is not so big as the one that is now bitterly before our own people, the vital issue as to whether one member of society is to be dependent upon another member of society, as to whether woman is to be economically, physically, spiritually free. Her freedom is of first importance—*how* she will use her freedom is a problem which may be postponed until she gets it. Antecedently to deny her freedom from fear that she may misuse it, is to act upon a principle which would annul human freedom in general. Besides, "better England free than England sober," said Wilberforce. Better woman free than woman virtuous, if it must come to that. But who thinks that it must come to that? Aside from the fact that there is no unfree moral goodness, the natural penalty of the abuse of freedom on the part of woman, her hereditary and social inclination to conformity, may be trusted to correct and deter abuses of that freedom which shall have cost her too dearly to be lightly esteemed. No class has ever won its freedom to the disadvantage of itself or society as a whole. Nor will woman. Woman's



prime function in the social organism, like man's, is to be a self: this at any cost, even at the price of forgoing her other important function of motherhood. It may not be so important for the race to go on as we are wont to think, since it is going to stop for good and all some day anyhow. But it is important, while the race does last, that it shall be qualitatively the best possible. And nothing is contributing more to the spiritualizing of our civilization than the emancipation of woman from her *feminine* advantage as well as from her economic disadvantage under the present system.

The anomalous fact of modern life is that our funded institutional culture sprawls athwart our self-vindicating impulses. Our business ethics, our conventional morals, our religious creeds beget unconscious duplicity where they do not necessitate conscious hypocrisy. Our urgencies and our codes split human nature in twain, so that a man or a woman who seeks to do justice to both finds it almost impossible to go straight, or, indeed, to know where right and duty lie.

But, pending the emancipation of woman, what is the practicable, workable, attitude? What is the constructive—not merely the convenient or the sense-impelling—but the constructive thing to do, to say, to think, to feel?

For one thing, there are those who are intense and take things tragically. They must be permitted to suffer frankly, to cry out for the distress and pain of it all. Let them proclaim their perplexity, state their problem. We cannot be sure that it is their fault that the social code stultifies the individual need. They have a right to call attention to the disparity, and to demand that the accumulated wisdom of the race deal scientifically and sympathetically with their case. After all, what are institutions, laws, creeds, codes, customs *for*, if not to interpret the particular case? And if a particular case cannot be construed under its crystallized canon, a demand for revision of the canon so as to include the case is in order. We say that it is the part of man to obey law. That is true, but that is not the deepest truth. The deepest truth is that it is the part of law to obey man. Man is primary. Man alone is sacred, above whom there is nothing of which we know. And the law is for the sake of

man and not man for the sake of the law. Liberate self-hood, therefore; perhaps socially care for motherhood; certainly study eugenics and see what good gift it may have to give us. Say what one will, it is voting secondarily as means, these things primarily as end, that are the kernel and soul and star of the new woman's movement of our new day.

And these things are no mere dreams. They are the quickening embryo of our social future. But we must not only trust the creative forces of nature, we must put the best science of the age at the disposal of individual men and women. We must use the wonderful machinery of modern civilization for enlightening and not for exploiting the individual. Then there will be some basis for believing in the final balance of the best. What is it that will pay the best in the long run? Three things surely: freedom, sincerity, and social-mindedness. Sincerity (of freedom we have just spoken) is the engendering germ of the true democracy in which everybody rubs against everybody else. So far we have only a hesitating republic of the spirit, a precarious interstitial growth where our institutions are lax at the joint. But with the impending woman, we are to have a psychological, if not even a biological, democracy in which for the first time self-hood cannot be sold, but the philoprogenitive proclivities can take their place, along with other riches, among the spiritual possessions of the race.

We are too tragically trying to reform the wrong things, giving superficial palliatives for a social difficulty that is calling for radical surgery. If woman uses her birthright to hasten some form of socialism, let it come. Man has not made such a success of the present system that he can afford to complain. It is woman's innings—and it may yet be that her first and her finest act in her power will be her generosity to man. What greater triumph of human culture than the moment when it ceases to be a physical and economic, or social strife between men and women, and turns to the heightened harmony of an intercurrent self-hood?

We shall have to trust life to further life. We shall have to let life be the criterion of life. We shall have to square our codes by our needs and not our needs by our codes. The aim of



civilization is to evolve a free personality, not an institution, for institution is but a name for a trend among persons.

Such is the essence of the new woman movement. But we may not forget that woman's conquest of freedom gives of itself no adequate content to her life. Hence she cannot afford, in ruthless iconoclasm, to squander her historic assets. She will find it well, along with the new ideal, to conserve and unify and exalt those ideals which the wise old world has worked out through so many centuries: the primitive ideal of secularity, but without the old servitude; the Greek ideal of sensuous beauty, but without vanity and vice; the old Church idea of spiritual beauty, but without the asceticism of the nun, and without a conventional, feigned, low estimate of the sensuous; finally, the Protestant ideal of wifedom and motherhood, yet a larger and loftier wifedom and motherhood than the former private and narrow domesticity aspired to. It is increasingly evident to-day that woman's motherly impulses have deepened and widened until she means to be not simply the mother of the individual, but of society, of the state with its man-made institutions, ay, of art and science, of religion and morals. All life, physical and spiritual, personal and social, needs to be mothered. "Eve was the mother of all living," says the old profound legend in the book of Genesis. And if we are to have a brotherhood and solidarity of nations, instead of atomistic and exclusive peoples, shall we not yet have a motherhood of one human home, instead of a petty and particular motherhood of egotistic centres of existence?

To be sure, objections bristle. One or two of these we may examine. The most common and effective is that in the possession of these new rights woman ceases to be womanly. The usual answer by which this objection is supposed to be met is, if possible, worse than the objection itself. "There is an upper zone," so the usual answer runs, "where we are neither male nor female, but just human; and woman wants the suffrage, for instance, not as woman but as human." But there is no such upper zone as this. There is no super-sexual humanness. There is no super-feminine womanness. There is no such thing as a human nature that is neither male nor female. The psychological

and physiological are organically related and correlated, and sexual difference in the latter involves sexual difference in the former. Sex extends to the very core of spiritual personality. An old monk, at the time of the controversy over nominalism and realism, was so sure that the universal, rather than the particular, was the real, that he said he was not going to eat apples and peaches and pears and the like, any more, but just *fruit!* But as there is no fruit that is apple-less and peach-less and pear-less, thus there is no human nature that is man-less or woman-less.

Instead, therefore, of wanting the woman to vote because she is somewhere in her mystic being not woman, but man, the state needs her vote precisely because she is a woman and not a man. If she vote because, in voting, she is manlike, she would but double the present number of incompetent male votes without altering the quality of civic life. But if she vote as what she is, a woman, she brings new content and new quality and new value to our present abridged and impoverished civic existence. Woman is to be a free self, but it is a *woman's* self that she is to be. And as to her ceasing to be a woman when she comes to be a citizen, that notion is absurd, since she was a woman in the old matriarchy, and since there is nothing in the franchise that can eliminate the constitutional femininity of her nature.

The only other objection of which this article shall take note was referred to in the indictment already mentioned. "Why cannot woman be satisfied with her present position which her present rights assign her? Do not the men see to her safety and comfort?" But her present right was donated and dictated to her, not created and achieved by her. She was granted just the measure of freedom that man considered desirable for her on *his* account. *Man* created right—changed, limited, extended right—interpreted and applied right to woman. But woman, to be a self, must participate in the formation of her rights. And as to woman's comfort and safety, these cannot take the place of freedom! Even poodles are comfortable and safe, contented and happy; but they are not free, and have no dream of freedom. Trouble, and struggle, and sorrow, nay, danger and loss



and the risk of ruin for woman, as for man, with freedom, are far better and nobler than imperturbability and repose and protection without freedom. The point is that woman can no longer allow any sort of disqualification or disability that is contrary to selfhood. The point is that the free unfolding of personality is the most necessary thing that there is in the world for either man or woman.

This, then, is woman's primary right—full majority and self-accountability; full freedom to test her strength as woman and to bring her feminine individuality to supreme and perfect unfolding. And it follows that woman's main significance and service is in her *unlikeness* to man, in her peculiarity: not in her logic, no matter how high a pitch she may yet reach in this direction; not in her business ability, however great the efficiency she may yet develop. The new path of woman is the path of freedom and independence. This path does not lead back into the cloister, not back into the home necessarily, not necessarily into marriage even,—but into the heart, into the deep of the human spirit, from which all that is good and great for the woman in every situation of life is born. And if life has gained infinitely by the liberation and elevation of the masculine half of our humanity, how much more will life be enriched when all the seed and endowments of the other and better half shall have enjoyed a like happy and powerful growth!

# THE COVENANT IN ULSTER

## *A Humbug*

JAMES DAVID KENNY

**T**HE story of Ireland in the last seven hundred years is the most ghastly and terrible one recorded in the pages of history, and yet few take Irish questions seriously, at first glance. So much is this so that most people who take the trouble to read the current reports of events in Ireland, even Irishmen themselves, are not quite sure whether the present difficulty in Ulster is a serious political fact or a mere joke.

Having found, after some special investigation, that there is now no real Nationalism among the Irish in Ireland, or outside of it, so far as I could observe, I thought when I heard of the Covenant entered into by those recalcitrants in the north of Ireland that they at least, out of all the rest of the people of the country, were in earnest, and meant what they said. I wanted to believe that there was sincerity somewhere in Ireland. I changed my mind when I read the Covenant itself.

It begins this way: "BEING CONVINCED IN OUR CONSCIENCES THAT HOME RULE WOULD BE DISASTROUS TO THE MATERIAL WELL-BEING OF ULSTER, AS WELL AS OF THE WHOLE OF IRELAND," . . . . Here is an express declaration of belief, upon the consciences of the covenanters, that the proposed parliament in Dublin would do material injury to Ulster, and to all Ireland. Let us put the direct question: How?, and try to answer it.

The material disaster anticipated would have to express itself in one of two ways, or in both, to do any damage to anyone in the country. First, an Irish Parliament might operate injuriously against those who own land; or second, it might mulct those dependent upon manufacturing enterprises, trade or commerce for a livelihood, or a fortune.

Now what does the Government of Ireland Bill say in regard to the first of those interests—the land?

This is what it says: "The Irish Parliament shall not have



power to make laws in respect of the general subject-matter of the acts relating to Land Purchase in Ireland (in this act referred to as reserved matter) provided that the limitation on the powers of the Irish Parliament under this section shall cease as respects any such reserved matter if the corresponding reserved service is transferred to the Irish Government under the provisions of this act. Any law made in contravention of the limitations imposed by this section shall, so far as it contravenes those limitations, be void."

The Government of Ireland Bill does not contain any provision for the future transfer to the Irish Parliament of the general subject-matter of the acts relating to Land Purchase in Ireland; but it does contain the following provision: "Where any act of the Irish Parliament deals with any matter with respect to which the Irish Parliament have power to make laws which is dealt with by any act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom passed after the passing of this act and extending to Ireland, the act of the Irish Parliament shall be read subject to the act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and so far as it is repugnant to that act, but no further, shall be void."

This means that the proposed Irish Parliament has no power to damage anybody owning or holding land; that it has no authority to take it away from him, even on giving him compensation, and is not likely to get any in the future; and that even if it does get some extension of authority in regard to it, its acts are so far subject to those of the Parliament of Great Britain that the latter can nullify them whenever it likes.

Let us turn now and see what this so-called Home Rule can do toward injuring anyone engaged in manufacturing, trade or commerce in Ireland. This is what the Government of Ireland Bill says:

"The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws in respect of . . . trade with any place out of Ireland (except so far as trade may be affected by the exercise of the powers of taxation given to the Irish Parliament, or by the regulation of importation for the sole purpose of preventing contagious disease, or by steps taken, by means of inquiries or agencies out of Ireland, for the improvement of Irish trade or for the protec-

tion of Irish traders from fraud); the granting of bounties on the export of goods; quarantine; or navigation, including merchant shipping (except as respects inland waters, the regulation of harbours, and local health regulations); or coinage; legal tender; or any change in the standard of weights and measures; or trade marks, designs, merchandise marks, copyright, or patent rights. Any law made in contravention of the limitations imposed by this section shall, so far as it contravenes those limitations, be void.

“The Irish Parliament shall not have power to impose or charge a Customs duty, whether an import or export duty, on any article unless that article is for the time being liable to a customs duty of a like character levied as an imperial tax, and shall not have power to vary, except by way of addition, any customs duty levied as an imperial tax, or any excise duty so levied where there is a corresponding customs duty.”

Here again the Government of Ireland Bill gives no power to the proposed parliament to injure anyone engaged in trade, manufactures or commerce in Ulster or in any part of Ireland. Its powers of taxation amount to nothing in the way of capability of doing injury, even if they amount to just as little in the way of doing good.

Those who draughted the “Covenant” had those provisions before them when they prepared that instrument, and must have known that they were foisting on the world . . . “upon their consciences” . . . a document which was deliberately false. So that, so far as it deals with the material interests of Ulster, or of Ireland, this Covenant is as disgusting and detestable a humbug as the Government of Ireland Bill itself.

Now let us take the next allegation of it and see what it says: “BEING CONVINCED IN OUR CONSCIENCES THAT HOME RULE WOULD BE SUBVERSIVE OF OUR CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FEELING . . .”

If this were a straight-forward assertion . . . “that Home Rule would be subversive of our civil and religious *liberty*” . . . it would be entitled to the gravest consideration; but the statement actually made is entitled to nothing but contempt, because it covers and embraces a subtle fraud. For the implication is



that their civil and religious liberties are threatened, but they did not dare to say so, for, in face of what the Home Rule Bill actually provides, nobody would have believed a word of it.

This is what the Government of Ireland Bill says about religion: "In the exercise of their power to make laws under this act the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage, on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school, or alter the constitution of any religious body except where the alteration is approved on behalf of the religious body by the governing body thereof, or divert from any religious denomination the fabric of cathedral churches or, except for the purpose of roads, railways, lighting, water, drainage works, or other works of public utility upon payment of compensation, any other property."

For fear that this is not sufficient protection to the religious liberties and properties of the covenanters, and others, the bill further provides: "It is hereby declared that existing enactments relative to unlawful oaths or unlawful assemblies in Ireland do not apply to the meetings or proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Ireland, or of any lodge or society recognized by that Grand Lodge: . . . The Irish Parliament shall not have power to abrogate or affect prejudicially any privilege or exemption of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Ireland, or any lodge or society recognized by that Grand Lodge which is enjoyed either by law or custom at the time of the passing of this act, and any law made in contravention of this provision shall, so far as it is in contravention of this provision, be void."

It so happens that the Freemasons in Ireland are Protestants, with a possible exception here and there. Those Protestants, as a body, are opposed to Home Rule. Some of them may be indifferent, but, in the main, they do not want it, whether they

live in Belfast or Dublin, in Ulster or elsewhere. The Masonic Society, as a body, is against it. Fundamentally, it is no more a National society than the Catholic Church is. It is an alien establishment. It is a secret society. And every sovereign commonwealth or kingdom in this world, every nation and every country that aspires to be a nation ought to have the power, and ought never to surrender it on paper, or in principle, to crush out all secret societies within its lines, and to suppress all religions, if it sees fit to exercise that power.

As it is, this provision of the Government of Ireland Bill in specially protecting one secret society, composed of Protestants, unfairly and unjustly discriminates against other societies composed of Catholics, and leaves them subject to special laws, and special prosecutions, on account of unlawful assemblies and unlawful oaths. This is to put at hazard not merely their civil and religious feeling but their civil and religious liberty as well. So that the cry about civil and religious feeling comes from the wrong side of the fence; and those feelings must be very weak anyhow if they are afraid that a dead-handed and a dead-headed parliament will destroy them.

So far as the civil liberties of the covenanters are concerned, as distinguished from their religious liberties, and both are entitled to the very gravest consideration, the proposed Irish Parliament would be entirely powerless to interfere with them, even if they turned traitors to it, or attempted to resist its authority by armed force.

This is what the Government of Ireland Bill says upon that point: "The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws in respect of . . . the navy, the army, the territorial force, or any other naval or military force, or the defence of the realm, or any naval or military matter; or . . . treason, treason felony, alienage, naturalization, or aliens as such, or domicile . . . Any law made in contravention of the limitations imposed by this section shall, so far as it contravenes those limitations, be void."

Ireland, under these provisions, can do nothing to protect itself either against domestic traitors or against foreign enemies. It is reduced to such a condition of imbecile decrepitude and impotence that it could not swat a fly, much less batter the cove-



nanters into submission to its authority. So that it has no power whatever over their civil liberties. And this one fact alone, if there were no other, in face of the threat of civil war, and of a solemn pledge entered into to resist the authority of the Irish Parliament by force, is a sufficient reason why Ireland itself should reject the Government of Ireland Bill. It needs to clear decks for action, and to have full authority to protect itself. To defy an assembly deprived of every means of enforcing its authority is only a piece of cheap and base bravado, a humbug resistance to a humbug parliament.

This is what the Covenant says upon the question of resistance: "AND IN THE EVENT OF SUCH A PARLIAMENT BEING THRUST UPON US, WE FURTHER SOLEMNLY AND MUTUALLY PLEDGE OURSELVES TO RESIST ITS AUTHORITY . . ."

This statement shows what a crafty and a tricky document the Covenant is; for the covenanters, with the provisions of the Government of Ireland Bill before them, knew that they were entirely safe in writing down a solemn pledge which was a solemn humbug. They didn't dare to pledge themselves to resist the authority of the Parliament of Great Britain, for if they did they might be all hanged; and some of them, no doubt, would be to let them see that there was a material difference between one parliament and the other.

Going back to the recital of the calamities impending over the covenanters, after asserting that Home Rule would be subversive of civil and religious feeling they go on to say: "BEING CONVINCED IN OUR CONSCIENCES THAT HOME RULE . . . WOULD BE DESTRUCTIVE OF OUR CITIZENSHIP."

This is another absurdity, because they have not any citizenship to destroy. They are neither Englishmen, Irishmen, nor Scotsmen. They are citizens of nothing and of nowhere. The way they phrase it in the Covenant is this: "OUR CHERISHED POSITION OF EQUAL CITIZENSHIP IN THE UNITED KINGDOM." If they claim equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, what objection have they to equal status under a Home Government of Ireland? As a matter of actual fact and of existing law, so far as Great Britain is concerned, they have not equal citizenship in the United Kingdom; they are the subjects of Great Britain

itself, and as much under its thumb and its heels as the Irish are. The minute men of Massachusetts, and the planters of Virginia found out over a hundred years ago that they were subjects and not citizens. The covenanters are no better than they; and they aren't Englishmen, even by descent, as they were. And, as far as Ireland is concerned, what they seek is not equality under the Government of the country, as a whole, but ascendancy over part of it in Ulster. And this is a catastrophe to which Ireland a Nation ought never to consent. The unhappy and ill-fated island has had enough of discord, disunion and faction in the last 900 years; and it behooves it, at all hazards, to guard against committing itself to disunion for ever in the future.

Having set up this absurd claim to citizenship in the United Kingdom, the covenanters go on to describe themselves as follows: "WE MEN OF ULSTER, LOYAL SUBJECTS OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V." This sounds ultra loyal, and is expressed as if they only in Ireland have any respect for the King; but when scrutinized it will be found to be as false as all the rest of the Covenant.

That they are subjects of the King is beyond question; whether they like that fact or not, it is a fact. But the Covenant itself is a declaration in terms that their loyalty is conditioned upon the King's refusing to sign the Home Rule Bill, although he may believe in his conscience that it makes for the better government of Ireland, and for the welfare of Great Britain as well; and although he may be so advised by his Ministers, and supported by a majority of the people of both islands taken together. In other words they undertake to dictate to him what he ought to do before the time has arrived for his taking any action in the premises; and their declaration in the Covenant that they solemnly pledge themselves to resist a Government that can come into existence only by his authority is an indirect repudiation of that authority; and, as far as the King is concerned, is rank treason. To call themselves loyal subjects of the Crown under those circumstances is a self-contradiction in terms, a falsehood put forward to cover some ulterior selfish design, in which loyalty has no place.

It seems impossible for any political party, or faction, in the



whole island to look the truth in the face, or to state it in words. And this Covenant, like all the idle speeches that they have made since they began to talk English, is mere verbiage, or the special pleading of some tricky lawyer which is neither true nor intended to be true. A solemn constitutional instrument calling for personal liberty, or a solemn declaration of right calling for political independence, would contain no cheap defiance, covert insolence, or verbal trickery such as this.

The string of adjectives used in the Covenant to describe the consequences of the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland is worthy of study. One of these is that it would be "DISASTROUS" to Ulster, another is that it would be "SUBVERSIVE" of civility and piety among the covenanters, a third is that it would be "DESTRUCTIVE" of their citizenship; and, last, comes the statement that it would be "PERILOUS" to the Unity of the Empire. These are fine words, but they are all Latin. There isn't anything English about them, any more than there is about the Brehon Law or the Ten Commandments.

What does "perilous" mean anyhow? What definite significance has it? Or how is it going to express itself in acts or facts under this Government of Ireland Bill? In no way at all, for the reason that the bill itself expressly provides, directly under the enacting and creating clauses that follow its caption, as follows: "Notwithstanding the establishment of the Irish Parliament or anything contained in this act, the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters and things in Ireland and every part thereof."

To talk about any peril to the Unity of the Empire in the face of such a provision as this is to talk at random. It could not possibly come from the so-called Irish Parliament proposed to be set up by the Government of Ireland Bill, because it is not a Parliament at all; for this provision, even if there were no other, reduces it to an impotent absurdity, as complete a humbug as this Ulster Covenant.

## ANTI-JEWISH PREJUDICE IN AMERICA

BERNARD DRACHMAN

THE subject of this article is one on which it ought to be impossible to write at all. Anti-Semites in America should be like snakes in Ireland; there shouldn't be any. The follies and brutalities of the Old World—and Anti-Jewish prejudice is one of the worst and cruellest of these—should find no lodgment in this land of liberty, intelligence and progress, where men should be judged individually and according to their merits alone. Unfortunately, however, the fact of the existence of a deep-seated and widespread antipathy to Jews even in America cannot be denied. We are constantly confronted with the evidence of its existence. Hotels which make it known that they do not desire the patronage of Jews, clubs which refuse to accept Jews as members, hospitals and medical schools which decline to place Jewish physicians upon their staffs, commercial establishments which, when advertising for help, add the qualifying attribute "Christian" or "Christian only," and military bodies which withhold from Jewish officers their deserved promotion, all supply extremely unpleasant and irrefutable proof of the existence of a strong antagonism to the Jew and of a pronounced unwillingness to permit him to share on equal terms in the social life and the opportunities of the country.

We must beware of exaggerating the importance of this sentiment. The feeling is, on the whole, confined to certain limited circles, which have acquired an un-American snobbish exclusiveness and, for a number of reasons, are best able to display this antagonism against the Jew, but the great heart of the American people is still free from such bigotry, and is determined to extend not only justice, but also friendship and sympathy, toward the Jewish element in the citizenship of the republic. This was magnificently demonstrated by the unanimous rejection by Congress of the treaty with Russia because of the latter's refusal to honor American passports in the hands of Jews. Nevertheless, the matter is sufficiently serious to war-



rant earnest examination and investigation, in order to ascertain the causes of this strange phenomenon and whether a remedy cannot be found for it. An answer should be sought for two questions: "Why are Jews disliked?" "Can this dislike be removed?" The present article is an attempt to find an answer to these questions, an answer impartial and unbiased and in strict accordance with the historical and scientific facts which can alone form a proper basis for such an investigation.

The reasons which are assigned in explanation of this phenomenon of Jew-hatred are legion and vary according to the persons giving them and the countries in which they are given. They may, however, be broadly divided into four classes, racial, religious, economic and social. The opinion that the antagonism to the Jew is due to racial causes is widespread. It is on this account that it is so frequently referred to as "race-prejudice." A dispassionate investigation of the question, however, disproves this view entirely. Antagonism to the Jew is not racial, for the simple reason that despite the assertions of race-fanatics, there is no real difference of race between him and the white peoples among whom his lot is mainly cast. According to what is perhaps the most generally accepted scientific view of the racial divisions of mankind (Blumenbach's), there are five races, the Caucasian or White, the African or Black, the Mongolian or Yellow, the Australasian or Brown, and the American (Indian) or Red. If we assume that modern Jews are absolutely pure descendants of the ancient Hebrews, they would then be a family of the Semites, who are a sub-division of the Caucasian race. As a matter of fact, however, the general consensus of modern scientists is that the Jews have by no means maintained their race unmixed. Such investigators as Fishberg and Ripley are of the opinion that there is no such thing as an unmixed Jewish race, but that in all ages the blood of their neighbors has been mingled with that of the Jews. This is not surprising when we consider that Judaism puts no ban on marriage with persons of other blood, demanding only as a pre-requisite conversion to the Jewish faith.

Many people imagine that there is a strongly marked and distinctive, easily recognizable Jewish type. Such is, however,

by no means the case. What is usually considered the Jewish type is, as a matter of fact, simply the Semitic type and is characteristic of many other peoples, Syrians, Armenians and others, as well as of the Jews. The peoples of Southern Europe, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians and others, possess practically the same type. Furthermore, a very large proportion of the Jews do not show this type at all, but are closely akin in physical appearance to the peoples of northern Europe. Red, yellow and light brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexions, the characteristic appearance of the Teutonic and Slavonic races, are typical also of a very considerable portion of the Jews. This statement may be easily verified by anyone by simply attending and noticing the types of persons present at any large and representative Jewish gathering. The recognizability of the Jew, as far as it exists, is generally due not to physical appearance in itself but to peculiarities in dress or manners, resulting from the restricted life and the exceptional circumstances to which he has been subject for centuries. Those Jews who have been reared in the free atmosphere and culture of the western world are practically indistinguishable from their countrymen of other lineage.

This fact of the non-possession by very many Jews of the supposed Jewish type is responsible for many misunderstandings, sometimes amusing, sometimes tragic. Times without number it has occurred that anti-Semiticly inclined Gentiles have poured out the vials of their wrath and contempt over the Jews in the ears of supposedly sympathetic Gentile listeners only to find that the latter were themselves Jews. One story, which is typical of many, will illustrate this point. Some years ago, an anti-Semitic agitator was sitting of an evening in a café in a German town and pouring out a flood of denunciation of the Jews to a group of listeners. The special theme of his denunciation was the Jewish type. "The Jews," he said, "are an ugly and degenerate race. Their physical appearance is most repulsive and the exact opposite of the Aryan type. They are stunted in stature, swarthy of complexion, hook nosed and curly haired. On the other hand the Aryan race, of whom the Germans are the best representatives, present the finest and brightest human type, tall,



blue eyed, fair haired and fair complexioned." Just then a young man, clad in military uniform and whose physical appearance corresponded strikingly with this description, entered the café. "Ah!" said the Jew-hater, as his eyes lighted admiringly on this fine specimen of Germanic youth, "there you have the proof of the truth of what I have been telling you. Notice the splendid appearance of this genuine young German. How different from the ugly and repulsive Jewish type!" A burst of derisive laughter greeted this statement: for the splendid representative of the Germanic race, who had so aroused the admiration of the anti-Semite, was the son of the local Rabbi.

That the European peoples do not look upon the Jew as alien in race is clearly manifest through their conduct in those portions of the world, such as the Southern and Western States of this country, South Africa and Australia, where the white race is brought into close contact with the colored races and where their antipathy and opposition to these latter are very intense. Never, to my knowledge, has there been in those countries a suggestion of antagonism to the Jew on racial grounds. On the contrary, he is recognized there more fully and completely, perhaps, than anywhere else as a true Caucasian and his coöperation is sought in the struggle of the white peoples against the colored races, who are looked upon as the common enemy.\* We may, therefore, safely dismiss the theory that Jew-hatred is a matter of racial antipathy. The prejudice against the Jew is emphatically not "race-prejudice."

The second reason given for antipathy to the Jew is his religion. The Jew is disliked, it is claimed, because he refuses to become a Christian and clings obstinately to the faith of his forefathers. This reason is certainly superior to the first mentioned, at least to the extent that once upon a time it was true. In pre-Christian antiquity the austere morality and the uncompromising antagonism to idolatry of the Jew brought down upon him the hatred of the heathen peoples to whose ethical laxity and degraded worship he was so strongly opposed. In the

\* These words are not meant as an indorsement of the attitude of hostility against the colored races. They are intended merely to show the true racial status of the Jew.

Middle Ages, again, Christian bigotry and fanaticism were so intense that the mere fact that the Jew was a heretic was sufficient to arouse against him the most bitter hatred and antipathy. But these feelings have long since passed away in all really civilized countries. In this enlightened age men no longer hate each other because of differing theological views or religious practices, except, perhaps, in such backward lands as Russia, whose point of view, at least in Government circles, is still essentially mediæval. Even in Russia it is practically certain that the antagonism to the Jew is not based on religious prejudice, but is a political policy employed as an aid in the suppression of liberty in general.

As far as America is concerned it is certain that there is no religious antagonism to the Jew. Religious liberty is the very breath of life to Americans, the right which they would never dream of denying to anyone. To the American way of thinking it appears absurd to have even the slightest dislike to any man because of the church which he attends, the day of rest which he observes or the food which he eats. In fact, there are a number of Christian sects which differ from the general standard of Christianity and approximate to Judaism in various of their views and practices without, on that account, arousing the slightest animosity. Thus the Unitarians reject the Christian doctrine of the Trinity and believe, like the Jews, in the unity of God. The Seventh-day Baptists and Adventists reject the Sunday and, like the Jews, observe the Saturday as the Sabbath, while some sects practise Vegetarianism and thus differ like the orthodox Jews in their dietary practices from the rest of the population. The Society of Friends or Quakers even wear a distinctive costume, like the Jews of Poland. Were these religious differences productive of prejudice there would be antipathy to these sects, as there is to the Jews. But there is not even an idea of such feelings against the members of these sects. It is, therefore, evident that difference in religion does not in America, nor, indeed, in any truly civilized country, constitute a ground of dislike and that anti-Jewish prejudice is not religious in nature.

The third cause frequently assigned for prejudice against



the Jew is his supposed economic superiority to the Gentile and the inability of the latter to compete with him. The phrase "rich as a Jew" voices the current sentiment that all Jews as such are economic successes, with the attendant implication that Gentiles as such are not. This motive, if it be such, is absurdly unjustified and in entire contradiction to the facts. Of course, the Jews possess their share of able and energetic men who have achieved success in commercial and industrial as in other vocations. But their number is not excessive and the success which they have achieved is usually but moderate. When one has mentioned a few names such as Rothschild, Bleichroeder, Schiff, Lewisohn and a handful of others, one has about exhausted the list of Jewish multi-millionaires. And even the wealth of these is, comparatively speaking, but moderate. Among the possessors of inordinate accumulations of capital, the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Fields, Goulds, Sages, Morgans and others of that type, one searches in vain for a Jewish name. On the other hand, the Jewish people contain an enormous proportion of helplessly poor and wretched individuals, dependent for mere existence on the charitable impulses of their brethren in faith, so that, as Zangwill puts it, "as poor as a Jew" would be a more correct phrase than its opposite, inasmuch as the Jews, instead of the richest, are really the poorest civilized people in the world. It is this fact of the vast amount of Jewish poverty and misery that is responsible for the existence of the magnificent chain of charitable organizations and institutions which have made Jewish benevolence universally famous. These facts are not unknown to non-Jews; indeed, they cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer. What resident of or visitor to New York, for instance, could fail to observe that hundreds of thousands of Jews dwell in wretched tenements in the slums of the city and show every evidence of grinding poverty? These people, humble workmen and peddlers, most of them, cannot and do not arouse economic jealousy on the part of anyone. There undoubtedly do exist individual instances of individual enmity on the part of unsuccessful business or professional men against their successful Jewish competitors, but such instances are isolated and cannot affect the general senti-

ment of Gentiles toward Jews as a whole. Economic causes cannot, therefore, be held responsible for anti-Jewish sentiment, and the allegation of such causes as a reason must be dismissed as insincere.

The fourth cause assigned for anti-Jewish feeling is social incompatibility. The idea prevails extensively that the Jew is inherently an unmannerly person, with peculiar and disagreeable characteristics of demeanor, and that association with him is, on that account, repugnant to those not of his kind. This is, of course, a very mild sort of prejudice. The possession of charming manners and attractive social forms, while a very desirable thing, is not in itself a matter of particular importance, the absence of which involves either danger or special inconvenience to the State or the people. But mild as it is, even this opinion is a prejudice pure and simple and in entire contradiction to the truth. The Jew, as a rule, is a model of courtesy and consideration, if anything too polite and deferential rather than the reverse. Of course, all Jews are not possessed of Chesterfieldian manners. A large element has been reared in wretched, poverty-stricken surroundings, and in forced association with the very dregs of humanity, and has been forcibly restrained from the acquisition of culture. It could hardly be expected that their manners should not show the effects of their rearing and environment. But it must be admitted that even these low-class Jews are not inferior, but superior, to non-Jews of the same social status. Drunkenness, wife-beating and the abuse of children are not characteristic even of the lowest classes of Jews. It is a well-known fact in New York City that public school teachers eagerly desire appointment in the so-called "Jewish" schools because the pupils, instead of torturing their teachers by their rudeness, boisterousness and insubordination, as is so frequently the case in the generality of schools, are almost invariably well-behaved, respectful and obedient. As for the more fortunate element of Jews, who have had the privilege of living under conditions of comfort and wealth, and acquiring the best and finest culture of the age, it cannot, in fairness, be denied that they are, by every test of refined living, the social equals of the best.



An interesting corroboration of this statement, from the anti-Semitic standpoint, was given some years ago by Melville Dewey in explaining why the Adirondack Club had found it necessary to exclude Jews specifically and by name from the club. He said that many Jewish applicants for membership were so thoroughly refined in language and manners and such splendid types of true Americanism that no test based on personal characteristics would have sufficed to keep them out and it was, therefore, necessary to make a rule excluding Jews as such. Another proof of the fact that there is no social repulsion between Jews and Gentiles is given by the large number of intermarriages constantly occurring in countries where liberal sentiments prevail. Judaism, as is well known, strictly prohibits marriage between its adherents and those of other faiths. Yet despite this prohibition many Jews and Gentiles intermarry in all the countries of western Europe, in America, in South Africa and in Australia, in other words, wherever they are permitted to associate freely. According to the Jewish Encyclopædia (Article, *Inter-marriage*, Vol. VI) intermarriages constitute about 9 per cent. of all marriages entered into to-day by Jews, but in some places, such as Berlin and Australia, the proportion is much higher, 25 per cent. or more.

We are not concerned now with the justification or non-justification of intermarriage, but it must be clear to any unbiased observer that where, despite the strict prohibition of Judaism and, to some extent of Christianity, such a large proportion of intermarriages takes place, all talk of social antipathy between Jews and Gentiles as such is purely idle. It is also a well-known fact that Gentiles of strong anti-Jewish sentiments frequently, upon becoming acquainted with Jews, lose all their former antipathy and eagerly seek Jewish company. It is, therefore, evident that the idea of an innate antipathy of Gentiles to Jews on social grounds is absolutely unfounded and that the explanation of anti-Semitism as a sentiment due to social repulsion between Jews and Gentiles is incorrect.

The question now arises with increased pertinence, What is the reason for the hatred of the Jew? Since all alleged causes have been shown to be unsatisfactory, must we come to the con-

clusion that anti-Semitism is an utterly irrational phenomenon, a mental aberration pure and simple, or is there an assignable reason for this puzzling manifestation? I believe there is a clear and easily recognizable reason, which, however, for causes themselves easily understood, is usually overlooked. Hatred of the Jew is a tradition, an ancestral obsession handed down from the dark night of the Middle Ages, which by dint of centuries of maintenance, of constant iteration and reiteration, has come to be an inevitable element of the mentality, almost an instinct, of a large section of non-Jewish humanity. Gentiles who have inherited this prejudice, or imbibed it from the customary views of their environment, feel an instinctive repugnance to Jews and everything Jewish. Since, however, the recognition of the true source of this feeling would naturally mean its entire rejection and abandonment, a step for which they are not prepared, they close their eyes to the simple fact, and seek to justify their prejudice by the assigning of all sorts of imaginary causes therefor, racial, religious, social and what not. This is all there is to anti-Jewish prejudice, this and nothing more.\*

There now arises the final question, "Is anti-Jewish prejudice curable? Is there a remedy for this puzzling and obstinate disease?" The answer is "no" and "yes." Where anti-Semitism is not a genuine conviction, but a mere political or economic device used for the purpose of attaining certain definite ends by unscrupulous schemers, or a mere snobbish notion in the minds of real or pretended aristocrats, there is, of course, no remedy. Russian "statesmen" or professional anti-Semitic agitators or "society leaders" in other countries cannot be induced to change their attitude toward the Jews, for the simple reason that they really have no prejudice against the Jews as such, but are merely using the position of exceptional disadvantage in which these latter are for the furtherance of their own selfish aims. But where the sentiment is honest, where it is the result of an actual belief that the Jews are a wicked or dangerous element of humanity, it may be cured. The remedy is knowledge,

\* One favorite reason assigned for anti-Jewish prejudice has been that the Jew is cowardly and unpatriotic. The absurdity of that argument has been pretty effectively shown at Vera Cruz, where of the seventeen American marines slain, two were Jews.



and this can only result from freer intercourse and better acquaintance between Jews and Gentiles. There is still far too much strangeness and aloofness prevalent between the two elements. Because of this a surprising ignorance still exists on the part of Gentiles concerning the true nature and qualities of their Jewish neighbors. "It is extraordinary, considering that the Jews have lived in the midst of all civilized, of all Christian, peoples for almost twenty centuries, what ignorance concerning the teachings of their religion and their characteristics as a people still prevails. They have sojourned in the midst of mankind and have wandered from land to land, stamped everywhere with the seal of mystery, looked upon by all not of their creed and kin as a 'peculiar,' enigmatical, incomprehensible people. The fact that their Book, which most thoroughly reveals their innermost spirit, has become the cherished property of the world, should have made such misconception impossible, but it has not done so." \*

This ignorance is responsible for whatever honest anti-Jewish prejudice exists to-day. Let Jews and Gentiles mingle more freely—which is perfectly possible without the slightest sacrifice of differing principles or convictions on either side—and natural respect and liking will take the place of suspicion and antipathy. The Gentile will then learn—for it is he who needs the lesson—that in the Jew he has really an agreeable and desirable neighbor, who is eminently capable and eagerly desirous of contributing a large share to the betterment of the world, of making human life a finer, sweeter and nobler thing. Knowledge, the fruit of association, will drive from the heart of the Gentile all hatred of the Jew and relegate anti-Jewish prejudice, in America and in all countries, to the limbo of forgotten things.

\* From the introduction to *From the Heart of Israel*.

# RUDOLF EUCKEN: CHAMPION OF A SPIRITUAL REALITY

ALBERT L. WHITTAKER

IN the March FORUM I referred to "the rigid intellectual system" against which Professor Bergson is in revolt. Underneath that pile of accusation, of course, lies the prince of the intellectualists, Hegel. His conception of the universe was in some ways a most inspiring thing. Its most significant aspect was the importance it assigned to *thought*. According to it, thought is more real than *fact*. There is an eternal Thought. The things of earth or elsewhere are of no consequence except as they serve to manifest that Thought, which stands back of them and which brought them into being. Our own thoughts are creative. They stand for the things of our world. They create for us a world. Our thoughts are real as being an indwelling of the great Thinker. The things we seem to see about us have validity only as they stand for our thoughts, which in turn reflect the universal Thought.

It will be seen at once how such a philosophy would appeal to poets and idealists. It has served as a mighty weapon against the rough iconoclasm of materialism and naturalism. But it has set up a veritable despotism of its own, which has repelled not only the materialist who is avowedly interested only in the facts themselves which confront him day by day, but also many of distinctively religious temperament, in which class we may reverently include such a nobleman in the realm of thought as the late William James.

There is the issue definitely stated. The idealist or intellectualist presses the facts of life into an orderly system of his own contrivance. But to him the system is the main thing. If the facts don't fit, so much the worse for the facts! They will find themselves in the rag-bag with the pieces of cloth cut off from around the pattern. The garment has to be made according to Butterick. A few odds and ends of mere fact do not count.

In the heyday of its triumph this movement encountered another which came to meet it in full tide, as where the rushing



waters of the Bay of Fundy strike up against the oncoming St. John's. And in that seething mass there was little chance of safety for the frail bark of man's moral and spiritual freedom. Comte was already holding out to humanity shining apples of positivism, decayed at the heart; and Darwin very innocently followed with a theory of evolution which *seemed* to war against the soul. And for decades to men like Matthew Arnold the heavens were shrouded in night.

But in the onward movement of history God's correctives always come. We are in the early morning of a new era which, if one may forecast the future by the past, is destined to be an age of philosophical reconstruction which may prove greater than the Enlightenment or the Renaissance. This revolt against cut-and-driedness may not be called in offhand popular fashion *pragmatism*. While it is true that pragmatism *is* a revolt against idealism, yet the important movement in thought which is upon us is not exclusively or primarily pragmatism, and does not centre around the names of James, Dewey and Schiller. The master thinkers are rather Eucken and Bergson, who may be counted as allies of pragmatism, but neither is a pragmatist. Bergson has his own method of attack upon "the system"; Eucken has his very different method. Bergson is primarily a philosopher; while Eucken is a philosopher and a revivalist of first rank as well. The study chair of this teacher and writer is a galvanic battery which has started Germany and will doubtless succeed in awakening the rest of us into new spiritual realization. But again, pragmatism takes up things piece-meal and haphazard, while Eucken's "activism," of which more anon, strives for a well-rounded and well-founded *whole*. Pragmatism's first and only thought is of the man's own experience and the result of his actions upon his life; while Eucken takes a second thought and a deeper thought of an actual something which the man's experience touches, into which it grows and by which it is moulded—a Spiritual Reality.

At the heart of Rudolf Eucken's philosophy is a discontent with and a contempt for the superficiality and the hollowness of modern civilization and so-called culture; and the essence of his criticism of civilization is his scorn for its patronizing attitude

toward Christianity and other manifestations of devotion to the spiritual ideal, though he is by no means committed to the doctrines and dogmas of orthodox Christianity. As to this last, one cannot but feel that had Eucken been privileged to live in a less deadening atmosphere of ecclesiastical pettifoggery, he would better appreciate the spirit of modern Christianity. But that which galls the very soul, the condescension of a smug materialistic prosperity which casts a bone upon occasion to the starved dog of a John the Baptist crying out in the night over the spiritual waste places, is what pierces to the heart of Eucken.

Eucken has perhaps the largest classes of any German professor. From all over the world men flock to Jena to hang upon his words.\* He received the Nobel prize in 1908 for literature of an idealistic character. But let these words of his to one of his students serve as our introduction to the great warm-hearted nature of Rudolf Eucken: "The emergence into new life of the humblest soul is more to me than the birth and discovery of a thousand new worlds." He is a powerful passionate preacher of moral and spiritual redemption. He issues a call to delve down beneath the surface of the materialistic and merely conventional and merely intellectualistic to the welling springs of the spiritual life.

With a wealth of erudition and with the patient temper of the scholar Eucken examines exhaustively, analyses incisively, and in the positive spirit of the man of science constructs. The result is something other and vastly more than that of well-intentioned oratory. It is a result that cannot but make a compelling appeal to the best thought of our time. Such a man is able to pass in review the rival systems of naturalism and intellectualism, and to show how they agree in banishing freedom and personality from the universe. The anæmic wielder of the microscope arises from his inspection of the age-long philosophical enigma of determinism convinced that man is a puppet worked on wires. Eucken starts from an entirely different angle. Like Bergson he occupies a position in the very centre of the stream of life, is more nearly in the swim of reality. Realizing how

\* Rudolf Eucken has been called as an exchange professor to the Universities of Tokyo and Kyoto.



powerful are the external forces which condition man's life, he is yet with all the intensity of his great nature insistent that man is free to select for himself whatever of good the universe has to offer for his soul. "We must view the world as still in a state of flux and regard man as not being merely a closed and limited individual." "A conflict between fate and freedom . . . appears primarily in the individual in the development toward personality and spiritual individuality."

But that for which Eucken especially stands, that which gives its name to his philosophy and propaganda, is "activism." If one were to try to give in but a single phrase something of the significance of this title as used by Eucken, no clearer words could come than those of the divine Nazarene, when he says, "He that doeth the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine." Eucken feels that no lounge in an easy chair, however wise, is in any position to show the way, the truth, the life, but only he who has manfully taken up the burden of living the life. The great word with Eucken is *work*; his great phrase is "spiritual work." How he would have delighted the heart of honest Thomas Carlyle with his doctrine that "each step in the way must be taken through some form of spiritual work."

As Eucken despises superficiality, so is he impatient with all that is one-sided. No one-eyed steed may bear this knight of the new spirit upon his redemptive task. As the materialist is found wanting, the man who has thought only for the objective world of sense which lies before him; so does the mere delver into the recesses of his own consciousness fail to satisfy this man whose rich red mental blood calls out for a life concerned with real things. Subjectivism cannot dig deep enough; and one may not study the teeming life of the wide ocean in a well. Neither man's soul nor the sensible world alone may stand as the basis and foundation of the universe's life. The one must appropriate the other, take it up into itself, make the dull thing which strikes against its toe a part of itself. And the objective must be made to feel the warming breath of man's spirit before it may really live.

For Eucken there are three things in the universe: self and

the objective world of sense and a universal Spiritual Life. At every door there stands the spiritual Possibility, knocking, ready to enter, to take up its abode, to give of its glowing life to every dull thing which yet shall be enough alive to catch the glimmer of light. And yet the spiritual is not *given*. It is not given for naught. It must be appropriated. It must be worked for. It must be lived. As the good housewife mixes her bread, carefully intermingling the flour and the yeast-quickened liquid, leaving no portion of the snowy mass unmoistened, so must there be a working over of matter's inertness, a mingling with the saving spirit, until all shall be redeemed.

Very inspiring is Eucken's recipe for the attainment of spiritual reality for one's life—inspiring to those who are undismayed by the vision of hard work. For it is a life not of dreams, as some have fondly thought, but of severest labor of the soul. A man to cheer "the day's work" of such an one as Rudyard Kipling is Eucken, one with upraised hammer poised to strike upon the glowing iron of spiritual possibility as it rests upon the only anvil that will hold it, the life of every day. And with every stroke there goes the soul of the man, into his work, into the lifeless thing before him, to enliven it. That is the only starting point for Eucken, the life-process itself, the art of living itself. The very living itself, if it shall signify the impressing of a man's soul upon some portion of the Almighty's creation, to re-create it in the Almighty's spirit, and to give to it of the life which man has received, shall prove itself a divine thing.

And as a man climbs up to the higher levels of human living, as he learns to sacrifice his own immediate good or pleasure for the things which he sees mean gain for his fellow men—gain for the *whole*, that is the crux and hinge of the entire problem—he begins to understand that there is something besides mere nature and the natural man. As soon as one sees that, he is spiritually strong enough to raise his head above the low level of selfishness and the life of nature; he is prepared to take another step on the toilsome, glorious journey. As soon as there is a Whole to work for, there is a glow of hope upon the horizon which the night of naturalism left black. Pitiless is Eucken's analysis of



naturalism and its result. If there is no Soul at work in the universe, if there is no spiritual existence working in the souls of men, then there is no goodness, no truth, no anything raised above the level of the sordid. Vainly the systems of the past half century, like Esau gorged with his mess of pottage, strive to find room for the higher things of life which they have displaced. "The naturalistic thinker ascribes unperceived to nature, which to him can be only a co-existence of soulless elements, an inner connection and a living soul." Surreptitiously the radicals try to admit through the back door what they have ceremoniously ejected by the front door. They insist that they too love goodness and truth and honor, and all the nobler influences in life. But in their systems what room is left for these things? If there be no spiritual Force in the universe, if all that we find around us is the inexorable result of fixed causes and undeviating processes, how may there be anything but a blind carrying out of nature's impetus? Start with material causes proceeding in mechanical ways, and how may we expect aught but material results? How may we have the finer fruits of spirituality? If we have these things, says Eucken, then they must have spiritual causes. And the man who has risen to the dignity of sacrifice of personal good for an invisible something which he knows is better, shows in his life the influence of a spiritual Cause. For example, he whose socialism is of the godless sort works indeed for an ideal for a redeemed and glorified humanity. Let us strike hands with any brother who is looking for humanity's good, who is capable of the spirit of sacrifice of self. But whence came his motive power? Somewhere we must get back to something more than natural causes; somewhere we must find a stream of influence which is above anything inherent in the mere clay. Our socialist neighbor's is a more splendid lineage than he knows. His fine enthusiasm has a spiritual ancestry which, when his resentment at what he feels to be the oppression of society and the tyranny of the past shall have to some degree abated, he will yet acknowledge.

How clear is Eucken's conviction of the existence of this independent spiritual life a few of his own words will show: "The union of man with the spiritual life is much closer, and the

spiritual life in itself is incomparably more, than is represented by the customary conception of that life. For in our conception man does not merely enter into some kind of relation with the spiritual life, but finds his own being in it, and becomes so completely united with it that it is able to determine him immediately as his own self. The spiritual life is not a particular function among others, not a part or an aspect of a more comprehensive world, but is itself a world, and, indeed, a world in which life first attains to self-consciousness and becomes a complete reality. If this life becomes the immediate possession of man himself, his life must experience a deep-reaching change, indeed a revolution of its usual condition."

But how find and appropriate this great good? There is but one way; and this way Rudolf Eucken shows, the ascent slow and toilsome of the spiritual mount; and as one goes he takes his life of the valley with him, so much of it as may deserve a place upon the spiritual heights. The rest must be left behind. As the Alpine traveller carries upon his back that which will sustain him at the summit, so the climber of spiritual steeps must take from the earth below only those things which will be conducive to the health of his soul. No ascetic, however, is Eucken. He will leave out no good thing. Music, art, literature, the pure and beautiful things of life all find with him a cordial welcome. But for most of us the pruning process must be very severe. For the great majority a drastic regimen is needed. The materialistic interest has overwhelmed us body and soul. Our higher life has been strangled. We need to escape, take what has been really good in the achievement of our life, and find our way to the heights.

But we go not alone. Very comforting is Eucken's doctrine of the Independent Spiritual Presence. Illuminating is his treatment of history, where in every epoch he finds this enveloping and moulding life. Throughout human history we may see the hovering Presence, purposeful for the race, the continuity of significance for the ages, the spiritual existence, the one real thing, reaching out beckoning hands to men to lay hold upon it, to enter its life and really live. He sees in human history the impregnating power of the spirit of reality, the matrix of the



material growing big with a spiritual destiny. But let me hasten to guard our prophet's vision against the heresy-sniffer's insinuating organ of scent. Eucken feels as keenly as a Spinoza or any pantheist that God is in all; only with him the Deity is no mere regulative Force, but a living God, and an intensely *personal* God. The most thorough-going Christian needs find no fault with Eucken's God, unless to him "personal" be synonymous with "anthropomorphic." God is personal; and man under his finite conditions may work out a personality which shall partake of the infinite Personality and yet retain its separate and individual being.

The Greeks of old were able with eager soul to rise above the things of sense to the realm of the spirit. "Christianity definitely established this rule of life, and made the invisible kingdom of God the true home of man, the most immediate and the most secure that this life knows." But the Spirit of the ages has not yet done its work. Even Christianity has been too formal, too mechanical, too crystallized. We need a new realization of the meaning of Christ's truth. In a world made over anew by the marvellous discoveries of this present age, we must take up anew the spiritual problem, the spiritual task. It is a task which is never done. To find its consummation would be to find its grave. But to launch our boat upon the great ocean of age-long spiritual struggling means to be enfolded on the bosom of the universe's living Soul. But it does not mean to be submerged. The individual identity is not lost. The frail craft of the individual soul maintains its own course through the awe-inspiring waves. No soporific Nirvana is its goal, but the outworking and the unfolding of its own true self. God could have no better good for man than this.

# A SOCIOLOGICAL VIEW OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

**F**LOATING about in the newspaper and magazine journalism of the day are a number of stock phrases, all having some reference to the difficulty which most of us experience in securing the things we want. These phrases are bandied about, and passed from mouth to mouth, like all catch phrases, with scant appreciation of what they really mean, or of the exact connotation which they should bear with them. The attitude of the "average citizen" toward them suggests the remark made by a certain young man in a class of foreigners studying English. The class was trying to determine the part of speech of a certain word under discussion, and after many random guesses had been made this young man rose, and, with the air of having beneficently settled the question once for all, remarked, "Oh, nouns, verbs, adverbs—they're all the same thing."

To many casual speakers and writers on the subject "the high cost of living," "rising prices," "a high price level," "the increased cost of living," "the diminished purchasing power of money," etc., etc., are "all the same thing." The phrases are used interchangeably, and few stop to consider how many distinct things they may refer to. Certainly this indefiniteness must be a serious hindrance in the way of solving whatever problem there is. A careful analysis of the terms employed should be a first step toward elucidation.

The first distinction which needs to be made is that between cost and price. Without going into academic hair-splittings on the subject, it is sufficient to note that, in common terminology, price refers to the exchange value of goods measured in money; cost, to the amount of effort, sacrifice or pain necessary to secure goods. Evidently there is no necessary relation between high prices and high costs. In a society which is living under a condition of exceptionally high prices, the cost of the objects of desire may be very low. If all prices are equally high—including,



of course, the price of labor—no one suffers thereby. But if the cost of goods in a society is high, a condition of hardship must exist.

In the second place, high prices and high costs must be distinguished from rising prices and rising costs. Though high prices, in themselves, cannot injure anyone, rising prices can, as Professor Irving Fisher has well shown. The problems of a period of rising prices are wholly different from those of a period of high prices. Yet even in the case of rising prices, it must be recognized that they do not involve a financial loss to society as a whole. Every price implies a taker as well as a giver, so that the monetary balance for the group as a whole shows neither gain nor loss. The evils of rising prices are found in injustices to certain classes, and in the disorganization of industrial relations.

The case is different with costs. Where general costs are high, it means that conditions in that society are hard. When costs are rising, it means that life is becoming increasingly onerous. If all costs are rising at the same time, it means that all classes of society are suffering loss. It is evident, then, that cost is the more fundamental concept. Unless high or rising prices impose burdens of high or rising costs upon society as a whole, or upon certain parts of it, we need not bother ourselves about them.

The third necessary discrimination has to do with the precise meaning of the word "living." What do we have in mind when we talk of the cost of "living"? While it might be difficult to find an exact definition which would suit all persons, there is no doubt that the word carries a certain fairly definite meaning to the average mind, when used in this connection. This meaning includes those things which are essential to the life of a human being. Among these essentials are food, shelter, clothing, light, heat, medical attendance, and some education and recreation. None of the provisions for these needs must be elaborate or luxurious. "Living" manifestly does not include diamond tiaras, biplanes, or plovers' eggs. The cost of living, then, is the amount of effort or exertion required to secure a reasonable

amount of the necessities and simple comforts of existence in human society.

In this paper little will be said about prices. Attention will be focussed upon costs, and particularly upon high costs rather than rising costs. The question of rising costs involves a historical standard of measure, which is difficult to obtain or to apply. The problem which is before us, and which is the vitally important one, is that of "the high cost of living."

As it expresses itself in the mind of the average worker this problem runs about as follows: Why is it so excessively hard to secure those modest provisions which are absolutely essential for the maintenance of a family at the lowest tolerable minimum of decency and health? Why is it that in these United States, in the most favored section of the earth's surface, at the beginning of the twentieth century, a man may work faithfully and industriously, nine or ten hours a day, for every working day in the year (and sometimes Sundays are working days), and yet see his moderate sized family in destitution—his children going breakfastless to school, his wife aging prematurely from overwork and worry, his own health failing under the strain of his daily toil, the whole family ragged, and living in such a shelter as a stock-breeder would not give to a valuable cow? Why is it that, though the wages of the father be supplemented by income from boarders, or by the earnings of wife and children, yet the net receipts are not sufficient to secure the barest decencies of life?

This is the riddle of the age, which has puzzled wiser heads than that of the "average workman." There is no question about the facts. A moderate estimate places the minimum yearly income necessary to secure the barest decencies of life for a family of five persons—father, mother, and three young children—at eight hundred dollars. Yet it is estimated that there are five million adult males in industrial work and personal service in this country who receive less than six hundred dollars a year for their work. Even if the earnings of other members of the family be counted in—and it is not from choice that the wage-earning man sees his wife and children take up the burden of wage-work—yet the incomes remain so small that there are literally millions



of families who cannot attain to the lowest minimum standard which the authorities pronounce "tolerable."

There has always been a fond hope deeply entrenched in the human heart that some time some great invention or discovery, or combination of inventions and discoveries, would so increase the productive power of the individual that by only a few hours of labor as much wealth could be produced as in ten or twelve hours previously, and that as a result the lot of the common people would be immensely lightened—that the surplus time could be devoted to the securing of simple luxuries, or to leisure for the improvement of mind and body. Yet here we stand, after a century of the most revolutionary technical inventions and industrial improvements, by which the productiveness of human labor has been immeasurably multiplied. But the working day is still nine or ten hours, and the rewards of labor still scarcely surpass the requirements of a bare existence.

John Stuart Mill said that "it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being." How much he would wish to qualify that statement to make it conform to modern conditions, it is of course impossible to say. Yet as it stands it seems to fit the case to a remarkable degree. If some observer, with a prophetic vision, looking forward from the beginning of the nineteenth century, could have foreseen the changes that were to take place within the realm of industry during the next hundred years, he would have said that the millennium was surely about to dawn. He would have taken it for granted that the introduction of railroads, steamships, telephones and telegraphs, farming machinery, and in fact practically all of the great mechanical devices, including those connected with steam power and the textile industries which were already full of promise, coupled with the establishment of free public education and a declining birth rate, would so alleviate the conditions of life and labor that poverty, overwork, and destitution of all sorts would be banished from the earth.

What would such an observer say if he could return to the earth to-day and review the conditions of the modern working classes? He would find them better—unquestionably—but only

moderately better, and insignificantly better, compared with the great improvements and advances in the production of wealth which had transpired. And what betterment there is he would undoubtedly trace, not to anything which the great economic inventions and discoveries have done for the working-man, but to the fact that the growth of humanitarianism and a sensitized public conscience have made socially and legally impossible the degree of human exploitation which once prevailed.

Or again, if a visitor from some other planet should come to the United States, and be shown the boundless prairies with their waving crops of grain and herds of cattle; the intricate network of railroads, serving every little community; the wonderful cities with their thousand conveniences; the amazing machines, by which a single man handles and moulds tons of steel, or a slip of a girl does the work of a hundred men—if, having seen all these things, he should be told that hundreds of thousands of little children were hungry, and millions of men and women were wearing their lives away in sober, earnest toil, without being able to secure the elements of a decent livelihood, he would be stunned by the apparent impossibility of the situation.

And so are we, when we stop to look the facts soberly in the face. And ever the query rings in our ears, Why have not the working classes shared proportionately in the benefits of this era of progress?

Some little light is shed on the problem by reverting to what has been said about a "living." Now the question of a "living" occupies a position of greatly varying importance to different classes of people in the United States. Of course, everybody has to have a living, but the proportion of total effort involved in getting it varies widely in the different economic strata. Ever since Engel's laws were formulated, it has been a truism that practically the entire expenditures of the ordinary working family may be included under the head of living expenses. The smaller the income, the more completely is this true. Of course, the chief item is food, amounting to about fifty per cent. of the entire outgo in the lower income groups. We do not know what proportion of the expenses of families in the wealthy classes goes for food, but we are sure that it is the merest fraction, and we



are also sure that a large part of what is spent for food ought to be classed under the head of luxury, not of living. The cost of living, then—the cost of the simple articles of wholesome food, comfortable shelter, and decent clothing—is a matter of the most vital importance to the ordinary working-man's family. It is a matter of utter insignificance to those whose income runs up into the tens—not to say hundreds—of thousands.

In every society at a given time there are certain productive forces in existence, which are ordinarily classified under the heads of land, labor, and capital, with sometimes a fourth category called "organization." It is by the application of these forces that all wealth is produced. Broadly speaking they can, in process of time, be diverted from the production of certain forms of wealth to that of other forms. The theory is, that the forces of production will be utilized in those directions for which there is the greatest social demand.

This is undoubtedly true. Yet it must be recognized that the demand which governs the use of the productive forces is what the economists call "effective demand," which is represented by the ability to buy. The productive forces of society are utilized in the way desired by those who have the money to pay for the products of industry. And the desires of those who have large amounts of money to spend are likely to be widely at variance with those of the "average workman." When it comes to determining what sorts of goods are to be produced, the "voting," as in the semi-feudal forms of democracy, is on the basis of property, not of persons.

It is a familiar phenomenon of modern civilization that the gulf between the so-called poor and the wealthy is getting ever wider. The maximum incomes are vastly in advance of anything which was dreamed of a generation ago. The group of those who count their wealth in seven figures is enormously augmented. But the dead level of existence of the working classes remains relatively unchanged. It is not necessary to seek for the causes of this development in the growing power of capital, in the growth of a world market, in the centralization of industry, and in the concentration of economic opportunity through the accumulation and inheritance of wealth. It suffices

for the present purpose to note that this divergence exists, and is getting ever greater. The essential bearing which it has on the present discussion is in its effect on the demand for different classes of commodities.

For this purpose, we need to make a broad grouping of commodities into necessities and luxuries. The former are essential for a living, the latter for elaborated pleasure and enjoyment. Now it is evident that the same group of productive forces cannot be employed at the same time in the production of both necessities and luxuries. The proportion in which they will be divided between the two employments will depend on the relative demand for the one or the other, as expressed in the money offered for one or the other class of products. And the significant fact is that the bulk of money to be offered is concentrated in the hands of a very small group of people. The entire income of five million wage earners receiving six hundred dollars a year each would be equalled by six thousand men with an income of half a million, or three thousand men with an income of a million. Counting in a few men whose incomes run up into many millions a year would reduce the number rapidly. So that the determination of the kinds of goods which are to be produced rests with a very small percentage of the total population.

It is evident that the amount of the necessities of life which can be consumed by an individual, be he rich or poor, is strictly limited. The rich man and the poor man alike must have the necessities. But when they have been secured, the rich man's income has scarcely been touched, while that of the poor man is entirely gone. There thus remains in the hands of the rich man a large surplus of income for which some object must be found. This object lies in the realm of luxury, and the rich man at once voices an "effective demand" that his desire for luxury be gratified. This gratification involves the removal of certain productive forces from the creation of necessities to that of luxuries. Thereby the amount of necessities is reduced, and the relative cost of securing them is advanced. This advanced cost, to be sure, affects the "living" of the rich man as well as that of the poor man. But it makes little difference to the rich man. If he has to spend ten per cent. of his income for his living, in-



stead of five, it is a trivial matter provided he can have his luxuries. But to the poor man it makes all the difference in the world. It took his all to secure his living before; now there must be a heart-breaking retrenchment somewhere. The old saying that whoever discovers a new want is a benefactor of the human race does not ring true in the ears of the wage-earner.

This, in a schematic way, describes the process by which, as the wealthy and leisure classes have grown, and the power of capital has increased, the common, wage-earning groups have remained at approximately the same level. It explains, in part at least, why the cost of living has remained so high in the face of all the economic marvels of the past century.

It is perfectly obvious that if all the productive forces now at work in the United States were turned to the creation of necessities there would be a superabundance for all. It is also perfectly obvious that such a condition of affairs is impossible, while there are widely separated economic classes, the desires of which, and the purchasing power of which, are as widely separated as the poles.

There must always be a sufficient number of laborers employed in the production of necessities so that the price of the latter will allow the working classes to maintain a fair degree of economic efficiency, and keep up their numbers, on the prevailing rate of wages. But the laborers over and above this number will be employed in the production of comforts and luxuries which they and their fellows can by no possibility buy. This statement bears with it a most unwelcome suggestion of the discredited iron law of wages. Yet there seems to be no escaping it.

Any statistical demonstration of the foregoing propositions can hardly be looked for. The forces are not such as lend themselves to statistical treatment, especially as the figures of prices and products given by the Government authorities make no distinction between necessities and luxuries. Yet there is an abundance of statistical illustrations which are sufficiently illuminating.

The first of these is found in the disproportionate growth of the city population as compared with that of the country. We know that in general the agricultural occupations deal primarily with the production of necessities, while the urban occupations

are likely to produce luxuries. In this connection it is significant to note that during the thirty years from 1880 to 1910 the urban population of the United States increased from 29.5 per cent. of the total to 46.3 per cent., while the rural population declined from 70.5 per cent. to 53.7 per cent.

That this has had its effect on the per capita production of some of the necessities of life is well illustrated by the figures of farm production furnished by the last census. During the ten year period 1900 to 1910 the population of the United States increased by 21 per cent. It might reasonably be hoped that the production of the necessities of life would at least keep pace with this. But the figures of farm production show that during a ten year period nearly corresponding (that is, from 1899 to 1909) the amount of butter produced increased by only 8.6 per cent., and the amount of cheese by 7.4 per cent. The quantity of eggs produced increased by 23.0 per cent., but their value, expressed in terms of money, increased by 112.6 per cent. The number of pounds of wool produced increased only 4.6 per cent., while its money value increased 43.4 per cent. The number of bushels of all the cereals produced increased by 1.7 per cent., while the value increased by 79.8 per cent. The amount of wheat increased by 3.8 per cent., while its value increased by 77.8 per cent. And in the case of corn, while there was an increase of 73.7 per cent. in value, there was an actual decrease of 4.3 per cent. in quantity. In the case of potatoes, there was a marked increase in amount—42.4 per cent.—but the increase in value was even greater—69.2 per cent. The amount of cotton produced increased 11.7 per cent., and its value 117.3 per cent.\* Unfortunately similar figures for meat products are not given. But a statement from the Department of Agriculture has recently been quoted to the effect that within the last six years there has been a decline of more than thirty per cent. in the number of beef cattle in the United States.

\* It is true that these figures have been called in question, the statement being made that 1899 was an exceptionally good year, and 1909 an exceptionally bad one. Yet it seems incredible that so marked a change as this could have escaped attention at the time if it had been the result of sudden fluctuations, rather than of a gradual development. Nor do the index figures of prices of food stuffs for 1899 and 1909 show any irregular variations as we should expect if this statement were correct.



Another significant comparison is that between the index prices of food and of commodities in general. Both have risen during the last few years, but at a very different rate. According to the figures of the United States Bureau of Labor the index number of the wholesale prices of 257 commodities in 1911 had risen to 129.3, taking the average of the ten year period 1890 to 1899 as 100. But the retail prices of fifteen articles of food, which represent approximately two-thirds of the food expenditure of a working-man's family, or something like one-third of the total expenditure, show a rise in the index number from 100 for the period 1890 to 1899 to 143 (weighted average) in 1911. It is clear that a compensated dollar, arranged on the basis of the index number of the wholesale prices for 257 commodities, would not solve the high cost of living problem for the working-man.

Still another suggestive item is furnished by the census returns in the statement that the value of the automobiles manufactured in this country in 1909 was nearly \$250,000,000 as against a little over \$30,000,000 in 1904.

Illustrations of this sort might be multiplied to show that a large and increasing proportion of the productive forces of this country is utilized in the production of luxuries rather than of necessities. Of course, as stated above, illustrations do not constitute a statistical demonstration. But fortunately such a demonstration is not necessary. We can see it on every side in the contemporary life around us. The capital which is employed in making automobiles cannot be used in raising wheat and steers; the labor expended on a million dollar mansion cannot also build two-family apartment houses; and the man who is teaching Sanscrit to erudite post-graduates cannot at the same time instruct ambitious working boys in the industrial arts.

As long as conditions exist whereby a few have incomes vastly in excess of their needs for a living, while the many have the barest margin above living expenses, life is going to be hard for the many, and no amount of technical improvements in the industrial arts will ever avail to make it easy. For the more efficient the means of production become, the smaller will be the proportion of all productive effort which is devoted to the

creation of necessities. The cost of living will always be high.

Thus the problem of the high cost of living is seen to be just one more aspect of the world-old problem of riches and poverty, and the unequal distribution of wealth. Thus are verified once more the ancient proverbs, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," and "From him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

Of course, the wealthy classes are not to be blamed. They have come by their money honestly, and when they have satisfied their bodily needs, and spent all they can for the necessities and comforts of life, they are constrained by their human nature to seek other objects to spend it for. If, in securing these, they withdraw workers from the field of necessities, thereby increasing the cost of the latter to themselves as well as to others, it is a matter of slight moment to them. They cannot be expected to continue employing capital and labor in the production of everyday things simply in order that they may be abundant.

And certainly the working classes are not to blame. They have to work at the tasks their masters set them. In milder words, they have to go where wages are the highest, and take their chance with prices.

Shall we then, perhaps, lay the burden of blame on the much maligned middleman? No. The conditions of modern industry have removed the consumer far from the producer, and opened the way for numerous intermediaries in between. The middleman needs the money, and simply improves an obvious opportunity to make it.

Who then is to blame? What is to be done about it? What is the remedy?

Ask the Socialists. They claim to know. And they appear to be the only ones who are so rash.



## DRAMATIZING THE THEATRE

HUNTLY CARTER

IN *The Nation* (New York) for December 18, 1913, there appeared over the signature of F. J. M. Jr., a review of my book *The New Spirit in Drama and Art*. It was one of many favorable reviews and endeavored to go to the heart of an important matter. It took the fundamental question of science reform in its relation to the advance of the drama and considered it at length both from an historical and contemporary standpoint. Its attitude was clearly expressed in the opening words, "The feud between playwright and theatre manager is of long standing, and *perhaps eternal!*" The italics are mine. For playwright and theatre manager let me substitute theatre and the drama. Thereafter it contended that "the modern theatrical trend is distinctly anti-dramatic, an exaltation of the stage as such against the play."

The view that the new movement in the theatre is independent of the drama and even definitely hostile to it is not confined to F. J. M. Jr., but is a widespread, strengthening and erroneous one. It has no foundation in fact, but is based upon a total misconception of the nature and significance of the movement in the European theatre toward dramatic unity. Indeed there is nothing to show that the separation between the theatre and the drama is increasing and is "perhaps eternal" and that the present-day theatrical trend is "anti-dramatic." On the contrary, there is much to prove that the theatre is becoming dramatized for the first time in its history, and that reformers have at length awakened to the important fact that the theatre ought no longer to be regarded as an adjunct to the drama, but as an essential part of it. They believe in fact that the time has arrived when the theatre should take its place as the shrine and framework for the dramatic essence into which the mind of the spectator is to be drawn, illuminated and transformed.

We all know of the tendency to regard present-day reform of the theatre as actively opposed to the advance of the drama. Some of us know of the view which is springing out of it, namely,

that the theatre itself is negligible. Much has been written of recent months in support of the view that the theatre and the drama are independent of each other, and at least one book has appeared to prophesy their continued separation. The writer, a London dramatic critic, and one of the all-drama school which contends that the drama is everything, sees a special merit in plays dependent upon themselves and adequate interpretation, and no merit in bringing plays into unity with the theatre and representation. In consequence he does not acknowledge a unity which the component parts shall explain in such a way that it is seen to be the cause and condition of their existing, but fails to understand that the theatre both in its physical and mental aspects forms the root, stem, branches, leaves and blossom of one plant of which the seed is the drama. Strangely enough his experience of plays has not revealed to him that very important thing which advanced critics and reformers are beginning to understand, namely, that the drama is the seed of unity which the dramatist sows and it seldom reaches fruition because its growth and development are hindered, even arrested, by the innumerable distracting and accidental circumstances which surround the present form of dramatic representation and interpretation, and which are largely due to the construction of the theatre itself. So he is anxious to retain the dramatic seed and would reject much that is intended to condition the size and visibility of the plant; he would retain the play and the acting and banish all those agents—the producer, composer, decorator—which are essential to their widest expression.

## II

The tendency to ignore a unity essential to the fullest expression of the drama is not new. Some of us know how it arose. It arose from a failure, from the first, to see the law of antecedent unity underlying the drama and the theatre and binding them together. By antecedent unity I mean a primary factor in the drama which necessarily pre-supposes the theatre as an agency in the subsequent order of development (representation and interpretation), and which operates through the theatre in all its component parts, as a creative power throughout. This



law as applied to modern forms of art, the theatre and the drama, is dealt with in my aforementioned book for the first time in any language. Herein I have considered the efforts which are being made to establish the law in the Art Theatres of Europe—with an individual law or principle operating in each. I have also shown that forms of art—each having its own antecedent unity—have definitely come in aid of the coherence of all in a dramatic production for the first time in the history of the theatre. And I have dealt further with the subject of this unity in my book on the Theatre of Max Reinhardt.

Till within recent years no one appears to have apprehended, except vaguely, the need, cause and principle of such a unity in the theatre. Not till to-day indeed has this unity become established as a law. Hitherto the theatre has been regarded as little more than a stage. Indeed it has always been written and spoken of in terms of a stage. From the beginning it has advanced as a stage—Greek, Oriental, Italian, French, Early English (Miracles, Moralities and Elizabethan), German (classic and modern), and modern European (English, French, Russian, Scandinavian, etc.).

If we look back to early Greek times we find that the theatre was an extension of the Dionysian temple, and the drama was an extension of the temple service. In fact the theatre was originally a stage or a circular dancing place. To this was added a platform which in turn expanded to the proportions of the classic theatre. The Greek stage was separated from the auditorium by a pit which has persisted to the present day. That an auditorium was added to the stage was not due to the conscious recognition that the one was bound to the other by a chain of causation subtly and emotionally affecting both the actors and the audience. It was not due to the recognition of a law or principle of unity underlying both and serving to intensify the effect of the drama on the audience. It was due to the necessity first of accommodating a number of spectators and thereafter of securing payment for such accommodation. The auditorium was in fact a spectator-place adapted to the necessities of Eye and Ear and not to Spirit or Soul. It has never, till recently, been more than the porch or threshold of the temple of dramatic

initiation. This we know from history and contemporary records present the same conclusions. The appeal to the Ear was the essential feature of the Greek and Elizabethan forms of drama. The appeal to the Eye has taken many forms from the Miracles, Moralities, Masques and Ballets down to twentieth century pageantry. But the appeal to the Soul has had to wait for the coming of Wagner with his conception of the unity of Play, Place and People. Before Wagner there had been no conscious effort toward unity of effect. Everything achieved in this direction was the result of accident not design. The early Greek drama had no unity with the village theatres in which it was represented. The early Mysteries were more unified till they outgrew their connection with the Church service and found their way outside the Church. Perhaps the improvised form of comedy known as the *Commedia dell'Arte* was in harmony with its surroundings when represented in the streets by players of the people. But it is difficult to believe that either this comedy or that of Molière (which came from it), or the secular drama of the Elizabethans (so full of intrusive and distracting elements), gained the requisite coherence when played in tents, booths or the courtyards of inns. We hear a great deal about the perfection of the later theatre of Molière, but not much is said of its predecessor when Molière and his strolling players were playing in tennis-courts and making their entrances and exits through heavy hangings which interfered with their movements and disarranged their costumes and headgear, and anyone in the audience who liked was privileged to snuff the footlights. Even when the Molièrean and Shakespearean dramas moved into permanent buildings it is doubtful whether the buildings conferred any benefit on the drama. For as we know special buildings of the kind sprang up not from artistic desire, but were erected for commercial purposes. Some one had discovered that by putting a wall round the audience the drama could be made to pay. The commercial value of the theatre wall has never grown less. Nearer to our own times we have similar conditions of unrest conducing to the separation between the drama and the theatre. Under the circuit system of the nineteenth century, and under the touring system of to-day, the theatre, scenery,



costumes and accessories will be found to be often grotesquely out of harmony with the play. This separation has been increased by the modern appeal to the Ear through the literary movement in the theatre which marked the late nineteenth and the early twentieth century, first in Germany, then in France and England, and which succeeded in turning the theatre into an arena in which modern literary battles, in the form of debates and discussions, were fought out.

### III

Apparently to Wagner belongs the credit of detecting the need and cause of the said unity. He was the first of the moderns to see the necessity of adapting everything in the theatre to help the dramatic illusion by rendering the drama-stuff accessible to every spectator. And it was doubtless the recognition of this need which called forth a vision of the law of antecedent unity in the theatre. In any case he was led to the discovery of the drama as the seed of the unity. To Wagner drama-stuff was sound. In the drama he saw an all-pervading sound-spirit flowing from the universe of emotional reality, which the reciprocal act of the theatre may render accessible to every member of the vastest and most diverse audience. Springing from Drama he saw the eternal motive. Drama makes the motive, and not the motive, Drama. If Drama determines the motive then the motive must determine the will of the spectator. Arguing somewhat in this manner, Wagner set to work to give the motive the widest expression by adapting the objects and agents, seen and unseen, surrounding the spectator—everything in and about the theatre in fact—to operate upon the will, through the feelings, of the spectator. This process would no doubt have been successful had Wagner thoroughly understood the working principle of the unity and employed proper means and instruments throughout. But the principle was not clear to him, with the result that he left gaps in his general design. He omitted, for instance, to introduce the spiritual motive into the scenery and accessories; they did not contain the essential drama-stuff. The omission interfered with the total effect which he desired to obtain by the specially designed auditorium, orchestra, stage and

form of interpretation. It invited distraction and distraction destroyed the harmony of Wagner's system. It prevented the spectator being raised as Wagner desired to the highest point of receptivity.

After Wagner came Gordon Craig, also with a conception of the need and cause, but with a deeper grasp of the principle of unity. He too had a vision of the law of antecedent unity in the theatre. He too was led by his vision to the discovery of the dramatic seed of the unity. On turning to the seed he found what? Here too was an antecedent, a primary motive which he recognized must run thread-like through the theatre till it reached the spectator unconsciously through the senses. This motive or root was motion. To Gordon Craig drama-stuff was motion. It was a wondrous rhythmic motion invisible in space yet ever seeking to become visible through man. When therefore man is determined to act in harmony with this all-present power motion is the result. And as all men are pre-determined to act in harmony with it, by what fitter means than a theatre designed on the principle of rhythmic motion could men be set completely in motion with the eternal dramatic rhythm of the universe? It was sufficient for Gordon Craig to believe this respecting the power of eternal motion to make itself felt through the medium of an appropriate theatre, for him to understand the true nature of the theatre as a temple of art and to conclude therefrom that given a rhythmic theatre a rhythmic form of drama will inevitably follow. But in realizing the nature of his drama-stuff and the part it must play in the eternal growth and development of the theatre, he also realized something which Wagner had overlooked. If he grasped the principle of unity in its entirety he also saw the difficulty of applying it to an institution that had never been subjected to dramatic unity. A great deal of premonitory, preparatory activity would be necessary before everything in the theatre could be adapted to lead up to one big culminating light. For instance the old stage cumber would have to be destroyed and replaced by appropriate scenery and accessories. The work to be done called for a long period of close research and experiment. So it happens that Gordon Craig's theatre has yet to be realized. Perhaps it might



have been nearer realization than it is if the age had understood the real nature of the drama and the theatre, and more men and women had been students and interpreters of the spiritualization of the theatre.

Along with Gordon Craig and assimilating some of his ideas came Max Reinhardt. He too may be said to have had a positive insight into the law of the antecedent unity of the theatre. By this means he was led to the discovery of the unconscious as the seed of the drama, and evolved therefrom a working hypothesis similar to that of Wagner and Gordon Craig. His guess may be stated this way: Drama-stuff is the unconscious. The drama is the expression and the illumination of the unconscious. That is, Drama illuminates its own mystery through the drama. We all have the unconscious element in common. We are linked together by it. Therefore by means of the drama the dramatist and producer alike are able to touch any member of the widest and most diverse audience. So if the unconscious element in the drama appeals universally to the unconscious in the audience the drama should contain as much as possible of the unconscious element. This was Max Reinhardt's guess, which he has been actively engaged verifying by experiment for many years. He has been selecting the most suitable plays from the thousands in the repertory of the world, overhauling them, extracting the dramatic, that is, the unconscious element, and transmitting it to vast audiences in specially adapted theatres. He now aims like Gordon Craig to establish the law of unity in a theatre designed for the purpose. His Theatre of the Five Thousand (of which there is a full account in my Reinhardt book) will have the requisite harmony of all its parts.

So Wagner, Craig and Reinhardt found a theatre burdened and clogged with the tradition of separateness, and each has sought in his own way to reestablish it as a highly sensitized instrument for receiving and transmitting the drama as the expression of man's fundamental and unending emotions. Their work is bearing fruitful results. To-day we see everywhere in Europe evidences of a very widespread attempt to apply the law of antecedent unity in the theatre. In England there are three pioneers at least who are devoting themselves to the prin-

ciple with energy and enthusiasm. Mr. Granville Barker is applying his critical and organizing intelligence and considerable business knowledge to the great problem of the theatre. If he began as a disciple of Otto Brahm, who neglected scenery and decoration in favor of extraordinary perfection of ensemble acting, he has now made a break. He has come definitely into line with Craig and Reinhardt and is linking scenery, decoration and ensemble acting and will ultimately, no doubt, become the champion of a unified and unifying theatre, in which everything shall be subordinated to the one big effect. So also Mr. Martin Harvey is applying his cool and clear intelligence to the same problem. Mr. Harvey began as an enthusiastic disciple of Irving and his improvements in scenery costumes and accessories. He is now a no less enthusiastic disciple of Reinhardt and William Poel and is rapidly accustoming himself to translate the drama and the theatre in terms of the greatly needed unity. Mr. Basil Dean, late of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, is another follower of Reinhardt who is applying his experience in the new direction. That he has lately been appointed producer at His Majesty's Theatre is hopeful. It may be the means of inducing Sir Herbert Tree to abandon Irving's methods of realistic staging in favor of a more imaginative method of his own. In these three pioneers then we see the champions of the unifying principle of the art theatre which forms the strongest contrast to the separatist principle of the literary theatre.

#### IV

The new form of theatre then may be said to be springing out of a profound truth, a truth only just discovered and understood by theatre reformers, namely, that the theatre must be an essential part of the representation of the drama. Before it can become fully operative as a highly sensitized instrument for receiving and transmitting the drama it must belong to the action of the drama, as the stem, leaves, blossom belong to the root of a tree. It must in fact be dramatized by being made a part of the dramatic unity to which it belongs. The perception of this truth has given rise to certain ideas of superiority concerning the theatre. The renewed search for intimacy in the theatre is



a sign of superiority. According to this intimacy idea everything in a theatre should be subordinated to one end, namely, that of bringing the spectator into the action of the drama. Arising out of this is the recognition in the theatre of the importance of the scientific discovery that the greater part of man is the unconscious, that something dwells in us unconsciously like a dream, that it is a great flowing power, beyond reason, neither rational nor irrational, but non-rational, and therefore cannot be analyzed. Accordingly it is felt that the real and lasting effect of drama upon an audience is an unconscious one. The drama does not in fact work through the intellect nor sway the spectator by thoughts, however profound or subtle. It works through the emotions and leads man to recognize the greatness or servility of man in spite of himself. Theatre audiences, like church congregations, are swayed unconsciously. Hence comes the belief that suggestion is mightier than argument, and all in the theatre should make for suggestion. This is another sign of superiority. So in turn has arisen a recognition of the inadequacy of words. There are no words for some emotions. Emotions that are mighty and deep cannot be expressed by inconsequent words. When human beings are carried on the tide of elemental passions, when they experience the feelings, vital, simple and intense, of the life they share in common, when they are borne to the greatest heights and depths, of love, hate, sorrow, hope, fear, speech fails them. At such moments emotion can only be expressed by motion, by music, by line, by color, each working separately yet together, working profoundly and significantly in and out of each other. Then complexity in unity is held to be another means of conferring distinction on the theatre. The coöperation of all concerned in a production should be directed toward one great exalted end. That the theatre is to develop from within instead of being fashioned from without, to spring from its own vital seed of unity and not to be shaped by the immediate playgoing public, is also counted something superior. That the theatre may attain to individuality of type and differ entirely from every other house of entertainment, is yet another sign of superiority. Finally the idea that the theatre, like the earth, is rhythmical adds distinction to the theatre. Everything dances in nature, everything should dance in the

theatre. So all these ideas—intimacy, the supremacy of the unconscious, suggestion, variety in unity, individuality, rhythmic unity,—are counted as something new and superior in reformers' eyes.

V

To sum up. The contention that the present movement in the European theatre is anti-dramatic cannot be sustained. The truth is that reformers are working with their eyes open to the necessity of dramatizing the theatre, and they are working with all available means to achieve this end. If they have not the requisite form of drama to complete their undertaking, everything prophesies that it is coming. America, England, Germany, Russia are unwearying in their search for a new form of national drama. The energy of the latest Sturm und Drang period of the literary form of drama has spent itself. The intellectual drama depending for life on political or social sentiments, on exposure of cant, lies, hypocrisy and tyranny, has clearly had its day. New influences, philosophic and other, are at work creating a new form of drama. For one thing the rediscovery of Shakespeare and Ibsen—the one as a poet and stage-craftsman, the other as a symbolist—is having its effect. On all sides there are signs that the new Shakespeare is beginning to work through authors and producers alike. Already new writers are appearing to pour forth spontaneous creations. We see everywhere the younger men seeking to cultivate freedom of lyric expression. So the dawn has come of perhaps the greatest form of drama the theatre has ever seen. Perhaps, as I said, theatre reformers are aware of it, for in seeking to raise the standard of the theatre they surely anticipate a higher standard of the drama. By spiritualizing the one they invite the spiritualization of the other. In preparing the surrounding air, moisture and soil, they are preparing to fertilize the dramatic seed, so that the moment it is born it will begin to respond to a favorable environment. Thus it will preserve its unity and power according to the law of antecedent unity which will be operative throughout. To the objection that it is vain for the theatre to rise before the dawn of the new form of drama, the reply of the men who are reshaping the European theatre is, "The dawn has come and our work is witness of it."



## EDUCATION AND PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

CRAWFORD RICHMOND GREEN, M. D.

THE ultimate problem of race improvement is concerned with the development of the intellect, but at the foundation of intellectual progress lies the necessity of producing a race that is strong and sound of body. With the increasing complexity of civilization and the stress of modern life, the ancient dictum *mens sana in corpore sano* assumes a greater importance than ever before. Over two thousand years ago, Aristotle, who has been characterized as the best educated man who ever walked the surface of this earth, wrote: "Care for the body must precede care for the soul; next to care for the body must come care for the appetites; and, last of all, care for the intelligence. We train the appetites for the sake of the intelligence, and the body for the sake of the soul." The wisdom of this no modern philosophy that is worthy of the name has undertaken to deny.

It behooves us, then, before taking account of our status regarding the development and improvement of the mind, to consider where we stand with regard to our care for the body. There can be no doubt that the recent advances in medical research made for the betterment of man through the suppression of sickness and suffering have been truly marvellous. To justify the dignity of its position in the world's progress, medical science needs but to point to such comparatively recent contributions as the discovery of the *treponema pallidum*, the American hookworm, the antimeningococcic serum, inoculation against typhoid, or to the remarkable advances in the surgery of the brain, the blood-vessels, and the heart. All of these things, and many similar, are distinctly to the credit of the race.

There is, however, another side to the story of health that presents a very different aspect. Ignorance is man's worst enemy; but while it is bad enough to be ignorant, it is far worse to fail to apply wisdom that has already been attained. It is a satisfaction to know that the source of typhoid fever has been definitely determined, but it is a terrible fact that many cities,

despite this knowledge, continue year after year to murder their citizens with contaminated water, merely because corrupt governments find it politically inexpedient to put the necessary money into improved waterworks. It is most commendable of departments of health to provide us with tuberculosis exhibits which demonstrate beyond question that every area should be moistened before being swept; but of what value is it to have the housemaid sprinkle sawdust on the parlor floor, if all the store-boys and janitors of the town are permitted to sweep the dry dirt of the sidewalks into our faces as we pass by on our way to work, and if the antiquated and unsanitary methods of street cleaning which political expediency so frequently perpetuates, refill our lungs with dirt that is brushed back to the sidewalk later in the day? It is well that we know that much of our tuberculosis is acquired by taking the tubercle bacilli into our bodies with the food that we eat, but of what value is this item of information if we allow butchers and grocers and peddlers to expose to the street dirt for many hours food that is to be eaten raw? It is of considerable interest to know that the bovine form of tuberculosis is directly transmissible to man, but of what value is that knowledge if, while we make a great to-do about the condition of the cattle that supply our milk, we neglect the inspection of our butter, that excellent vehicle for the transmission of disease? Our wise men point the way to wisdom; but the rank and file on the mad rush to the Golden Goal of Nowhere are too busy pursuing dollars to pause to observe the grim spectre who stalks at their elbow and relentlessly wields the spectre of death. All that science has done, is doing, or can do in the development of preventive medicine cannot succeed in its mission without the application of knowledge by the world at large.

Nearly one-quarter of all the babies born into the world die before they reach their first birthday, and of this number not far from half die of digestive disorders that could be wholly prevented if the babies were properly and adequately fed. A small company of well-meaning philosophers tell us that it is quite fitting that these children should die, for otherwise the world would soon be overpopulated. They tell us that the law of the survival of the fittest is at work here as in all else. If this were



so, this law would take a peculiar turn in this particular instance, for while the babies that die are often really the most fit to live, the ignorance of their parents makes them the least fit to indulge in the responsibilities of parenthood. That the trouble is not with the fitness of the stock to survive, but rather with ignorance of the nutritive requirements of infancy, is conclusively shown by the fact that there is no higher mortality among exclusively breast-fed babies in the tenements and the hovels than among those reared in the most luxurious environment.

The majority of girls who reach the marriageable age are destined to become mothers. It should not only be their right before undertaking the responsibility of motherhood, but the State should make it their duty thoroughly to understand all the fundamental knowledge that relates to motherhood and to the care and nourishment of the young. Since the education of the majority of children ceases with grammar school, the curriculum of the last year of grammar school should include for girls the instruction indicated. To this it will be objected that the curriculum is already overloaded. Then we should eliminate some of the embellishments that pedagogy has evolved in favor of a course that is reasonable, practical, and humane—a course that might save many a baby's life and many a mother's broken heart. The fact that once she studied the history of Rome will be but poor consolation to the young mother when she makes her pilgrimage to the little grave in the cemetery.

The school curriculum usually provides a course in physiology and hygiene, which has misguided many, upon its completion, into believing that they have learned all that they need to know about the human body. This course is usually perfunctory and generally uninteresting. It is often conducted by teachers who are uninterested or untrained in the subject taught, and it is received by students who are consequently uninspired by the manner of the teaching. The care of the body, which we should expect to receive attention beyond every other subject, often receives the most meagre consideration of all. If soundness of mind and advancement of intellect depend primarily upon soundness of body, it is certainly our duty to impress upon the child above all else the value of keeping strong and well, and to fill

him with the desire to know how he may keep strong and well.

That this is not our practice, however, we may readily believe when daily we see children studying their school books on the street cars, inevitably injuring their sight by the constant strain in focusing their eyes to compensate for the continual vibration and jarring of the cars; when we find children worrying over their lessons when they are presumed to be at play, and learning them when they ought to be in bed; when hysteria and anæmia and dyspepsia steadily increase among school children because of the pernicious system to which they are subjected. In truth, our schools defeat by their methods the very end which they set out to accomplish, for in place of helping in the production of a stronger race, they conduce to the production of a weaker one. We are too prone to forget that while it may never be too late to learn, it is always too late to regenerate a shattered constitution.

As a matter of early training, it would be of far greater value to the child—and to the race—for him to be able accurately to recite the manner of contracting the various common contagious diseases than to name the Presidents in their chronological order, though we would not care to be accused of undervaluing the study of history; it would be of greater advantage to the child thoroughly to understand what and when and how to eat than to have the most precise knowledge of Latin grammar, however great we may estimate the value of classical training; and, if there be a choice between the two, an accurate understanding of the hygiene of the eye is worth infinitely more than all the school reading of English literature, although we may consider that the knowledge of one's native tongue is the most valuable of all intellectual accomplishments.

In this, we do not wish it understood that we advocate an attempt to impart profound medical learning to the child in school, which would be both futile and absurd, but we do contend that it is our duty to impart the many simple and easily comprehended facts upon which much of the preservation of health and happiness firmly rests.

If we properly taught our children merely the most elementary facts concerning the preventable causes of suffering and



diseases, the economic saving to the State would doubtless be enormous. The difference between the cost of the added education and the lessened budget for the support of inmates in our hospitals and asylums would leave a handsome balance for other purposes of government. For example, nearly one quarter of all the inmates of our blind asylums are victims of the terrible disease *ophthalmia neonatorum*, a severe inflammation of the eyes of the newborn concerning which there should be no mystery. If all school children were impressed with the seriousness and comparative frequency of this disease, and with the fact that just one drop of a solution of a silver salt instilled in each eye soon after birth will, in almost every case, entirely prevent it, can we imagine that anyone would allow the physician or the midwife to neglect this duty, as is now so often done? As a result of such instruction, there would be no babies blind of *ophthalmia neonatorum* for the State to support through life.

In any consideration of the relationship of health and education, one cannot omit to mention those two plagues of man which are joined together to be called "the social diseases." Taken together, they present, from both the medical and the sociological points of view, the greatest problem of our time, far outweighing in importance tuberculosis, insanity, child labor, alcoholism, and all else about which so much has been said and done. The *laissez-faire* policy which we have maintained toward these so-called "social diseases" is one of the greatest discredits to civilization. Their essential connection with questions of sex relationship has resulted in a false prudery regarding even the mere mention of their names that is directly responsible for the suffering and death of thousands upon thousands of our young. It is only recently that courage has been plucked up to attack the problem at all, and even now the public mind is so warped with mock morality that the names of these diseases seldom appear in public print or on the lecture platform. We seem still afraid to be honest and too timid to unmask the truth. The shy whisperings and the veiled allusions persist, while the hospitals and the cemeteries continue to be filled with the sick and dead who have been stricken in the bloom of youth to pay the price of ignorance.

Among those interested in the propaganda of enlightenment that has been launched, there is much quibbling as to the where and when and how of sex instruction. Some consider that it is the duty of the parent to instruct the child; others would put the responsibility upon the physician. In theory, it is easy to offer convincing arguments in defence of either view, but, as a matter of present day practice, both are utterly impracticable. What can be expected of the average parent, when members of the learned professions—clergymen, lawyers, teachers, physicians—are even at the present time allowing their children to grow up in dire ignorance of what will later be learned at such terrible sacrifice? What can be expected of the average physician, when so comparatively few are endowed with the altruism, the inspiration, or the personality to handle the subject at all? The only possible place where this instruction can be successful is in the school. Here we find assembled all the children it is possible to reach, and here is the opportunity to instruct them uniformly and consistently with regard to these great facts it is imperative for them to know. Just as we should employ the school to instruct the girls in the functions of motherhood, so should we employ it to instruct the boys in all the essential matters concerning sex.

To insure that the mind in the sound body shall be sound, it is of no small importance to pay some attention to mental hygiene itself. Some of the industrious harvesters of statistics have adduced figures which tend to establish that at no remote time the insane will be far more numerous than the sane. (One might add that there are those who seem to believe that we have already arrived at that state.) But there is no doubt that insanity is on the increase in every civilized country. In New York State, for example, between the years 1890 and 1910 the number of insane in hospitals and almshouses increased 104 per cent., while the total population of the state increased but 52 per cent. It is estimated that about 50 per cent. of the insane under treatment are insane from avoidable causes. There can be no doubt, in view of the frightful increase of insanity and the affliction that it brings to one's family and friends, that everyone should have the



opportunity as a routine part of his education to learn how and in what class of cases insanity may be avoided.

It is a hopeful sign of progress that an increasing interest is being taken in this subject, and that a well-established propagandic movement is under way directed toward the diminution of insanity. Still, we may ask, does the effort to overcome the prevalent ignorance of mental hygiene strike at the root of the evil? The harm is often already done, it would seem, before the knowledge necessary to avoid it is imparted, and, again, we must hark back to our education to find the weakness of our methods. Foremost among the causes of insanity is worry. It is becoming more and more recognized that hard work, even overwork, is not what affects men's minds, but, rather, worry. It is equally well established that worry is but a habit of the mind that should not be indulged and one that may very largely be avoided. But is it not absurd when our schools develop and foster the habit of worrying, as they surely do by the overload of new courses, tests and examinations now in vogue—is it not absurd, after we make it almost imperative for the child to acquire the habit of worrying, to tell him suddenly to stop worrying lest he lose his mind? In our instruction in mental hygiene, it is of importance to eradicate the popular belief that insanity is directly inherited. Many offspring of the insane undoubtedly do inherit physical defects that give them a tendency to become insane, if conditions are right for the development of insanity, but “the individual whose family has had mental trouble may often escape the disease by proper surroundings, healthful and temperate activities, and proper mental and physical habits.” Where, outside the school, does there exist the opportunity to disseminate this knowledge among all classes of society? How else, except through the medium of the school, can we impress it upon the receptive minds of the young?

Besides these conditions that are so detrimental to both individual and social welfare, there are many other problems of health that directly bear upon racial evolution—problems that, while seeming in some ways less definite than those already considered, are none the less amenable to solution by adequate education. Chief among these are the intoxications. The two

poisons most commonly abused through the volition of the individual are alcohol and tobacco, while the poisons to which he is involuntarily exposed are auto-intoxications due to perverted metabolism, and the industrial poisons which are the result of the kind of work one performs to gain one's livelihood. So far as the young are concerned, our instruction regarding the evils of alcohol and tobacco is, as a rule, relegated to the Sunday School, where their use is considered from the viewpoint of an assumed immorality, and they are therefore classed by the child in that too large category of ethical teachings that the child's reason promptly rejects because they are preached only on Sunday and practised none of the other days in the week. As a matter of fact, instruction in these matters should be dissociated altogether from ethical teaching and an appeal should be made to the child's reason by the definite exposition of facts which will show in no uncertain terms that the use of alcohol and tobacco is a handicap to the individual in the competition for health, longevity and success in life. Such instruction, if properly and convincingly given, would do more to abate the evils of these poisons than the moralizing of all the Anti-Tobacco Leagues and Temperance Societies that have ever existed. The school boy who takes his first glass of beer, perhaps in celebrating some athletic victory of his school team, little realizes that by so doing he paves the way for the acquirement of a habit that may result in fatal disease of liver or kidneys, in organic nervous disease, in hardening of the arteries, in insanity, and in many other types of physical degeneracy; nor does the lad who hides behind his father's barn to indulge in his initial cigarette know that by so doing he opens the way toward becoming the habitué of a drug which may invalidate his health by making him a nervous wreck, or blind, or a confirmed dyspeptic, and which, it is now established, often produces disease of the arteries that results in apoplexy and death. There can be no doubt that the danger of the child's becoming a victim of either of these poisons would be greatly diminished if, by an appeal to his reason, he were thoroughly impressed with the fact that it is to his physical and economic advantage not to use them.

The industrial poisons to which workers in white phosphorus,



arsenic, lead, mercury, and other substances are subjected, are, unfortunately, almost wholly a social problem, for the workers in these poisons are in most cases engaged in their occupations through the mere accident of being born into a certain environment and not because, of their own volition, they have selected the work that they undertake to do. This evil, therefore, is not one that can be eliminated by education alone, but is one into the consideration of which several factors enter with which we have no concern here. It is of interest to note, however, that in Germany the children are uniformly instructed regarding the hazards of the industrial occupations, so that the individual, even if he cannot choose his work, will enter upon it with his eyes already opened to its dangers; whereas in this country it is only very recently that any attention at all has been given to the subject of industrial poisoning. It is certainly only just that the youth should have an intelligent appreciation of the risks to which his future occupation may subject him and a knowledge of how those risks may be minimized as far as possible, and should not be left to learn it all through the bitter experience of suffering.

Auto-intoxication is a type of poisoning whose far-reaching detrimental effects upon the individual have been but little understood or realized. Auto-intoxication—self-poisoning—results, as its name implies, from the retention of poisons that are manufactured in the body and normally are excreted with the waste. One of the commonest and most familiar causes of auto-intoxication is constipation. More and more does medical science recognize the constipated habit as the causative agent of many distressing cases of ill health. Yet we make very little attempt systematically to instruct the child as to the necessity of avoiding this condition, which could be accomplished easily if attention were paid to it before the habit becomes firmly fixed, but we allow him to go blindly on his way to chronic invalidism. We make no effort to teach him how and when and what to eat, nor of the value of drinking abundant water and taking proper exercise, nor of the pernicious effect of the continual and widespread use of castor oil, pills, and salts. A host of mothers who would do anything for their children's good are continually dosing them with purgatives even when their children are in excellent

health, under the misguided, unreasoning delusion that purgation, even when unneeded, is good for them. These mothers do not know, because they have never been instructed, that unnecessary purgation merely perverts elimination and makes for ill health.

Just as the school affords us our only opportunity to impart uniform knowledge regarding the preservation of health, so it affords us our greatest opportunity for the discovery of unrecognized disease. The medical inspection of school children in the present state of widespread ignorance regarding health must be considered of the greatest value to the race. It is obviously a strange philosophy whereby we utilize for the recognition of disease the very institution in which we neglect to impart knowledge regarding the preservation of health; but it is surely much better to recognize disease even though our education be deficient than to neglect both. Later, when we have revised our educational system and have begun to impart to all the knowledge that is now reserved for the few, the necessity of school inspection will be greatly minimized, for many of the defects of children will be recognized by their parents and corrected long before the child is sent to school.

As for school inspection, valuable as it is, its importance to society is altogether too little realized. What little has been done has hardly scratched the surface of its possible service to the race. A very few States now make provision for State-wide school inspections, and in New York City there is as admirable a system as is employed anywhere. Yet none of these systems is without defects, while in many large cities and in almost all rural districts there is no provision at all for the medical examination of school children.

But of even greater importance than school inspection is the recognition of the need of treatment when pathological conditions have once been recognized. It is well enough for the school physician to know that abnormal conditions exist, but it is of more importance for the child's parents to realize the imperative necessity of having morbid conditions rectified as soon as they are discovered. Many are the pathetic cases the school physician meets that could easily be remedied by just a little knowledge



on the part of parents—merely knowledge that it should be the *right* of everyone to have thoroughly taught to him. Adenoids, leading to chronic nervousness, deafness, and retarded mental development, that have been considered “just catarrh”; organic heart disease, resulting from neglected rheumatism that some one has called “growing pains”; chorea that is attributed to the child’s being “fidgety”; tuberculosis that progresses untreated for months, because the child is always “catching cold.” Every physician knows that examples of such sad results of ignorance could be recounted without end, and that the ignorance is found among those in the highest places as well as among those in the lowest.

It is easy to dwell at length upon the enormous evils for which we are responsible by our neglect of education along the lines of hygiene and health, and it is difficult not to dwell upon the terrible price we are paying for our ignorance. Enough has been indicated, it would seem, to remove all doubt that all that is being done for the physical welfare of the child will not compensate for what is being left undone. All the propagandic movements to instruct the people with regard to public health, all the educational efforts of boards of health, all the campaigns of enlightenment that the ablest journalism can initiate, are worth almost nothing when compared with the results that might be obtained by the adequate instruction of the young in school. With regard to the body as well as the intellect, knowledge implanted upon the plastic mind of youth, the lasting impressions and prejudices formed in early life, are the certain, unfailing means of insuring an education that will be of enduring benefit to the race.

# THE AMERICAN FARM LANDLORD-TENANT PROBLEM

PHILIP R. KELLAR

IT may seem to many to be a far cry from the farm tenure problem of Great Britain to the farm tenure problem of the United States. Americans as a rule will look upon Chancellor David Lloyd George's campaign "to free British land from landlordism and get the people back on it," because the land holding system there is a "ghastly failure," as a campaign of exclusive interest to Britons, and as having little if any bearing upon the course of affairs in the United States. Indeed, so far apart seem the two countries in this respect that the average American would be quick to brand as a sensational pessimist the one who would attempt to point out any dangerous parallelism.

As a matter of fact there is no parallel at present, but the conditions in Britain suggest what the conditions in America may be in the course of not so many years if present tendencies are permitted to go on unchecked or undiverted. British conditions, European conditions, may be made to serve as useful illustrations of what America may expect and should plan to avoid.

That the time is come for earnest consideration of these illustrations is amply proved by the trend from farm owner to farm tenant in the United States, which is accompanying the trend from farm to city, and is clearly indicated by the figures of the last census. In ten years the number of American tenant farmers increased by 329,712, or 16.2 per cent., while the number of farmers operating land owned by them increased by only 295,399, or 8.1 per cent.

Although the number of owner-operators still largely exceeds the tenant farmers, such a relative rate of increase as has prevailed for the last ten years will show a reversal of this condition before many years. Even to-day there are nearly two and a half million (2,354,676 in 1910) farmers in America who rent the lands they cultivate, as compared with four million (3,948,722 in 1910) farmers who own their farms. Should the relative rate of increase continue for another ten years the actual increase in



number of tenant farmers would be nearly 50,000 greater than of farmer-owners.

With two and a half million tenant farmers America already has a bigger problem, in point of numbers, than has Great Britain. The problem is not so serious yet, largely because of the area of the United States and the newness of our agricultural development, but it is serious enough to command earnest attention. The unsolved farm land tenure problem in the United States is largely responsible for the annual migration into western Canada of tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of good American farmer citizens. In fact so serious has the problem become already that at least one great Canadian transcontinental railway, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, has made it the basis for a systematic campaign to induce American farmers to settle in Canada. This railroad, recognizing the fact that good tenant farmers are finding it increasingly difficult to purchase farms in the United States, has set aside a vast sum to help these men secure homes in the Canadian West, selling them the land at a low price, upon a twenty-year payment plan, and loaning them \$2,000 cash for immediate improvements upon the same long time for repayment. While the railroad does not bar farm owners from participation in this plan, it was inaugurated and is operated primarily for the benefit of tenant farmers who have been successful, but are unable to purchase farms in the location where they are farming.

Recently I had a very vivid illustration of the power of this proposition to attract good American farmers to Canada, when I joined a special trainload of home-seekers drawn from half a dozen American States, bound from Chicago to Calgary. Most of the 200 men aboard the train were farmers, and more than half were tenant farmers. Several of the latter were comparatively young men, with families, who had lived upon the same farm for a number of years, paying half the profits to the landlords. All of these men said that the more successful they were, the more profit they made the farms yield, the greater became the share which the owner received, and the higher he placed the value of his land, and the farther out of reach of the tenant's purchasing power the land went. One man from central Ohio

had been making for the landlord as much as \$9 per acre per year on a 170-acre farm, and the result was that the owner valued the land upon the basis of \$9 annual income, which is a little more than five per cent. on \$175. Another man from Iowa was renting on shares and paying the landlord \$10 per acre per year. These men admitted the land was worth \$175 to \$200 per acre, but all of them frankly admitted their fear of buying the farms and attempting to pay for them out of the land itself. The burden loomed up too vast, and the period of time the mortgage must run was so long they were doubtful of their ability to stand up under the strain. And these were good farmers, up-to-date, hard-working, ambitious, and not moral or physical cowards. One was an American for a number of generations, of Dutch stock; the other was an English emigrant who had lived in Iowa for nearly twenty years.

George Ade is doubtless more widely known as a successful author of humorous stories and plays, but he is a big owner of Indiana farm land, and he lives on one of the farms, and calls himself a farmer. He is in the habit of keeping his eyes and ears open, and drawing rather accurate conclusions from what he sees and hears. In a recent article in *The Country Gentleman* Mr. Ade wrote:

"Land at \$200 an acre will change us, all at once, from a new and shifting community to an old and settled community. Those who have are going to hold. Transfers of land are becoming infrequent. The tenant farmer on 160 acres hasn't the courage to assume a debt of \$32,000 and pay \$1,600 interest on the mortgage when he can get the farm for about \$1,300 a year in grain rent. Twenty years ago the young farmer with a new wife and a span of horses could buy good land on credit for \$50 an acre, the mortgage drawing seven or possibly eight per cent. With two or three crops to boost him along he could count on reducing the principal so the interest would not devour him. Those who bought at \$50 an acre and used ordinary diligence in farming paid out long ago and now are independent landed proprietors. The young farmer of to-day who has a few hundred dollars and a team of horses is distinctly up against it if he wants to get a farm of his own. The same land that was freely



offered at \$50 is now \$200 an acre. It is better drained and has a stone road along one edge, but it is no more productive than it was twenty years ago, and the grain produced from it may not command much higher prices at the elevator. The mortgage rate has been reduced from seven or eight to five or six per cent., but five per cent. on \$200 is an awful leap from eight per cent. on \$50."

Similar conditions prevail in all of the older agricultural sections of the country, though not to such an extent as in the "Corn Belt" where most of the available land was long ago placed under the plough. Even in the South, however, which while an old section is just beginning to feel the impulse of the nation-wide development, land values have increased a hundred per cent. in the last few years. In Georgia, which is perhaps as progressive as any of the Southern States, farm lands increased in value from \$26 to \$47 in ten years, throughout the entire area, while in Texas the increase was from \$12 to \$20. These figures of course do not represent the better land, or even the average land, but include millions of acres which are not considered even fair farm land. As an illustration of what these "average" figures mean, Indiana may be cited. The "average" value of Indiana farm lands increased from \$40 to \$85 from 1900 to 1910, but it would be difficult to find a farm for sale in the good farming section at anything less than \$175 to \$200.

In the older and better agricultural sections the number of farms is decreasing and the size of the farms is increasing. Those who own lands are buying more and adding to their holdings. This is not true of most of the Southern and Western States where the old plantations and ranches are being broken up into farms and leased. For instance, the number of tenant farmers in Georgia increased 55,000 in ten years; in Texas the increase amounted to 45,000.

The natural trend to larger farms and fewer as an agricultural section grows older is being sustained in New York, the Corn Belt States, and many others. In Kansas and Nebraska the number of farms has increased in company with the increase in size, this being the result of bringing more uncultivated acreage into the farm area. Except, however, in those States which yet

have great areas of wild land, such as Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota, and the Southern States with their cut-over timber areas, and the West with its unsettled prairie lands, the trend to fewer and larger farms is quite pronounced.

A good farmer in the Corn Belt can secure \$3,000 gross income from a quarter section of land. The best farmers can make the 160 acres yield \$5,000, but there are not many such. A gross income of \$3,000 upon 160 acres of \$150 to \$200-per-acre land doesn't leave much for the farmer to lay aside as net profit, whether he owns the land or merely rents it. If he owns it there is the item of five per cent. interest on \$32,000, amounting to \$1,600, to be first taken out, which leaves \$1,400 to cover the cost of operation, wages, groceries, clothing, taxes, insurance, etc. If he rents the farm about \$1,300 goes to the landlord, leaving \$1,700 for all of those items. The difference of \$300 represents just about the sum he can lay aside for the rainy day. If he is trying to save to buy the farm it would take him at least fifty years, without any bad luck, to accomplish the result.

So then there is a tenant farm problem in the United States of serious proportions. No matter how successful a man may be as a tenant farmer there is none who does not desire to own the land, to possess a home which belongs to him absolutely, and not for an indefinite time dependent upon the whim of the owner. So long as there is land to be bought anywhere in the world men will want to and will strive to buy it. That is human nature. It also is human nature for men to go where good land can be secured the cheapest and quickest and easiest. The United States was populated through the working of these two fundamental qualities of the human heart. People came here from the British Isles, from Germany, from Russia, from Italy, from southeastern Europe, because they wanted homes, homes which they really owned. People are going out of the United States onto the plains of Western Canada for the same reason.

When we reach the point where the great majority of these home-lacking, home-wanting residents are unable to leave the land and go to another land in search of that home, then we shall be in the same condition that the British Isles are now. There isn't so great a difference even now between the British



Isles and the Corn Belt of the United States. The chief difference—and it is in favor of the Americans—is that it is easier for our young tenant farmers of the Corn Belt to pick up and go to another section of the continent where homes can be had.

The processes through which the two countries are moving toward the same mark are essentially different, but the result will be the same. Land tenure in the British Isles is a heritage from the feudal age when a soldier of fortune seized as great an area as he could keep, and kept it with the aid of his vassals until his seizure came to be recognized as a legal and binding title. One of the baneful results of this has been the keeping of great tracts in hunting preserves when they are needed for agricultural uses.

Land tenure in the United States began under the same plan. The first settlers seized the land they needed, though at times they made a pretence of purchasing it from the Indians; others derived their titles from "blanket" grants from the "Crown" of England, the sovereign claiming to own the entire country because of discoveries by his subjects. In turn these grantees "farmed" out their land grants. Gradually the title of the Crown and the Crown's grantees became less and less clearly defined, and the colonial Governments assumed the right to grant lands unsettled. After the Revolution and the adoption of the constitution, the various States took possession of the unclaimed and unoccupied lands and disposed of them to individuals. In time the United States Government assumed ownership of all unoccupied lands in the territories, and disposed of these lands to individuals, without discrimination. Those lands which are divided into townships and sections are or once were "public domain," owned by the United States. Those lands which are described by "metes and bounds," located in the "colonial States," Kentucky, Tennessee, and Vermont (which were formed from the colonial States), and some other areas which were included in lands secured by purchase or conquest, are held under the old world system of tenure, greatly modified to meet American needs and ideals.

Conditions surrounding land tenure in the British Isles and other European countries have grown up gradually, with the gradual increase in population of the farm lands and the gradual

development of manufactures and commerce and cities. The very fact that the present conditions were reached by gradual growth may account for their acuteness. Not enough people realized the danger of the trend in time to stop it or change it.

There is no reason why the farm tenure problem in the United States should become acute for many years, except in spots such as the Corn Belt, or in localities in the immediate vicinity of the large cities. While it may be true that the best farming land in the United States has passed into private ownership, and that much of it is being gradually concentrated into large holdings to be leased to farm tenants, the fact is that there still remains a vast area of good farm land which is not cultivated. Almost ninety per cent. of the land area of Illinois is under the plough, but less than twenty-five per cent. of the land area of the United States is farmed. There are a billion and a half acres of United States land which are not cultivated, and only half a billion acres which are farmed.

So the farm tenure problem of the United States is quite different from the problem which Lloyd George is trying to solve in the British Isles. We have plenty of good land left for men who want to own their farms. It is situated in all sections, East, West, North, South, everywhere except perhaps in the Corn Belt, in some of the New England States, and in certain sections of California. It is of all varieties as to climate, chemical properties, crop suitability, etc.

The chances are that some of it will prove in the future to be better farm land than the Corn Belt, but it is true that at present there is no other such area which has the very best land so easily adapted to farming.

The solution of our present problem is not to try to find some means by which we can help the tenant to remain upon the high-priced farm of the Corn Belt, but to help him find a good farm home, at a cheaper price, in some other section of the country. The chief reason why so many of our farmers are going into the Canadian West is not because land there is so much better or cheaper than it is in many parts of the United States, but because the effort to induce them to go to Canada is thoroughly organized and systematized. Our farmers are told everything



good about the Canadian West, are persuaded to "go up and see," are helped to buy after they get there, are helped to pay for the land after they buy, and are generally treated as if it would be quite a calamity to themselves and to Canada and to the railroads and the governments if they did not remain and be prosperous.

There are many corporations owning and selling lands in the United States; there are many railroads trying to develop their territory by efforts to have the land settled by farmers; there are some associations which advertise the wonderful opportunities of their particular section. But there is no organized, coördinated, correlated effort to help the young landless farmer find just what he wants and what he can pay for by his own toil and the products of the land. Our farm-selling agencies have no interest in this man if he cannot be persuaded to buy from the particular agency which is trying "to land him." And none of them stands ready to help him become successful after he has bought.

In time the farm tenure problem will become as acute in the United States as it is in the British Isles. Perhaps in the future we shall have laws limiting the area of farm land which one man may own, and fixing the terms upon which he shall rent it. At present, however, we have two and a half million tenant farmers and five million tenantless, uncultivated, unplatted farms. They should be brought together. That is our problem, and we who live in the cities are just as much concerned with its successful solution as is the farm tenant or the farm owner outside the cities.

## THE SOCIAL DOCTOR

W. P. CAPES

EVERY profession is ministrative to some degree, but as yet not all ministrative work is generally recognized as professional. The physician ministers to physical ills, the clergyman to the moral ills and the lawyer to the legal ills. All in these three professions act in an advisory capacity for those who are living, temporarily at least, some kind of abnormal lives. So common have become the practices of these professional men that their aid is sought and accepted by the public as a matter of fact. In every community their services are regarded as a necessity, and no matter how great may be the demands for their advice the moral or physical standing of that community appears not to deteriorate in the least, in the eyes of its neighbors. The fact that there is moral or physical abnormality, it seems, does not count, so long as an effort is made to correct the defect.

Besides the physician, the lawyer and the minister there is in all the larger cities, and in many of the smaller ones also, another class of ministrative workers—the social workers. Although the calling of these workers is not as yet recognized universally as professional, what they do is nevertheless as important to the community as the efforts of any person engaged in the professional activities. While Dr. Jones is caring for the sick, Attorney Brown is aiding those either in legal difficulty or seeking justice and the Rev. Dr. Johnson is looking after the spiritual needs of his parishioners, the social worker is ministering to the social and economic needs of that part of the community which for one cause or another is in the pinch of poverty.

The social worker has had as difficult and trying a struggle for recognition of his services to humanity as did the minister or the lawyer. It was many years before public opinion could be convinced that a clergyman should be recompensed for services rendered. Precedent and sentiment had prejudiced the public mind against the salaried theologian. Gratuitous service had been given so long that for a preacher of the gospel to sell his



labor was regarded as almost sacrilegious. The pioneer social worker started out with practically the same handicap, and as he has progressed his burden has become heavier, for he has had not only to overcome the prejudices of an uninformed or misinformed public, but also to fight all the battles of the poor, who, recognizing his worth, have demanded his services. Indeed, charity less than one hundred years ago was not recognized as genuine unless it involved sacrifice on the part of the dispenser. Tradition was responsible for that popular impression, and that same tradition is still responsible for the opinion held by many that true charity consists in giving only alms to the hungry and homeless. Charity had been dispensed so long by volunteers that prejudice against the salaried worker, whose services had become valuable by long experience, was quite as strong as it had been against the minister. When, however, society began to realize that poverty is an abnormal social condition and that to remove and prevent it expert personal service as well as temporary help such as food, clothing and shelter, is necessary, those who had devoted gratuitously a part of their time to serving the poor became convinced that more must be done than they could do if any progress were to be made. As a result, what these kind-hearted and sympathetic persons could not find the time to do they were willing to pay others to do for them. And so as the social problems grew in number, complexity and importance and as the searchlight of investigation brought to public attention evil forces that had been working undisturbed because they were unrecognized, the necessity for organizing paid service became apparent. The first radical move in this direction was made by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which in 1879 substituted paid relief visitors for volunteer service. Since that time recognition of the value of trained service has been rapid among social service agencies, but the public has been slow to accept these views.

Not until society realizes that poverty is as contagious, curable and preventable as disease will the full worth of trained service and the necessity for it in family rehabilitation work be generally realized. When that time comes, however, the social

doctor will stand on the same high plane in public opinion as the doctor of medicine does now.

The social worker and organized social effort are to-day as indispensable in a community as is the physician and organized medical service. The health of a community depends to a large extent upon the efficiency of its health department, which is in truth the organized preventive force of sanitarians and of physicians practising in that community. The social and economic standards of a community for the same reason are largely controlled by the effectiveness and activity of its social service agencies, which represent combined individual social and economic effort. The social welfare of a community depends as much upon the work of the expert visitors who go into the homes of needy families, socially abnormal, as the health of the whole community depends upon the skill of the physician in the treatment of patients physically abnormal. Misfortune and disease keep both busy.

An epidemic of avoidable poverty is as much a community disgrace as an epidemic of typhoid fever or any other preventable disease. The organized effort of social workers is as necessary to abolish destitution in a community as is the combined service of physicians to wipe out an epidemic of disease. When a contagious disease becomes prevalent one physician cannot stamp it out. Likewise one social worker cannot wipe out destitution in a community when it gets a foothold. However, because social ills as a general rule are more insidious, more complicated and deeper seated than those the physician deals with, the effect of combined medical service is more quickly and more easily discernible and therefore more appreciated by the general public than is the progress of organized social service.

The methods employed by a social worker to rehabilitate a family socially and economically are strikingly similar to those used by a physician to rehabilitate a person physically. An inexperienced, untrained visitor may do just as much harm to the social or economic well-being of his patient as an incompetent doctor or nurse may do to the physical condition of sufferers in his or her care. It is obvious then that incompetency should not be tolerated in the treatment of families, helpless because of



dependency, any more than in the treatment of individuals physically abnormal. Yet the incompetent poor must forbear until prejudice has run the same race with the social worker as it did with the clergyman.

The first effort of the social worker and physician is to alleviate the suffering, in the one instance from social ills and in the other from physical ills. The social worker uses the necessities of life for this purpose, the physician gives medicine. Food, clothing, shelter, and any other kind of material relief are, therefore, to those social workers in family rehabilitation work what drugs are to the physician. Hunger and cold are simply social pains. They, like physical pains, are surface indications of deeper trouble. A basket of food will relieve the pangs of hunger, but unless supplied continually, it alone will not prevent the recurrence of hunger any more than a bag of ice on a patient's head will prevent the recurrence of a high temperature. If such relief were continued without any effort being made to determine and treat the real cause of the social pains, no progress toward rehabilitating the family would be made. Instead the patient would acquire an appetite for relief which might develop into chronic pauperism, just as a patient suffering from pain might acquire the drug habit if the physician continued to administer opiates to relieve the pain without eliminating the complication that caused it.

Not every family in dependency needs relief such as food or shelter, but all who seek charity or are referred to an agency need treatment such as advice, encouragement and sympathy. The great percentage of those who support charitable agencies, however, either do not know this fact or they do not appreciate its importance, for when asked to specify how their contributions shall be used they generally select some form of material relief, the most common being food, coal and clothing.

After the social worker and the physician have alleviated the suffering of their patients, the next step is for each to determine the cause of the suffering. The physician calls this a diagnosis; the visitor an investigation. Those who do not understand the work of organized charity, however, base almost all of their objections to its methods on the amount of time spent by the

visitor in ascertaining the facts about the condition of the family placed in his care. They do not appreciate, however, that it is as important for the social doctor to know everything about the family he is treating as it is for the doctor of medicine to know all the circumstances of his patient. The quicker society accepts the truth of this fact the better will those in misfortune fare, for it is prejudice against investigation, diagnosis, or whatever one may wish to call the inquiry, in family welfare work, that is retarding greater progress.

Having determined the cause or causes of his patient's distress, the social doctor formulates a plan of treatment which his experience has taught him will remove the complication and effect a cure. If food or some other kind of relief is needed to prevent suffering while this plan of treatment is being carried out the visitor does not appeal immediately through the agency to the charitable public for the necessary funds. He first seeks those who are obligated either legally or morally to assist the family in distress. These sources are revealed in the course of the investigation. Thus the very inquiry to which many persons object, because of the expense involved, is conserving the charitable resources of the community. The public is asked to contribute only the difference between the amount actually needed by the family and the total either contributed or pledged by relatives, labor unions, fraternal or benefit association, friends, former employers, the church or any other persons or organizations upon which there is any legal or moral claim. The field workers of the four largest social service agencies in New York City in 1912 gave to 20,777 families food, clothing, shelter, fuel and all other kinds of material relief amounting to \$553,148. In addition to this relief much was given directly to these families at the solicitation of the visitors. If it were possible to ascertain the amount of relief secured by visitors from outside sources the total would be many times the sum paid for the services of this ministrant band.

As soon as the social patient is again on a self-supporting basis, the social doctor continues his treatment until he is satisfied that the family is safely beyond all social or industrial pitfalls.



To "mend broken lives" requires the skilful handling of as many weapons as the physician needs instruments, as much resourcefulness and perseverance as the lawyer can command and as much patience, sympathy and earnestness as has the successful minister. All of these qualifications the expert social worker must have. Normal social lives are as much a community asset as normal physical lives, but until the services of the social doctor are placed on the same professional plane and are valued as highly and universally as are those of the physician, the minister and the lawyer, the work of rehabilitating families will proceed slowly.

## COMMUNITY COOKING

LEWIS C. MUMFORD

THE nineteenth century was a century of Utopian communism; the twentieth century is becoming a century of actual communism. But while the history of Utopian communism is a history of splendid failure, twentieth century communism is thus far a record of stupid success. There is nothing to excite pride in the communistic achievements of the twentieth century; they are as dismal as a trip to the North Pole, and at present, as unprofitable.

I shall have occasion to point out how communism has become a noteworthy force in modern life, but the very necessity for my pointing out such a force shows how little it is recognized and appreciated. For example, Mr. W. L. George, in his *Woman and To-morrow*, pleads vigorously for a new kind of feminist household, designed to emancipate woman from her domestic thralldom. But in laying down the plans for a feminist household, Mr. George neglects the startling fact that every household is involuntarily becoming a feminist household. If a community of feminist households could really be gotten together it would be merely a curiosity: a social excrescence; and feminism would thereby have degenerated into a select cult. If, however, the majority of households were to become "feminist" households (in the sense that they would change woman's domestic status), then feminism might cease to become either a cult or a movement: it might become a fact. This would be more in accordance with what we know of social evolution in the past: a change takes place; it is accounted for in a philosophy; and then it becomes a commonplace. Incidentally, the last usually happens after the philosophy has been universally rejected.

But first, what is communism? And what are "communistic forces"? Communism, in the loose sense in which I shall use it, is not easily definable. Communism is a way, a method, an attitude—not a thing. Thus when we speak of communistic forces, we refer to those forces which emanate *from* the community *for* the community. The old-fashioned method of



slaughtering an ox so that only one family got the benefit of it, was a purely individualistic method; the present method of slaughtering an ox so that a dozen families may get the benefit of it, is (to a slight degree) a communistic method.

Disregarding the field of labor, the most pregnant example of communism is in the domain of food. For twentieth century communism differs from Utopian communism in this important respect: Utopian communism attempted a redirection of the sex instinct as a basis for the reorganization of society; modern communism is effecting a reform in the manner of obtaining and preparing food. These are the two fundamentals of life. The attempt to redirect the sex instinct failed; witness, for instance, the breaking up of the Oneida Community into monogamic units. But the attempt to reorganize the latter has not failed, because it has not been an attempt. That is, it has not been the effort of a single group striving to influence the rest of society. Rather, it has been all the forces of society bringing themselves to bear upon a single person. Hence, powerless to withstand this conflux of forces, the modern individual is of necessity a communist.

A certain kind of communism veritably engulfs us: the grocery store (with its long list of prepared edibles), the meat shop, the delicatessen store, and the bakery are inefficient forms of communism. And accordingly, a new standard of preparing food has arisen—based, not on the capricious palate of the head of the patriarchal household, but on the fixed formula of the canner. And though it is still true that the food consumed varies considerably in quantity and quality with the individual income, a national criterion is being raised, with the result that pumpkin pie will eventually contain the same ingredients of spice and pumpkin in New Mexico as it does in New England. . . . Wherefore, we may now speak of a *community taste*, as before we spoke of an individual taste. In truth, a gustatory revolution.

Now although the whole process of obtaining and preparing food has changed since the eighteenth century, the ancient forms have not changed. In an apartment house the culinary work is still done in separate kitchens, just as though each

kitchen were half a mile apart, and the lamb which comes to table were raised on the fire-escape. This system is economically wasteful and physically ruinous. The modern household is a tragic sight when one considers the housewife and the garbage pail. . . .

The task confronting the modernist is, briefly, to precipitate that communism which now is suspended in solution; and the precipitate (the new community apartment) will doubtless be based on a system of community cooking. This is the point at which intelligence must enter to aid the blind evolutionary process.

The present system of cooking involves the preparation of food in a dozen common kitchens, with the final composition of the food in (say) fifty kitchens; a new and better system would still utilize some of the food prepared in the dozen common kitchens, but the final composition of the food would take place in one. Obviously, this is the method employed in the restaurant to-day; and before I began this exposition of community cooking, I should perhaps have introduced it with a polemic against restaurants, and that seductive, aristocratic form of community life which is enjoyed in the apartment hotel. But outside of the economic objections to eating in restaurants, there are even more weighty psychological ones. And one of them is: restaurant life entails a loss of freedom. The final principle of freedom is the liberty to do any thing, even if it is the wrong thing. And the only terms upon which an immortal soul could consent to eat a sociable meal with his brother in a restaurant are that he might (if he chose) take an unsociable meal by himself. In positing for the new community an individual dining room in an individual household I wish not so much to preserve the sanctities of private life, but rather, to preserve the sanctities of public life. And a sanctity, to get down to the bottom of the matter, is something that has our sanction. Sanction is a voluntary act. We can, unfortunately, no longer eat crumpets on the street (as Ben Franklin did). But may the gods spare us from the time when we may no longer eat crumpets in the home. . . .

More definitely then, what form will the new community take? I have already suggested that it will be founded on a



system of community cooking; but after leading you thus far, my dear reader, I regret that I can lead you no farther. We have not, as you may rashly judge, come to a blind alley: we have come to a vast stretch of untrodden country. But I refuse to plan my houses before the lots are cleared.

Yet a few palpable facts should appear to the most shallow observer. The cooking community will be a product of the city, where conditions are more than ripe for such a form of living; the apartment house stands there, waiting for the metamorphosis. Moreover, community cooking is not necessarily limited to any particular economic class (as the apartment hotel is); in fact, the community cooking idea should more especially attract the lower wing of the middle class, and finally, possibly the very lowest in the economic scale. As for the community itself, one may paint that with bold strokes: there must first be a landlord, or a holding company having sufficient capital to buy the necessary land and build; second, an architect with sufficient imagination to leave out the time-honored kitchen in each apartment, and substitute therefor the community kitchen—think what a saving of space, even in these days of kitchenettes; third, a number of families of common tastes, interests and incomes; fourth, a capable head for the kitchen itself.

The advantages of such a community would be economical, physiological and mental. I decline to enter into the first. Any sciolist can muster an imposing array of statistics, and pour forth volley after volley of noisy, but useless, figures. If I boldly asserted that the high cost of living would be a thing of the past (which it would), some number-monger would prove, by the same irrefutable figures, that the cost of living would increase threefold. I refuse, therefore, to enter into the economic saving which buying in quantity carries with it: I refer the reader to the restaurant keepers, who seem to have discovered something on the subject. The physiological benefit which I have alluded to is purely conjectural. But a movement of this sort might lead to more searching investigations in the matter of diet; and a more reasonable, and perhaps simpler selection of the day's menu might have a beneficent action on the health of the community. Then there is the mental advantage; and

when I touch on this I am thinking more or less vaguely of drudging housewives and complaining husbands; of insistent children and enervated servants. When, further, I think of the contrast that this slight matter of rearranging the kitchen will bring about, I am afraid that the glow of it may cause me to become poetical; and I am one of those unfortunate mortals who, in being poetical, are particularly prosy.

Above all things, this paper is not a prediction, and I frankly reiterate my ignorance of what form this new communism will take: I am waiting anxiously to find out.



## THE TWILIGHT OF EXPERIENCE

GRACE S. H. TYTUS

IF there is one lesson that the years bring with them, it is that no ineradicable instinct is born in us without a purpose. The impulse to seek was never given without the tacit promise that in seeking we should find. The more civilized we become, apparently, the greater our demand for some unfettered spiritual limbo; mystery has become a psychological necessity to us, in a world draped with lineaments and spread with statistics. In the east this has been for centuries admitted and acted upon, but with us of the west the entire domain of the occult has been relegated to a sort of psychic laboratory for experimentation *outside* our individual lives; we note facts about it as an entomologist collects specimens, and having safely impaled our psychic data on the pins of either theory or fraud, as the case may be, flatter ourselves that we have gone a step along the way of knowledge. The very word occult has suffered from our blind self-consciousness and, stripped of its ancient vesture of sincerity, has been made to assume a garment of reproach. Originally it meant hidden, mysterious, esoteric—as opposed to manifest. In the Middle Ages the occult sciences were the physical sciences, such as alchemy, astrology, chemistry. Roger Bacon, of all men the most sincere, was an occult philosopher. It is only in our own day that a further and psychic meaning has become attached to the term, so that the words “occult phenomena” denote to the average lay mind anything from mental therapeutics to Paladino. Undoubtedly it is that class of manifestations familiarly associated with the word *séance* which we suspect most strongly not only as to their value, but their validity, and in so doing, come face to face with the question: Has the occult, in its broadest sense, any real place in modern western civilization and if so, what is it worth?

If we admit that there exists in man a persistent impulse to raise the curtain of the unrevealed, must we not account for such an elemental instinct by some deeper motive than curiosity? The very force of the desire, its inextinguishable vitality through-

out the ages, its presence among every race and creed wherever man is found, surely place it among the first causes of development to which some logical effect must be granted; so it is pragmatically, not abstractly, that occultism must be considered, if it is worth considering at all.

It will be generally conceded, I think, that such psychic and esoteric knowledge as we possess is drawn almost exclusively from eastern sources, of which the chief is Indian. It is a mistake to suppose that all Orientals possess per se greater psychic powers than Occidentals. In the Chinese and the Japanese, for instance, this faculty is almost wholly lacking, and we also find in both these races a deficiency in the quality of imagination. At the zenith of their culture they were less imaginative than the Occidentals of the Middle Ages. Superstition, on the other hand, is markedly present in China and Japan. So at the outset it would seem as if we must throw overboard one long-cherished popular fallacy, namely: that superstition and occultism are closely allied, if not correlated; the two may exist, and often do exist, side by side, in highly advanced forms, but there would seem to be no evidence to prove that they are interdependent. The Saracenic races, we find, do possess occult powers of a low order, and they are also less amenable to superstition; the negro races, on the other hand, are intensely superstitious, and possess no psychic powers whatsoever. The same might be said of the American Indian, although he presents a much higher type of self-control as well as imagination, and on the surface he would seem to have certain apparent psychic powers which are, however, ultimately reducible to hysteria. So it is practically to India, Burma and Ceylon that we must look for the highest development of the occult known to us. The inhabitants of these countries speak, and have spoken freely for centuries, in a language of which we are but just beginning to spell the words, and perhaps by comparing occultism there with occultism here, we can get our truest gauge of value.

In the east, occultism divides itself *practically* into three grades or classes; theoretically, they are, of course, legion. Of these the most common, and the lowest, is that represented by the conjurers. Here we find that hypnotic powers of a high



order are allied to sleight of hand to mystify and deceive the beholder. There is no attempt at dupery; manual dexterity allies itself to a low order of psychic force in order to produce a given effect. The whole thing, frankly, is a trick. The flower grows before one's eyes from seed to blossom, the rope stretches up into the heavens and a man ascends, and the producer pockets the result in the shape of so many annas or rupees. Yet even in this debased form we have a force, understood and controlled, which produces in broad daylight, without silence, or darkness, or any adventitious aids, an effect upon the brain of the beholder which we of the west can only partially compass in a darkened theatre, by the aid of elaborate apparatus such as revolving mirrors, hypnotic music and all the fatigue-inducing paraphernalia known to us.

The second grade of occultism is that found most commonly among the Arab races and consists of telepathic power, sometimes of a very high order. After living among the Arabs and studying the various manifestations of this force, however, I can find no traces of any higher psychic development among them. Neither does this telepathic power seem to be producible at will,—it varies with the individual, and would seem to be instinctive, inborn in the race as it were, and not convertible into terms of progress. It is purely practical, as for instance, a means of communication substituting the telegraph and the telephone, in a land of immense distances and sparse population. We must not confound this sense with the actual and almost miraculous way in which news does travel in the near east, such as the biblical shouting of it from mouth to mouth along the banks of the Nile. The faculty I am referring to is something unexplainable except by psychic intuition, acts instantaneously and spontaneously, without even the volition of the individual being brought into play, and is almost universal in Egypt, and along the North African littoral. The news of the fall of Omdurman, for instance, was definitely known in the bazaars of Cairo hours before the telegraph flashed it across the 500 miles of Soudanese desert which Kitchener's wires had spanned. In further illustration I may relate two distinct experiences which came within my own range of knowledge. While building a small steamer

for our own use in the shipyards at Boulak, early one morning a sudden wailing was heard in a far corner of the works, swelling into the unforgettable Arab cry of mourning for the dead. The foreman in charge, suspecting an accident, immediately went to make inquiries, and was informed that a bridge which his engineering firm was building in the Delta, over 80 miles from Cairo, had fallen, and in falling had crushed two workmen, whose names were given. When questioned as to how they knew this, the men refused to answer. When asked when it took place, they said: "Thirty minutes ago!" The foreman went immediately to the telegraph office of the works and inquired if any news had been received. He was told "None," and dismissed the incident from his mind. An hour later, he was called from the workshop where our boat was being put together to the main office of the company, and informed that a telegram had just been received from the Delta telling of the fall of the bridge in question at the exact hour mentioned by the workmen, and more extraordinary still, the names of the two victims of the catastrophe were identical with those which had been named to him earlier in the day.

Another instance will illustrate even more perfectly this peculiar telepathic faculty. During the winter of 1903-1904 our boat was moored on the west bank of the Nile, about 550 miles above Cairo. We were expecting to dinner that evening some guests, consisting of a lady and her two sons, who were on their way down from Assouan by dahabeah. The dinner hour arrived, but no guests, and after waiting for some thirty minutes, my husband sent for the reis (captain) and asked him if anything had been seen of the *Memphis* (our friends' dahabeah) and her party. The reis said no, and then very quietly added: "They will not be here this evening." My husband, surprised, asked why, and equally quietly came the rejoinder: "Both the sahibs are dead." Startled and shocked, he questioned the old reis, who very simply related the bare facts that two hours before the young sahib had leaned too far over the rail of the dahabeah and had lost his balance and fallen overboard. The older brother, a strong swimmer, had jumped in after him, but both had been caught in one of the treacherous



undercurrents of the Nile and drowned. The dahabeah had moored at once where she was, that being about 40 miles south of where we were lying. When asked how he came by this information, the reis simply said: "I know." The *Memphis* did not arrive that night, and neither did any corroboration of the story, but in the morning a telegram was received from the stricken mother stating it as true; and incidentally a boy had walked nine miles to the nearest telegraph office in order to send the message.

Instances like this are very common in Egypt and the Levant, but the telepathic power underlying them never seems to go any further. It is a sort of sixth sense, instinctive, and used for purely practical purposes; it is denotive, not creative, concerns itself only with accomplished facts, never with future possibilities, and would seem to imply nothing more important than extreme sensitiveness to telepathic impressions on the part of the individual possessing it.

Finally we come to the third and last division of our subject, and take up the study of the only productive occultism the world has ever seen, as practised by the adepts of India and her neighbors. Here at once we are facing not only a complete system, but a vast productive force, manifesting the highest type of psychic achievement within the sphere of our present knowledge. What is this achievement? The Hindus call it "passing into the hidden births of Time." We can translate it only as consciousness without thought, consciousness in which the contrast between the ego and the external world, the distinction between subject and object, fall away. The Indian teachers claim (and this would seem to commend the validity of their experience) that there is nothing miraculous or abnormal about the matter, and that the faculties acquired are not only the result of long evolution and training, but that they have distinct laws and an order of their own. No Indian adept ever pretends to have sprung fully equipped into being, like Minerva—or Paladino! For century upon century, the pupil has sat at the feet of his teacher learning step by step the lessons of psychic development, with complete patience and entire obedience to its laws. To no real achievement, physical or psychical,

is there a royal road or a short cut, and the ladder on which, rung by rung, the Indian adept ascends to his ultimate position, is a ladder of almost endless length and unbroken continuity.

There are two distinct schools of occult training, which have existed for centuries in India, the Himalayan School and the South Indian School. The Himalayan School follows the lines of Buddhistic tradition, while the South Indian School is Brahministic in origin and tendency. They differ only in technique, as it were, but are united in their ultimate aim—i. e., the attainment of the highest psychic plane, which for lack of a better term we may call cosmic consciousness, or a state in which the soul has complete freedom on earth and independence of the body. The Indian adepts claim that in this state they are able to project the soul and recall it, at will, that knowledge becomes merged in existence. Our *individual* consciousness takes the form of thoughts plus sensation, but this *cosmic* consciousness is without thought, *is* those things which it perceives, sans change, sans motion, sans effort. In the occultism of the orient, we never find any form of psychic output attended by effort; trance conditions, where these are present, ensue as normally, and depart as normally, as sleep. The object being perfect identification with the universe, it cannot be attained by cataclysm, but must be gradual and evolutionary. To our western comprehension the theory of eastern occultism seems best translated in terms of *control*; we all know that although a force may exist, it acquires value only by being harnessed, and it is to the harnessing of this psychic force in man that both the Himalayan and South Indian schools devote their energies, with, if circumstantial evidence can be believed, success. The process of training is long and arduous, working up first through the physical to the mental, from mortification of the body to mortification of the mind. The common fakirs of India never get beyond the initial stage, but the process which they illustrate so crudely is a rudimentary form of the process employed in the higher grades. One may hold the arm in one position so long that it becomes fixed,—the fakirs do this constantly,—but to hold the mind in one position till it becomes fixed requires more self-control, and is more difficult of accomplishment. It en-



tails first the absolute concentration of thought, then the absolute effacement of thought; and yet the adepts consider this almost a primary stage. The regulation of mental activity, as distinct from psychic activity, is to them part of the physical training which must precede any development. Their object is to discount primary or individual consciousness by repression of the physical brain, on the theory that repression of the primary consciousness opens the way for the manifestation of any other consciousness that may be present. Hypnotism lulls or fatigues the brain into complete torpor, so allowing the phenomena connected with the secondary consciousness to come into greater prominence, but hypnotism never *induces* the secondary consciousness, as the lay mind is so prone to believe; it merely anæsthetizes, as it were, that objective side of us which ordinarily conceals or hinders its expression. The methods of the yogis are hypnotic, but the essential difference between oriental and occidental hypnosis is that the yogi (taking him as an example) can use his *own* will to effect the change of consciousness, and remembers on his return, whereas the western hypnotic subject, by surrendering to another's will, inevitably forgets. One method is evolutionary, the other devolutionary.

So we come face to face with the great unbridgeable difference between eastern and western occultism, in the fact that the one is spiritual, the other merely spiritualistic. The tendency in the one case is progressive, in the other atavistic. We seem to see both the eastern and the western methods starting from the individual, and then bearing away in diametrically opposite directions. Where the Oriental works patiently to bring human consciousness more nearly up to the level of the angels, the western medium only seeks to drag the angels back to man. It is a most significant fact that although the Indian adepts have gone miles to our inches along the road "which to discover we must travel too," they have never made the slightest attempt either to visualize or converse with spirits, and there is neither place nor parallel in any of their systems for the cheap and purposeless manifestations which we of the west both accept, and seek. To the Indian psychologist, it is our *aim*, which of itself belittles and condemns us, for to one who is striving to

uplift and cleanse the human soul so that it may ultimately live its earthly life in complete identification with the immutable laws governing the universe, the attempt of the western medium to put himself into communication with the spirit world beyond the grave, while he is yet in the grub stage of spiritual existence, must seem like a distorted nightmare of arrogant and vulgar curiosity.

The only attested value of psychic exertion as practised in the west would seem to be in the realm of mental therapeutics through suggestion, where in a certain limited range of cases definite benefit has been derived from such treatment. But those who have attained to the greatest measure of success along these lines would be the first to feel and to proclaim their limited power. We are still in the stage of frank experiment with the secondary consciousness, experiments that are honest, experiments that are not. It is unfortunate that those that are not should be confounded with those that are, instead of being ruthlessly classed with the conjuring element. It would be absurd to deny that an occidental man or woman might possess sufficient animal magnetism to attract molecules or levitate a table, when we know (as any child who has ever slid over a carpet in winter knows) that it is possible to collect a charge of static electricity on the surface of the body sufficient to produce a spark; but it is difficult to believe that, if this magnetic force had any psychic value, it would only be able to exert itself in connection with a table, a tambourine, or a guitar.

The realm of cosmic consciousness is as yet a sealed book to us. One reason for this may perhaps lie in our faulty methods, and our illogical manner of approach. That the instinct to reach out into this vast domain is as strong, if not stronger, than it has ever been, is amply attested by the many and divergent forms inquiry has taken; but in almost every instance it has been sought to crystallize a system into the temperament of an individual, instead of sinking the individual in a universal system. Mrs. Eddy's personality has obscured and warped the valuable element in Christian Science, Ethical Culture has become merged in Felix Adler and Reincarnation in the revivalistic magnetism of a Campbell, while the theosophic mantle which slipped from



the shoulders of Madame Blavatsky upon those of Mrs. Annie Besant has for all practical purposes been laid away in the old clothes chest in favor of the garment of New Thought. But the muttered longing, the search for the unattainable and the unknown, goes on in and out of all the various guises, or disguises; and Pilate's question, "What is truth?"—a question which was an old one even in his day,—is being asked as persistently and as wistfully now as then. That the answer still seems as remote to us of the twentieth century as it must have seemed to Pilate, is perhaps our fault. Are we not a little too prone to want our twilight at dawn, forgetting that to read its message we must first spell through the day? Twilight is a delicate and an elusive hour; it makes no appeal to childhood, very little to youth. It is only to maturity that it beckons with unerring finger, only after we have trod the whole round with patient feet that we come to know that the slanting shadows of experience are not shadows, but sign posts, pointing to that far horizon where our sun seems to set, only to rise in reality upon another world.

## THE STRANGER WOMAN

MURIEL RICE

**L**OOK on me, Love, and tell me she is fair,  
The stranger woman. Soothe me with her smile,  
Unfold the pretty wonders that beguile;  
Press them with praisings. I might worship there,  
Even with you;—yet would the altar air  
Ruin my roses. She is from afar,  
A distant star dust from a distant star.  
Is the afar so precious, being rare?

Yet had you seen her, waiting at the well,  
With wonderful bared breast and uncaught hair,  
The careless robe that recked not as it fell;  
Though you had caught her to you suddenly,  
The stranger woman, with no thought of me,—  
Though you had loved her then, I would not care.



## MONEY POOR

LUCY HUFFAKER

“**H**E never spent a dollar which we didn’t know about.” MacPherson, who a minute before had been reading the paper for no other reason than that it would fill in the time until dinner was ready, suddenly clutched it in both his hands, while his eyes stared fixedly at that sentence. His fingers shook until the paper spilled its lines into a confusing blur. He strained his eyes at the sudden jumble of the words in an attempt to find that sentence again. All the words and all the letters in them were dancing before him. He threw the paper aside. What was the need of looking for that sentence? He didn’t need to read it again. It was throbbing its way down every nerve of his brain.

“He never spent a dollar which we didn’t know about.”

That was the explanation made by the detective whose feat of bringing to justice an embezzler, nine years after the commission of his crime, had written itself across the front page of every newspaper in the country.

“He never spent a dollar which we didn’t know about.”

MacPherson glanced furtively at his wife. He was afraid that the gasp he had tried to choke off in his throat had reached across the room to her. But she was smiling at herself in the mirror which faced him. MacPherson picked up the paper again.

“We never sleep.” He had realized that.

“It had to be cleared up sooner or later.” He had gone over all the possibilities of that.

“Until a criminal is brought to justice, a case is never ended.” He had feared that.

“When a man on his salary seeks an investment, it is time for the handcuffs.” He had known, almost from the first, that the fortune hidden away would never be used.

Platitudes all—those statements of Detective Barnes. They told him nothing which he had not known. Quite calmly he had read them. But——

"He never spent a dollar which we didn't know about."

What did that mean? In all seriousness the detective had said it. He gave it simply, as one who would explain a seeming mystery in easy terms. For nine years some one had known of every purchase which the thief had made. In those nine years, other sensations had come. The story of the crime was all but forgotten, except when some other bank robbery brought it to the minds of those who once had been so shocked by it. In those nine years, suspicion had seemed to walk away from the man with whom it had dwelt so closely for a time. He was a man among men again. He had his place in the community. Lulled to fearlessness he had attempted to use some of the money he had stolen. He was a fool, of course. Though nine times nine years should pass, MacPherson knew he never would be such a fool as that. It wasn't that which terrified him. He, who had lost his head once, would not lose it again. Of that he was sure. On himself he could count. But all the years to come, some detective would be able to say: "He never spends a dollar which we don't know about." As long as he lived! For one colossal robbery would always be an open case. The theft from the Government sub-treasury would never be "cleared up." MacPherson would have staked his life on that.

And yet—"He never spent a dollar which we didn't know about." It was the stolen money which had sprung the trap for the criminal. But all those nine years, the other money—the money which was his, the money which he had earned, the money to which he had every right—had had its secret accounting. MacPherson groaned. He had forgotten that grim vow which he had made to himself, weeks before, that no matter what happened, his wife should never know. He had forgotten everything but those ten words which had risen from the column of a one-cent newspaper as some bird of evil omen with wings poised to swoop across all the years he was to live. Suddenly, with a shock, he became conscious that his wife was beside him, shaking him playfully by the shoulder.

"Why don't you answer me, Richard MacPherson?" she demanded. "Three times have I asked if you think this gown



becoming. Three times you refuse to answer. Now, sir, the truth!"

He tried to pull himself together to answer her, monstrous though it seemed that she could stand there expecting him to talk about a shade of chiffon or the knotting of a ribbon. Then—this dress must cost money! He didn't know how much. Did some detective?

"What does it cost?" he said.

"Why, what a foolish question. I asked if it were becoming. The foolishness lies in that and also in the fact that it is cheap. It was seventy dollars, but it has been marked down to forty-five."

"You can't have it," he snapped at her.

Because it was their first approach to a quarrel, she did not recognize it as such.

"What kind of a joke are you playing on me?" she asked.

"It's no joke," he answered in a voice so harsh that it tore its way through all the film of gentleness which she had believed could never be stripped from their hearts. She did not answer him. He noticed that her eyes, which had been widening, looked at him as if for the first time she was seeing a stranger.

"Send it back," he said, and began reading the paper.

He thought she would go away. Surely Eleanor, within whose heart tenderness and pride dwelt side by side, would never run the risk of being spoken to in that tone again. But around his neck crept something soft and warm. It was Eleanor's arms—those arms within which he had sought and found so much. They had brought him rapture; that was the right of the lover. But they had meant more than desire to him. They had been his refuge. If all else faded from them in the greyness of the commonplace, he could never forget the way in which her arms had made a cordon around him in the hour when suspicion had come close. Time, which would steal their youth from them, might make him forget all the ecstasy which they two had known. Nothing could make him forget those hours when but for her he must have confessed, either by words or by the shot of a pistol, the awful secret which all the torturing questions of the police had not been able to wring from him. Her beauty might become

for him as a tale which has been told. But could he ever forget the radiance of the face she raised to him, when the word came that the grand jury had found the evidence against him too slight to return a true bill?

"Dick dear," whispered Eleanor's voice close to his ear, "is something the matter?" He felt a tear on his cheek and he knew she was crying for whatever sorrow was racking his soul and not for herself. "Oh, dearest, you have been so brave, so wonderful through everything, that perhaps I haven't understood you were nervous and worn."

"I'm all right," he managed to say. "Don't cry, Eleanor. Everything is all right. I'm sorry if I was cross. But"—his voice changed sharply—"you must send back that dress."

"Why, of course I'll send it back," said Eleanor. "I thought you told me to get a new dress."

"I did. But I've changed my mind."

At the dinner-table, he asked what the roast had cost and how many meals it would serve. It was the first time he had ever hinted at a criticism of the household or its expenses.

"Are you worried about money?" Eleanor asked half timidly as they were sitting in the library, an hour later.

"No," he said. Then—"Why should I be?"

Eleanor didn't answer him. Instead a happy little sound came from her lips.

"Oh, Dick, did you see this story in the paper about Detective Barnes? He says they never drop a case; that sooner or later they clear up everything." She flushed. Then she threw the paper down and ran to him. "Dear, forgive me. We're never going to talk about that black time again, I know. It doesn't make any difference at all, really. But it is nice to know somebody is working all the time for the evidence which will prove to the whole world what we know, isn't it?"

"Did you read it all?" he asked.

Just then the maid called her to the telephone and as she hurried from the room, she said: "Only the headlines."

Five minutes later she was looking for the paper. It was not to be found. Only something which looked like a piece of charred tissue lay on the tiles before the fireplace. MacPher-



son, who had left the room as she entered it, came in and exclaiming that a wind like that might have set the curtains afire, closed the window. There was nothing worth reading in the paper, he said, except the interview with Detective Barnes and the headlines told all of that. It was a trite saying and she accepted it as a true one. But there were ten words in the story which had not been foretold in the headlines.

At the luncheon hour the next day, MacPherson declined the telephone suggestion of Martin that they should go to the club together. He understood the attention which Martin had shown him for weeks past. Once only had they discussed the reason for it. That was the day he had told Martin he was sending in his resignation to the club, to forestall any embarrassment which his possible indictment might bring. "It won't be accepted," Martin had said. "Go on and write it, if it will make you feel any better, but it seems to me, old man, you might know it will be voted down. You might have faith in us. We have in you." Martin and he had been friends in preparatory school, they had roomed together at college, they had played on the same eleven. He didn't like to be curt to Martin, now, but he must make him understand that he could not go to the club often, any more. Perhaps once a week he would have his luncheon there; not more than that. When he had hung up the receiver, he called one of the stenographers to him.

"Pardon me, Miss Riley," he said, "but will you be good enough to direct me to the cafeteria where you girls go for luncheon?"

The girl stared at him as though she had not heard his question.

"It's just around the corner over Harmon's shoe store," she said, at last. "There isn't any elevator and it is up two flights." Then, after a moment's pause: "I never go there any more. I quit when I got my raise."

"I'm glad for you," MacPherson answered. "But I think I'll go there for my luncheons. Some of the girls and the office boys still go there, don't they?"

She supposed that her affirmative to that question would change his plans. She did not know it only strengthened them.

That afternoon when two of the girls were telling her in excited whispers that MacPherson had been seen carrying to a table a plate of baked beans, a roll and a cup of coffee—the check reading “twelve cents”—she tried to hush them, lest he should hear them. He did hear them. That was why he smiled and felt untroubled for the first time, that day. He felt he was mastering those ten words and all they meant.

But that night after dinner, the horror came back to him. Eleanor, who had been hinting playfully for a week about a certain great day to come, had asked him if he knew what day Thursday would be. It had been one of their tender little jokes during their courtship and marriage that she should never run the risk of his overlooking the anniversaries which, they had been told, women remember and men forget with equal ease. He did know what day Thursday would be—her birthday. It was three days away. He tried to smile at her, but in his heart there was no mirth, only terror. What should he do?

Tuesday evening when he came home, Eleanor was reading the amusement columns.

“What are you muttering to yourself about?” MacPherson asked in the traditional way.

“Why, was I saying anything?” Eleanor asked, also according to tradition. “I was just reading that *Tristan und Isolde* is to be sung this week.”

“What evening?” asked MacPherson, as if he did not know.

“Let me see—oh, Thursday is the night,” answered Eleanor as if she, too, had not known all the time.

That was all. But as he kissed her good-night, he said: “I hope, Mrs. MacPherson, that you have no engagement for Thursday evening. I have planned a little surprise for your birthday which, if my memory does not fail me, comes on that day.”

Eleanor smiled and as she prepared for bed, he could hear her humming under her breath. His face turned white. She was singing the *Liebestod*!

All of Wednesday and Thursday he thought about the birthday treat. Once he telephoned the box-office of the opera and



asked to have two seats for Thursday night laid aside. The man answered that they did not reserve gallery seats.

"Oh, I didn't know," said MacPherson. "I never bought a gallery seat before in my life." The clerk in the box-office evidently expected him to change his request to one for balcony seats. But all that came over the wire was: "This is Richard MacPherson speaking. I think, after all, I do not care for the seats."

It was not until Thursday afternoon that he knew what he would do. On their way down town that evening, they met Mr. and Mrs. Dole, and Mrs. Dole being a great lover of Wagner, their conversation turned on the motifs of the opera. When they left the train, the women were walking ahead of their husbands. Suddenly, a block from the opera, MacPherson called to his wife.

"Good night," he added to Mr. and Mrs. Dole. "We are going in here," and he drew Eleanor between two glaring posters, one showing the death meted out to three villains by one hero and the other showing a stony-hearted father driving his disgraced daughter out into a snowstorm. Red letters informed all those who walked that street that there was a change of pictures within, every day; and black letters, a trifle smaller, announced that admission was ten cents, children under twelve years, five cents.

Eleanor, who would have said no greater surprise could come to her that night, found herself gasping when her husband said to her in a triumphant voice: "The Doles saw where we were coming, didn't they?"

"Yes," she said. It was the only word she spoke to him until the last picture had been thrown on the screen. Then, as he was helping her to put on her coat, she smiled at him and said: "Thank you, Richard, for my birthday surprise."

All the way home she laughed and talked in happy fashion. MacPherson was glad that Eleanor did not resent having been taken to a moving picture show instead of to the opera. He was more glad, however, because Dole, who was known as a gossip, had seen that he spent twenty cents, instead of ten dollars, on an evening's amusement.

As he started to light his after-breakfast cigar a few morn-

ings later, he held the match until it had burned down to his finger. The flame had not touched the cigar. He gazed at the cigar and the match thoughtfully for a moment, then he lighted the cigar and smoked it. But that day as the clerk of the cigar-store held out to him the box from which he always chose his cigars, MacPherson shook his head.

"What is a good two-for-five smoke?" he asked. The clerk's astonishment was not only that it was MacPherson who asked the question; it was his way of asking it which was startling. The clerk heard that question many times a day, but usually in something approximating a whisper. MacPherson was asking it in the loudest tone he had ever heard him use.

It was the day which MacPherson had set aside as the one day of the week when he would have his luncheon at the club, and at the noon hour he shared a table with Martin and Reynolds, who was his lawyer. He ran his eyes down the price-list of the menu and ordered the two things which cost the least, without looking to see what they were. When he had finished eating, he pulled his cigar-case from his pocket. For the fraction of a moment, he hesitated. He had prided himself on being a connoisseur of tobacco. For the first time the line of conduct which he had marked out for himself seemed too hard. He snapped the case shut. He couldn't offer Martin and Reynolds those cigars. It was too much. Even a stingy man did not give his friends cheap cigars. Then how could he? It would be too marked. Too marked? But it couldn't be that. Didn't he want his economy to be noted? He snapped the case open.

"Have one," he said to each of the men. Then, as he lighted his own, he said: "These are two-for-fives."

MacPherson was the first to leave the table and as he walked away Martin said to Reynolds: "It wasn't necessary for Mac to tell us what these cigars cost, was it? Did you ever see, let alone smoke, anything like them?"

Reynolds, who never smoked, said: "Mac always seemed to have such good taste. To-day, if I hadn't known him, I would have said he was a vulgarian."

Four months later, the MacPhersons were living in one room in a dingy suburban boarding-house. Eleanor, whom MacPherson



son had made discharge the cook although she knew nothing of housework except that she disliked it, demurred at giving up the apartment. It was the only home they had ever had and the associations of those first joyous days they had lived together had sanctified it for her even through the hard days whose significance she could not understand. But MacPherson had been firm. He would not listen to her even when she said she would prefer to keep the apartment if it meant doing the work herself. For weeks he had been urging the move and it had been delayed only until the day when the lease on their apartment should expire.

They had been at the boarding-house a month when MacPherson thought of another economy. One evening, he said to the girl who waited on their table: "Hereafter I'd like my breakfast served an hour earlier. I'm going into the city on the street car, instead of the train."

"Oh," said the waiter, "my brother always uses the train. He says it wears the life out of him to go on the car. He says it is worth the extra nickel to go on the train."

"Perhaps your brother can afford it. I can't." As he was leaving the table, he turned to the girl and said: "Please tell your brother I am going to use the street-car."

"It won't do any good," answered the girl. "He says it is worth the extra nickel to go on the train."

The following autumn, MacPherson told Eleanor that they would move to some little town. She couldn't understand that. During all the days of that hot summer, the first she had ever spent in the city without a visit to the mountains or the seashore, she had pondered many things in her heart. She had seen few of her friends; she had had no recreations. Day after day she had sat alone in the garish bedroom of the boarding-house, trying to read or to sew. For weeks she would not face the fear which had come to her.

"Not that—oh! not that!" she had sobbed to herself through many of the stifling hours of that summer. "Anything else I can bear, but not that!" Her fear, the oldest and the cruellest which the heart of a lover can know, she hid from herself as long as she could. From her husband she hid it altogether.

Now she was wondering if this desire to move to a small town disproved it. Or—there was a clutch at her heart—did it only prove it?

She tried to nerve herself to ask her husband the real reason for his sudden desire to live in a small town, but she could not do it. How paltry the reasons were which he gave! He had said he thought it would be nice to live where they could know everybody and everybody could know all about them. He had been reared in a little town. At the first opportunity he had left it for the city, and he had always said he would prefer to live ten years, dividing that time between the city and the mountains, to living a lifetime in a small town.

He felt that Eleanor was not satisfied with the reasons he gave her. It happened, however, that they were the true ones. What he did not tell her was that one night as he was riding home, he heard the man in the seat behind him say to his wife: "See that man up there, reading a magazine? He is a detective. There are thousands of them in the city. You never know when you may run into one, and when you do you don't know it, either. What good is a detective if everybody knows him?"

Before they could make their final plans for moving, Eleanor's brother, who lived in California, came to the city. Eleanor loved this brother, but she dreaded his coming. What would Henry think when he saw her? On what plea could she excuse her husband for the sordid life they were living?

Henry Black had meant to spend one day in the city. Three minutes after he had kissed Eleanor, he knew that he must stay several days, and that when he left for the West he would take his sister with him. Eleanor told him nothing. There was no need for her to say anything. The way in which they lived, Eleanor's sad face and MacPherson's actions told enough.

Eleanor's heart beat high when her brother insisted that she should meet him at his hotel for luncheon the following day. She was wondering if she could freshen up her shabby suit so he would not be ashamed of her. When they were in his room after luncheon, he said abruptly: "Eleanor, how soon can you be ready to go home with me? You know, don't you, that I'm not going away, leaving you here alone with Dick?"



She was looking aimlessly out of the window and she did not answer him. He thought she was angry or hurt because he seemed unsympathetic with their poverty. It would hurt her—what he had to say—but there was no escaping it.

“Sis,” he said, laying his arm around her shoulders, “you have the purest heart and the most trusting one I’ve ever known. I love you for it. I never supposed I’d have to kill your faith. It is the hardest thing I have ever had to do. But I’m a man and I know men. Eleanor, don’t you understand? Do I have to tell you that there must be another woman?”

The face she raised to his was quivering and white and he had the feeling that he was listening to the breaking of a heart as she said: “Have I thought of anything else for more than a year? I’ve gone to sleep with that suspicion and I’ve waked up with it. It’s been in my dreams, too, so I never got away from it. We haven’t kissed each other much, but it has spoiled every tenderness he has shown me. Who can she be? When does he see her? Where do they meet? Henry, did you suppose I’d worn my youth away because the wall-paper is ugly and I haven’t any clothes? Couldn’t you tell that it was something real? Isn’t it plain how I’ve been tortured?” Then she began to sob. “I haven’t cried for months,” she said, as she tried to stop her tears. “For a while I did nothing else, but lately it seemed to me I’d never cry again.”

For an hour he tried to comfort her and when at last she dried her tears and prepared to go home, she had promised him she would go West with him. On one thing only was she insistent. She must tell Dick, alone.

“I won’t waver,” she promised her brother. “I’ll go, unless he can give assurances which will satisfy you as well as me that everything will be all right. But I must tell him alone. We have loved each other too much, we have gone through too much together, for me to have anyone, even you, Henry, hear me tell him it is all over.”

That afternoon she took from her trunk a gown which Dick had always admired. It was out of fashion and it was an evening dress, so she could not wear it in the dining-room. But she didn’t want any dinner. While she sat waiting for her husband

to come to their room her heart beat until she thought it would tear her body open. Perhaps he would gather her in his arms and tell her it was all a horrible mistake! Or perhaps he would tell her he couldn't let her go! If he did, she would stay. Her promise to Henry would not matter. It would make no difference what Dick had done, if only he wanted her to stay with him. She was not the first woman who had waited for a straying love to come back to her. If only it came back, however slowly, however soiled, she would be there waiting for it.

She heard his foot on the stair. She heard his hand on the doorknob. The next thing she remembered distinctly after the blur which was her voice had hummed itself away was Dick's saying: "All right, Eleanor. Just as you think best. But I can't give you any money."

She walked from the room to the closet to look for her street suit. She was going to Henry at once. She would not wait another minute. That Dick should talk to her of money was the supreme insult he could have offered her. Money! When her joy of living, her hope of happiness, her faith in love, lay dying!

MacPherson's face was white. He walked back and forth across the room. At last he blurted out: "Do you think I ought to send you money, when you live with Henry?" She only stared at him; she did not speak. "I would," he went on. "But somebody might find it out. If only you and Henry knew, it would be all right, but I'd have to buy money orders or drafts. You won't need it. Henry has enough. I guess I'd better not send any."

The way he had for disposing of his money was so much safer. Nobody had ever discovered it. Nobody ever did. But the officers of the Salvation Army for many months had wondered what generous, kindly soul it could be who every Tuesday dropped a fifty-dollar bill in one of its collection boxes. Had the officers known that the man who placed the bill there drew a weekly salary of seventy-five dollars, they might have wondered even more.

For eight years after Eleanor MacPherson went to her brother's home, a shabby man named Richard MacPherson lived



in the little town which he had chosen. He went to the city once or twice a year, and he passed on the street men who had been his friends in the other days. They did not know him. The shabbiness which had once made him conspicuous was marked no longer. He had become a man to whom shabbiness is the natural condition. He no longer lost his positions because he wore celluloid collars and shoes with holes in them. He held "jobs" where linen collars and good shoes were the exception.

He had no friends. As once the club had been beyond his means, so now the saloon seemed to him an extravagance. He made only a little more money than he spent for his dingy lodgings and his coarse food. But one of the troubles of that part of his life was the disposing of those surplus dollars without anyone's knowing of them. For years he worked along. Then one day he was not able to leave his bed. He almost swore at the landlady when she said she intended to call a doctor. He said he couldn't afford a doctor. But the landlady would not be put off.

"You ought to go to the city and see a specialist," said the doctor, when he had examined him. "He'll tell you to have an operation. It is the only thing which will save you."

MacPherson shook his head. "I can't do that," he said, decisively.

It made no particular difference to the doctor or to anyone else. But three months later, when MacPherson was dying, the doctor explained it to the sad-faced woman who had surprised them all by coming in answer to the telegram which MacPherson had insisted should be sent when the doctor told him the days he had to live were few. No one in the town knew that he had ever been married, and when he wrote the message the doctor thought that his mind was affected. At first he thought he would not send it, but something in MacPherson's face and voice had been so potent that he could not tear to bits the paper. Four days later Eleanor had taken her place as nurse for the man who would need only a little more care.

"There is something about it I can't understand," said the doctor, after he had told her all he knew of MacPherson's illness.

"I have been trying to understand it for ten years," she said,

"and I don't know any more about it now than I did at the first. Once I thought I had solved it, but I was wrong."

The last words MacPherson said were to Eleanor. "Tell me, dear," he whispered, "you don't believe I was hiding anything from you, do you?"

"No, dear," she sobbed back. "I feel sure of that."

With those few words they wrested something of happiness and peace from the wreckage of their lives. The man met Death with a smile on his face. The woman throughout her life hugged close to her heart the memory of that hour. But he had been speaking of a hidden fortune of which she had never known and she had been thinking of a woman who had never lived.

The death of a morose, shabby man in a little town is seldom noted in a city newspaper. But when the word of MacPherson's death reached the city, it so chanced that there was a dearth of news. Also, the theft from the sub-treasury was still a mystery. That is why long stories of the case appeared in every city paper the next morning, following the item that Richard MacPherson, at one time suspected of the crime, was dead. One paper quoted Detective Barnes.

"It seems as if the thief fooled us all," he said. Then, after dwelling on peculiar features of the case, the interview closed with these words: "This is one big robbery where the thief has escaped his punishment."



## THE SOCIETY WORKER

BOLTON HALL

*[This sketch owes nothing to the imagination, being almost a literal record of a benevolent woman's talk]*

“OH, Elinor, if you only will—the lives of those working-girls are so empty, it would be a new world to them to hear how we live.—You *are* a dear, and the Girls' Friendly will be so glad to have you.”

And Elinor did.

She appeared at the Settlement House in a low-necked dress with her rubies and the tiara, and this is what she said:

“I am going to tell you how a Society Woman lives from day to day.” (There was a flutter of excitement.) “In the morning one of the maids comes into my room at nine o'clock, unless I have been out the night before, then she does not come till ten. She opens the shutters, turns on the heat and awakens me.

“A quarter of an hour later, my own maid comes and makes ready my bath. I always take a cold bath in the morning, or at least a cold sponge-off; it's so stimulating with a bran bag soaked in the water and a little toilet vinegar; try that, girls, it will make you feel so vigorous: then you must have a good rub-down afterward.

“My maid does that. I have such a good maid—just now: she has my fur bed-slippers ready to slip on my feet the moment I put them out of bed, and the cork-mat in front of the bath-tub—so nice to step on.

“Then she dresses me, and I consult with her about what I am to wear that day—you know, anyone as busy as we are has to economize on time; next breakfast is served; I like it in my room—just a light breakfast—French coffee made in a Vienna percolator (much the best way, as you will find if you try), a crisp roll, and a little fancy omelette.

“After breakfast the cook comes in (you know every woman must attend to her housekeeping) and I tell her how many we

are to have for lunch or dinner and she tells me what the menu will be—of course I make suggestions.

“By that time the hair-dresser comes: sometimes my own maid dresses my hair—I think it’s extravagant to have the hair-dresser every day, besides it takes so long and they are sure to be late.

“With breakfast my mail comes up, and then my private secretary comes and gets my notes and invitations to answer; some of them are business letters, and there are my bills to pay; I have her take the orders for the chauffeur too. Oh, the manicure does my nails at the same time that the hair-dresser is dressing my hair.

“Then I take my exercise—a brisk walk in the Park, sometimes down the Avenue; nothing is more necessary to a busy woman than the daily walk. I come in, in time to change my things before luncheon; you know one can wear jewels at luncheon: it would be very bad taste in the forenoon—never wear jewelry before luncheon, girls.

“Then of course there is bridge; but I never wait for tea afterward, because I like to have a short drive in the Park to get an appetite for dinner. If there is time I see the children after that; of course they were off with the governess to school before I woke up. Some women get in a nap before dressing for dinner, but I never can; I enjoy my work and the days are not long enough for me.

“Then, there’s the opera about nine; one does not dress again for that: if we had to, I don’t know what we should do. We generally go direct to the opera, sometimes my husband goes with me. If it isn’t opera night there is usually a dance to do—often a dance after the opera.

“The maid waits up for me, as of course she has to get me out of my clothes, put away my diamonds, and help me into bed.

“But it’s a little tiresome with all one’s duties to go to a dance after a lunch, and then bridge and a dinner, and the opera. I think that’s overburdening one’s self, and we cannot afford to do that, because you know a Society Woman gets no vacation, not even ten days, for it’s just the same at Newport, except the opera, and one can’t walk at Newport except on Sun-



day afternoon. People would think you hadn't horses enough to drive. Even on Sundays there are church and social functions afterward, though of course there is no opera.

"The maid seldom tucks me in bed before two or three o'clock; sometimes, girls, it's much later.

"You see a fashionable woman's life is not a life of ease. We have to keep our place in Society just as the men have to keep their place in business; and we work far harder than the men to do it."

"Well," said Marguerite, "Elinor is a dear, sweet thing, but she undid the work of years with those girls. We had been trying to make them feel that they are our sisters, and to enter into their lives—and to think of telling them how we really do live—why, it's positively dangerous!"

"Yes, indeed, some people have no sense in dealing with the lower classes."

"Gladys did better than that. You know she took the Working Girls up to Irvington for a day's outing on the lawn. You couldn't ask those girls to the house—why, my dear, some of them are not *clean*!"

"She has a great big house up there and when the girls saw it they said 'Gracious, what a big house! How many people live there?'

"Gladys was ashamed to tell them that only her father and she lived there, so she counted up the servants and told them there were seventeen.

"They said, 'My! What a big house for only seventeen people!'"

## THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS

BEATRICE REDPATH

I HAVE woven soft raiment for her to wear  
And have laid her embroidered sandals in her room:  
I have said I would braid and bind her heavy hair  
But she has gone out to the orchard to gather bloom.

Last night she lay in the dusk with her eyes a-dream,  
And I questioned of what were her dreams as I touched her  
hand,  
But she looked at me with a smile in her eyes' dark gleam:  
What words might she use to make me understand?

So she spoke instead of the earth all bathed in light,  
Of the moon as a lily when the leaves unfold,  
Of the trees like silver plumes to deck the night,  
Of the starry skies as a blazoned script unrolled.

She has no praise for all she had cherished before,  
And has given away her beads of yellow gold,  
Strange she seems, yet more kind than heretofore,  
And I marvel much at the dream she must withhold.

She has spoken no word about her curious sleep,  
And the light in her eyes we have vainly essayed to read,  
The secret of her dream she must hidden keep  
For her lips are framed but to an earthly need.

She has left her sandals lying upon the floor,  
And all untasted her goblet of amber wine;  
She has gone out to the sun beyond the door  
To sit in the cool green gloom of the hanging vine



# THE WORLD OF H. G. WELLS

VAN WYCK BROOKS

## I

### *Connections*

A NATURAL pause appears to have come in the career of Mr. H. G. Wells. For twenty years he has been dashing up and down through time and space, glancing back and forth between the Stone Age and the end of the world, darting about among the planets. Occasionally we have seen him as a thin streak overhead connecting the two horizons; we have heard his voice, insistent and shrill, floating back to us now from this quarter, now from that. But surely no moving-picture machine was ever agile enough to catch and record him.

Six or seven years ago anyone versed in natural phenomena might safely have predicted the return of Mr. Wells to his own planet. That streak in the sky became more frequent; that shrill voice which came to us among the intermittent air-currents began to develop a richer and more plangent tone. It fell out of the sky more and more as an authentic *vox humana*. One began to feel a certain presence in the atmosphere. Plainly Mr. Wells was hovering somewhere in the neighborhood of our own solar system. And then he emerged. With a strong glass one might have seen him circling down through the interstellar emptiness, circling easily and swiftly, swimming at last under the clouds, touching earth, alighting!

Nothing more extraordinary has happened in our time. Mr. Wells began life as a kind of salamandrine biped; he has become an authentic and very unusual child of Adam. And all manner of interesting things are implied in this.

One of them is the collapse of Modernity. In a recent essay Mr. Wells has told us not to expect any more dramatic novelties; for the present at any rate our business must be to make science and socialism feel at home. I derive an unspeakable comfort from this assertion. How many of us, I wonder, have been suffering from an acute incurable headache during the last

ten years or so, trying to keep up with the Modern Mind? We have had a fresh dramatic novelty every three quarters of an hour. The Modern Mind has rebuked, provoked, and battered us. We have been taught strange words and strange virtues. We have been abjectly at the mercy of Advanced Persons, Eaters of Nuts, and Worshippers of Supermen. I for one have more than once taken refuge and buried my head for safety in the Middle Ages.

And now it is all over. I am not surprised. Occasionally I have taken a furtive glance at our singular world;—unmistakably there has been a promise of clearing and fine weather. But sooner or later I was certain to hear Eugenics rumbling on the horizon, and I ducked back again. Now that I have at last emerged I should like to make two slight recommendations of a literary kind. Why should not some promising young writer immortalize himself with a book called “Modernity: What It Was and How It Happened”? The other suggestion is not so drastic; it is intended for one of my countrymen, a young man of quieter tastes, who is anxious to write a doctor’s thesis in English literature: “H. G. Wells and Thomas Gray: the Devolution of English Thought from *The War in the Air* to *The Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.” After all, he would only have to write a paragraph or so about Wells; and I feel sure that if he made only that much of a concession to the world we live in he might obtain some minor post in a Western university. Anyway it is worth considering.

In fact I propose to do something of the sort in these immediate pages; and I wish the reader to understand that in the sentence he is now reading I am passing from the gay to the grave.

First of all I should like to get a certain historical perspective. Let us assume that the epoch of the Modern Mind extended from 1890 to 1914, and that one can think of it as finished. During this period one singular outstanding assumption prevailed, if one is to trust a good authority like Mr. Edwin Björkman. This assumption was that certain thinkers and writers in the world’s history “belong” to us of the twentieth century and the rest do not belong. We were to accept, for



example, those who at any time rebelled against law, those who had theories about diet, those who "saw things as they are," and the like; just as we were to reject those who found that there were tears in things, those who looked forward to a better world somewhere else, those who believed in original sin or duty or honor or sentiment, those who lost their tempers or were a little befuddled in their minds, and the like. Everyone knows how arbitrarily the line was drawn. In French literature, for example, it was extended back far enough to include Stendhal and to leave Chateaubriand in outer darkness,—Stendhal was "modern," Chateaubriand was "not modern." In German it included Schopenhauer and Max Stirner, and for all practical purposes—confess it, my friends—left out Goethe. But why should I go on in this way? Mr. Björkman is busily compiling his calendar of the true saints, and he will make it plain.

This assumption, I say, has collapsed. For the last twenty years the thought of the world has been dominated to a quite extraordinary degree by men who have been educated solely through the movements in which they have taken part. Never before was there so universal and so hectic an empiricism. Time has avenged itself on Huxley for saying that science is as much a liberal education as literature. The man of molecules, the man of diet, the man of his own passions, the riotous antinomian has prevailed, and a pretty hash we have made of our world.

Who regrets it? That is the way the earth moves. Like an inchworm it doubles itself up at intervals and then gradually stretches itself straight again. The whole nineteenth century, according to Taine, was occupied in working out two or three ideas concocted in Germany during the Napoleonic era. History is a succession of Gothic invasions and academic subversions. And now our own Visigoths have capitulated. Bernard Shaw has read Plato, H. G. Wells talks about the study of Greek. Immemorial human nature has once more taken possession of the field, and the test of contemporary ideas has become not how much they can provoke and frighten it, but what they can do with it. Grant science, grant socialism—very well! here is the stuff you have to work upon. Can you change it, enrich it,

liberate it, can you love it, teach it, help it? I don't see how anyone can doubt the issue. Who at least does not prefer the indigestion of 1914 to the starvation of 1870? But now that the outposts have been taken and the pioneers have unloaded and found water, a busy, happy and fruitful traffic begins. Where are the implements, the history, the literature—all those books, for example, which were too bulky and irrelevant for the advance party? Religious emotion must come to fulfil these new religious ideas,—forgotten instincts of the soil and of the heart. In short, connections have to be made, relationships have to be established.

Very strange, no doubt, some of these relationships are bound to appear. Suppose, for example, one were to attempt to get a phenomenon like H. G. Wells free of the hectic medium of purely contemporary influences, to see him released for a moment from the designs and generalities of science and socialism, to relate him in some way with the traditional stream of English thinking and writing. I want to avoid being needlessly grotesque and violent, I am prepared in due time to make all the necessary apologies; but I simply must say that there is a connection, a most surprising, disconcerting, topsy-turvy connection between H. G. Wells and Matthew Arnold.

Matthew Arnold! I can see that superb middle-class gentleman with his great face and deprecating hands, I can see his look of horror. This engineer, this uncircumcised fragment of the populace, this aerial chauffeur! But stop and think.

Wells on Criticism, Wells on Education, Wells on Politics and the nostrums of Liberalism, Wells even on Religion speaks with the voice of Arnold. Everywhere there is the same fine dissatisfaction, the same nice discrimination, the same faith in ideas and standards, the same dislike of heated bungling, plunging, wilfulness, and confusion; even, one might add, the same preponderant aversion and contempt for most things that are, the same careful vagueness of ideal. Who invented that phrase about "seeing things as in themselves they really are"? Who spent his life in trying to make England believe in ideas and act upon ideas instead of "muddling through"? Who never wearied of holding up the superiority of everything French and



everything German to everything English? Read Arnold's chapter on *Our Liberal Practitioners* and you will find the precise attitude of Wells toward the premature inadequate doing of things rather than the continued research, experiment and discipline that lead to right fulfilments. Who urged the ventilation of life, affairs, conduct in the light of world experience? Who preached the gospel of reasonableness and more light? Who spurred England to cultivate the virtue of intellectual curiosity? Who believed almost passionately in coolness and detachment? In every one of these things, what Arnold was to his generation Wells remarkably has been to ours. Differing in their view of the substance of religion, their conception of the Church as a great common receptacle for the growing experience of the race is precisely the same. Who believed that in these matters fragmentation, segregation, sectarianism are the worst of evils? Ventilation, curiosity, centrality, detachment of mind, mutuality,—these are quite fundamental traits, and Matthew Arnold and H. G. Wells share them in a singular degree.

I am quite aware of the difference in personal quality. They are at once alike and totally different, just as a pretty face and an ugly face often are, the features being identical, the expression worlds apart. And the expression is the thing that matters. It is merely an advantage to see a socialist in the light of a man who never heard of socialism, to see that socialism is just a natural outgrowth of those "best things that have been thought and said in the world." Given so many ideas in common, the grotesqueness of my comparison simply shows how fundamental the personal quality is, and that to approach a man through his ideas is like approaching a flower through its botanical parts. Yet I doubt if there has been a novelist whose personal quality has had a more definite philosophical string to it. Indisputably it is the world that matters with Wells, not the individual who blunders so tragically through it—the world, the race, the future. Otherwise I should never so temerarily attempt to criticise him.

All criticism is profane—one comes to that. It is blatantly, awkwardly, impertinently outside. There are things in any real novel, any real poem that simply put an end to prattling.

## II

*The First Phase*

“**I** AM, by a sort of predestination, a socialist,” Wells wrote once. And everything one can say of him serves merely to explain, justify, qualify, illuminate and refine that statement.

First of all it implies a certain disposition and certain habits of mind, habits of mind which are all to be found in the first phase of his work, in those marvellous tales of Time and Space that won him his original sensational fame. It is this disposition behind them, this quality they have as of an inevitable attitude toward life and the world, which distinguishes them at once from those other superficially similar tales of Jules Verne. The marvels of Jules Verne are just marvels, delightful, irresponsible plunderings from a helpless universe. To the grown-up mind they have a little of that pathetic futility one associates with a millionaire's picture-gallery, where all sorts of things have been brought together, without any exercise of inevitable personal choice, because they are expensive. I don't know that the tales of Wells are better tales, but they have that ulterior synthetic quality that belongs to all real expressions of personality. Wells was never merely inventive; his invention was the first stage of an imaginative growth.

Now the quality that pervades all these early writings is what may be called a sense of the infinite plasticity of things. He conceived a machine that could travel through time, a man who found a way to become invisible, a drug that made men float like balloons, another drug that enabled men to live a thousand hours in one, a crystal egg through which one could watch the life in Mars, a man who could stop the sun like Joshua, a food that turned men into giants, a biologist who discovered a method of carving animals into men, an angel who visited a rural vicar, a mermaid who came to earth in search of a soul, a homicidal orchid, a gigantic bird hatched from a prehistoric egg, a man who passed outside space. In short, the universe



appeared to him like that magic shop of which he also wrote, where the most astonishing things may happen, if you are the Right Sort of Boy.

If all this implies anything it implies that things in general are not fixed and static, but that they are, on the contrary, infinitely plastic, malleable, capable of responding to any purpose, any design you may set working among them. The universe, it seems to assume, may be and quite possibly is proceeding after some logical method of its own, but so far as man is concerned this method appears to be one of chance. Obviously, man can do the most surprising things in it, can take as it were all sorts of liberties with it. The universe, in short, is like a vacant field which may or may not belong to some absent landlord who has designs of his own upon it; but until this absent landlord appears and claims his field, all the children in the neighborhood can build huts in it and play games upon it and, in a word, for all practical purposes, consider it their own.

This idea of the relation between free will and determinism is the underlying assumption of Wells, as he explains it in *First and Last Things*: "Take life at the level of common sensations and common experience and there is no more indisputable fact than man's freedom of will, unless it is his complete moral responsibility. But make only the least penetrating of scientific analyses and you perceive a world of inevitable consequences, a rigid succession of cause and effect." And elsewhere he says: "On the scientific plane one is a fatalist. . . . But does the whole universe of fact, the external world about me, the internal world from which my motives rise, form one rigid and fated system as the Determinists teach? I incline to that belief . . . . For me as a person this theory of predestination has no practical value . . . . I hesitate just as though the theory was unknowable. For me and my conduct there is that much wide practical margin of freedom. I am free and freely and responsibly making the future—so far as I am concerned." In a word, for all the purposes that affect man's need the universe is infinitely plastic and amenable to his will. Like every clean-cut philosophical conception this clears the ground for practical conduct and a certain sort of direct action.

There was a time, no doubt, when he shared the old Utopian folly of expecting a sudden and unanimous change of human will. When the universe appears as unconventional as it used to appear to Wells, there can surely be no reason to think it impossible, after a comet has collided with the world, for the human race to become suddenly Utopian. Generally speaking, comets do not collide with the world, and in the same way men are slow to change. But certainly if Wells ever thought of humanity as merely a multiplication of one pattern, certainly if he has long since abandoned the idea of our all turning over a new leaf one fine morning, he has never lost his faith in free will as regards the individual. He has always believed in the personal doctrine of summarily "making an end to things" as distinguished from the old-fashioned doctrine of "making the best of things"; and there is nothing more modern about him than his aversion to the good old English theory of "muddling through."

Mr. Polly is a good example of his view of personal direct action, the getting rid, quickly and decisively, of a situation that has only sentiment to save it from complete demoralization. "When a man has once broken through the wall of every-day circumstances," he remarks at the moment of the Polly *débâcle*, "he has made a discovery. If the world does not please you, *you can change it*. Determine to alter it at any price, and you can change it altogether." Mr. Polly sets fire to his shop, takes to the road and repairs his digestion. Desertion of duty and the quick repudiation of entanglements make him healthy and sensible and give him a sense of purpose in things. And I know of nothing in all Wells that is described with more relish than that Beltane festival which occurs toward the end of *In the Days of the Comet*. The world's great age has begun anew, and the enlightened men of the new time revive the May Day of old in order to burn the useless trappings of the past. They heap old carpets on the fire, ill-designed furniture, bad music and cheap pictures, stuffed birds, obsolete school-books, dog-eared penny fiction, sham shoes, and all the corrugated iron in the world; every tangible thing that is useless, false, disorderly, accidental, obsolete, and tawdry to celebrate the beginning of things



that are clean, beautiful, and worthy. Sceptical, hesitant, and personal as Wells has become, that indicates a strong primitive mental trait. What a world he must have grown up in, one says to oneself! But philosophy does not spring out of the brain; we hate the hateful things of our own experience, just as we think the things we desire. And though there are nine and sixty ways of being a socialist, they all unite in a certain sense of the plasticity and malleability of things human, a certain faith in the possibility of asserting order in the midst of disorder and intelligently cleaning house.

Inherent in this trait is another—detachment. You only become aware of confusion when you stand free of it, when you cease to be a part of it. And of all writers who have so immediately felt life I doubt if there has been one so detached as Wells. The mental detachment of his early tales is a detachment half scientific, half artistic; scientific as of one who sees things experimentally in their material, molecular aspect, artistic as of one conscious of moulding will and placed amid plastic material. Thus, for example, he sees human beings quite stripped of their distinctively human qualities; he sees men anatomically, as in that passage where the Invisible Man, killed with a spade, becomes visible again as a corpse: "Everyone saw, faint and transparent as though it were made of glass, so that veins and arteries and bones and nerves could be distinguished, the outline of a hand, a hand limp and prone. It grew clouded and opaque even as they stared . . . And so, slowly beginning at his hands and feet and creeping along his limbs to the vital centres of his body, that strange change continued. First came the little white nerves, a hazy grey stretch of a limb, then the glossy bones and intricate arteries, then the flesh and skin, first a faint foggy, then growing rapidly dense and opaque." Similar is a passage in *A Story of the Days to Come*, where he describes an ordinary breakfast of our own day: "the rude masses of bread needing to be carved and smeared over with animal fat before they could be made palatable, the still recognisable fragments of recently killed animals, hideously charred and hacked." That surely is quite as a man from another planet, or a chemist after a long day's work in the laboratory, would view our familiar

human things. And one recalls another sentence from *Kipps* where this detachment links itself with a deeper social insight and hints at the part it had come to play in Wells's later mind: "I see through the darkness," he says, toward the end of the book, "the souls of my Kippses as they are, *as little pink strips of quivering, living stuff*, as things like the bodies of little ill-nourished, ailing, ignorant children—children who feel pain, who are naughty and muddled and suffer, and do not understand why."

And just as he sees men and human things chemically and anatomically, so he sees the world astronomically. He has that double quality (like his own Mr. Bessel) of being bodily very active in life and at the same time watching it from a great distance. In his latest book he has figured a god looking on from the clouds; and there is nothing in his novels more stimulating and more uncanny than his faculty of telescoping his view suddenly from the very little to the very large, expanding and contracting his vision of things at will. You find the germ of this faculty in his early tales. Looking down as though from a balloon he sees the world as a planet, as a relatively small planet. In doing so he maintains at first a purely scientific set of values; he is not led, as he has since been led, and as Leopardi was led by the same imaginative experience, to adopt poetical values and to feel acutely the littleness and the powerlessness of man. His values remain scientific, and the absurdity he feels is the absurdity an astronomer must feel, that in so small a space men can vaunt themselves and squabble with one another. Race prejudice, for example, necessarily appears to him as foolish as it would appear to ordinary eyes among insects that happen to be swarming on a fallen apple. Once you get it into your mind that the world is a ball in space, you find a peculiar silliness in misunderstandings on that ball. This reflection has led to many views of life; in Wells it led to a sense of the need of human solidarity.

And solidarity implies order. The sense of order is one of those instincts exhibited everywhere in the writings of Wells that serve as preliminaries to his social philosophy. There is a passage in *Kipps* where he pictures the satisfactions of shop-



keeping to an elect soul: "There is, of course, nothing on earth," he says, "and I doubt at times if there is a joy in heaven, like starting a small haberdasher's shop. Imagine, for example, having a drawerful of tapes, or again, an array of neat, large packages, each displaying one sample of hooks and eyes. Think of your cottons, your drawer of coloured silks, etc." De Foe knew a similar satisfaction and has pictured it in *Robinson Crusoe*. De Foe was himself a shopkeeper, just as Wells has been in one of his incarnations; and he knew that good shopkeeping is the microcosm of all good political economy. The satisfaction of a thoroughly competent man who is thrown on a desert island, and sets to work to establish upon it a political economy for one, is a satisfaction by itself. That certainly is a primitive relish, and it is one of the first gestures of Wells's sociology.

Now the sense of solidarity, the sense of order, implies the subordination of details, the discipline of constituent units. Only in his later works did Wells begin to consider the problems of the individual life; in his novels he has considered them almost exclusively, but always in relation to the constructive purpose of society and as what may be called human reservations from it. The telescope has been adjusted to a close range, and the wider relationships are neither so emphasized nor so easily discerned. Nevertheless it is still the world that matters to Wells—the world, the race, the future; not the individual human being. And if, relatively, he has become more interested in the individual and less in the world, that is because he is convinced that the problems of the world can best be approached through the study of individuals. His philosophy has grown less abstract in harmony with his own experience; but the first sketch of his view of human nature and its function is to be found crudely outlined in the scientific romances. How does it figure there?

The human beings who flit through these early tales are all inconspicuous little men, whose private existence is of no account, and who exist to discover, invent, perform all sorts of wonderful experiments which almost invariably result in their summary and quite unimportant destruction. They are merely, in the most complete sense, experiments in the collective purpose, and their

creator has toward them just the attitude of an anatomist toward the animals upon which he is experimenting; not indifferent to their suffering as suffering, but ignoring it in the spirit of scientific detachment necessary to subordinate means to an end. "I wanted—it was the only thing I wanted—to find out the limit of plasticity in a living form," says Dr. Moreau in his confession; "and the study has made me as remorseless as nature."

Invariably these experiments in human possibility, placed in a world where charity is not so strong as fear, die quite horribly. Dr. Moreau is destroyed by the beasts he is attempting to vivisection into the semblance of men, the Invisible Man is battered to death with a spade, the Visiting Angel burns to death in attempting to carry out his celestial errand, the man who travels to the moon cannot get back alive. Does not all this foreshadow the burden of the later novels, that the individual who plans and wills for the race is destroyed and broken by the jealousy, prejudice and inertia in men and the blind immemorial forces of nature surging through himself? These are the forces that are figured, in the early tales, by that horrible hostile universe of nature, and the little intrepid men moving about in the midst of it. And the mind of Wells is always prepared for the consequences of what it engenders. The inevitable result of creating an imaginary world of malignant vegetables and worse than antediluvian monsters is that the imaginary men you also create shall suffer through them. You reverse the order of evolution and return men to conditions where life is cheap. An imagination which has accustomed itself to running loose among planets and falling stars, which has lived habitually in a universe where worlds battle with one another, is prepared to stomach a little needless bloodshed. The inflexible pursuit of an end implies the sacrifice of means, and if your experiment happens to be an invisible man you will produce the invisibility even though it kills the man.

Widen the range and this proposition logically transmutes itself into a second: if your experiment happens to be an orderly society you will produce order at the expense of everything that represents disorder. And from the point of view of a collective purpose, ends, motives and affections that are private and



have no collective significance represent disorder. Now the whole purpose of Wells's later work has been to illuminate and refine this proposition. He has flatly distinguished between two sorts of human nature, the constructive, experimental sort which lives essentially for the race, and the acquiescent, ineffectual sort which lives essentially for itself or the established fact; and he gives to his experimental men and women an almost unlimited charter to make ducks and drakes of the ineffectual. Think of the long list of dead and wounded in his novels—Mr. Pope, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Magnet, Mr. Manning, Margaret, Marion—and you realize how much of a certain cruelty, a certain ruthlessness is in the very nature of his philosophy of experimental direct action.

Another primitive relish exhibited in these early tales is the delight of constructing things. The Time Machine, for example, is the work of a mind that immoderately enjoys inventing, erecting, and putting things together; and there is not much difference between constructing an imaginary machine and constructing an imaginary society. If Wells's early Utopian speculations are ingenious impossibilities, are they any more or less so than his mechanical speculations? One doesn't begin life with an overwhelming recognition of the obstacles one may encounter—one doesn't fret too much about the possible, the feasible, or even the logical. It was enough for Wells that he had built his Time Machine, though the logic by which the Time Traveller explains his process is a logic that gives me, at least, a sense of helpless, blinking discomfort—partly, I confess, because to this day I don't believe there is anything the matter with it. In any case it is the sheer delight of construction that fascinates him, and everything that is associated with construction fascinates him. He is in love with steel; he speaks with a kind of ecstasy somewhere of "light and clean and shimmering shapes of silvered steel"; steel and iron have for him the transcendental charm that harebells and primroses had for Wordsworth. A world like that in *When the Sleeper Wakes*—a world of gigantic machines, air fleets, and the "swimming shadows and enormous shapes" of an engineer's nightmare—is only by afterthought, one feels, the speculation of a sociolo-

gist. It expresses the primitive relish of a constructive instinct. It expresses also a sheer curiosity about the future.

In a chapter of his book on America Wells has traced the development of what he calls his prophetic habit of mind as a passage through four stages: the millennial stage of an evangelical childhood when an imminent Battle of Armageddon was a natural thing to be looked for; the stage of ultimate biological possibilities; the stage of prediction by the rule-of-three; and a final stage of cautious anticipation based upon the study of existing facts—a gradual passage from the region of religious or scientific possibilities to the region of human possibilities. “There is no Being but Becoming” was the first of his mental discoveries; and finding years later that Heraclitus had said the same thing he came to regard the pre-Aristotelian metaphysics as the right point of departure for modern thought.

“I am curiously not interested in things,” he wrote, “and curiously interested in the consequences of things. . . . I have come to be, I am afraid, even a little insensitive to fine immediate things through this anticipatory habit. . . . This habit of mind confronts and perplexes my sense of things that simply *are*, with my brooding preoccupation with how they will shape presently, what they will lead to, what seed they will sow and how they will wear. At times, I can assure the reader, this quality approaches other-worldliness in its constant reference to an all-important hereafter. There are times indeed when it makes life seem so transparent and flimsy, seem so dissolving, so passing on to an equally transitory series of consequences, that the enhanced sense of instability becomes restlessness and distress; but on the other hand nothing that exists, nothing whatever, remains altogether vulgar or dull and dead or hopeless in its light . . . . But the interest is shifted. The pomp and splendor of established order, the braying triumphs, ceremonies, consummations,—one sees these glittering shows for what they are—through their threadbare grandeur shine the little significant things that will make the future.”

And the burden of his lecture *The Discovery of the Future* is that an inductive knowledge of the future is not only very largely possible, but is considerably more important for us than



the study of the past. Even in the sciences, he says, the test of their validity is their power to produce confident forecasts. Astronomy is based on the forecast of stellar movements, medical science exists largely for diagnosis. It is this thought which determines the nature of his own sociology.

There is usually something inept in speaking of a man, and especially an artist, as interchangeable with any ism. Socialism, in the common sense of the word, is a classification of men. Individual socialists are as a rule something more than socialists; often they are socialists by necessity, or imagination, or sentiment, or expediency—their socialism is not inherent, not the frame of their whole being. In the degree that socialism is a classification, or a school of thought, or an economic theory, the individual socialist will, in practice, make mental reservations from it. Now my whole aim in this paper has been to suggest that if socialism had not existed Wells would have invented it. It is not something which at a given moment or even after a long process of imaginative conversion or conviction came into his life. It is, in his own formulation of it, the projection of his whole nature, the expression of his will, the very content of his art. With one or two exceptions—works deliberately devoted to propaganda or exposition—even his purely sociological writings are subjective writings, personal and artistic in motive; socialism figures in them just as Catholicism figures in the masses of Mozart, or the brotherhood of man in the poems of Whitman, not as a cause but as a satisfying conception of truth. And just as, if one were to study the psychology of Mozart or Whitman, one would find habits of mind that inevitably produced the individual Catholicism of the one and the individual fraternalism of the other; so behind the socialism of Wells are certain habits of mind, certain primitive likes, relishes, instincts, preferences: a faith in free will, a sense of order and the subordination of details to design, a personal detachment, a pleasure in construction, a curiosity about the future.

These are innate qualities, which inevitably produced their own animating purpose.

[*To be continued*]

## CORRESPONDENCE

### *American Plays and Feminism*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have just finished reading Florence Kiper's article in the June issue on *Some American Plays*, which advances the very original and quite amusing critical touchstone that every play which upholds feminism or one of its numerous offshoots is a good play; and *vice versâ*. This is surely a very novel method of dramatic criticism.

There is, however, a vast difference between sex and feminism; surely the two are not synonymous. Most American plays, it is true, have had their say on sex, but very few have dealt with feminism. And for good reasons. Dramatists must limit their work to those questions only which have a general and clearly-defined connection with their time. In no other way can the themes they utilize stand the critical scrutiny of the future. We have never had any plays of greenbackism, ping-pong, populism, or free-silver; why should we have of feminism?

Of all the plays quoted in the article, Mr. Augustus Thomas's *As a Man Thinks* seems to have been "adapted" the most in the telling. After all is said and done, the play is an admirable refutation of the single standard of morality; the story is convincingly told and its thesis proved conclusively. It still remains one of the best arguments against the single standard, another being *Mrs. Dane's Defence*. The theme behind both plays is that of moral, not physical, degeneration; and the analogy to *Ghosts* and *Rebellion* is not clear. The necessity of the mother's moral integrity—all sentimentality aside—and her debt to the child—by nature far greater than that of the father—can never be altered until the laws of biology have been amended. Again, the lesson taught in *Rebellion* and other "propagandist" plays applies equally well to the mother as to the father. The question reminds one forcibly of one of the favorite cartoons of the suffragists: that of the drunken husband and the over-worked, scrubbing wife, the picture labelled "She can't vote—he can." As the population at the present writing is not made up entirely of drunken husbands and scrubbing wives, would it not be far less childish and more just to compare like with like?

There are few things certain about the future of the stage, but one thing is sure: the men who write the plays of to-morrow will be dramatists of conservation, not revolt. All "reforms" or popular movements have their reaction—if not, counter-revolt. I wish the author of *Some American Plays* might have delayed writing her thesis until she had read Mr. Michael Monahan's frank, truthful and impressive article in the



same issue on *The American Peril*. I am sure she would have found it of value.

R. DECAMP LELAND

BOSTON

### *The American Peril: Its Remedy*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—As a people we are undoubtedly suffering from too much talk about woman—mostly from men.

Mr. Michael Monahan in the June FORUM writes of “the American peril—too much *womanism*.” His first criticism is that the profession of teaching is so largely given over to women. “We abandon our children in the crucial formative years to weakness, hysteria, inferiority, and incompetence.” Thus the future generation is being ruled.

The present generation is equally threatened by the dominance of women in journalism, which is consequently “generally silly and mediocre, but on occasion shameless and prurient,” and displays “no real literary ability.” Related to this dominance of feminine influence in journalism is the turning of the theatre “into a brothel, from that indecent boldness and perverted curiosity which the advanced female now takes to be a sign of her emancipation.”

All this is “the American peril.” Like many propagandists, Mr. Monahan is in this connection a destructive philosopher only. He gives a vague hint at the solution of the problem in a reference to Schopenhauer’s prophecy of the day “when men would be driven to make actual war upon women in order to keep them in their place.” It has always been wonderful to me with what unerring instinct men recognize woman’s place. However, that is beside the question.

From Mr. Monahan’s eloquent exposition we may therefore properly infer that to avert the peril or to destroy it man must “keep woman in her place.” She may not teach—not boys, at least. As there is apparently no thought of educating her out of her weakness, hysteria, inferiority, incompetence, vanity, extravagance, silliness, and prurience, we may assume that she will be permitted to teach girls. She may not write—she has already debased journalism and the theatre and through these the American public. Mr. Monahan is not so bitter against woman’s spending, though he speaks rather slightly of that as an occupation.

There are two references to our proper future. One lies in this sentence: “They (the Hearsts, the Pulitzers and the Boks) have held up to our admiration as literary artists women for whom there is an aching need in the laundry or the kitchen”; and another in this: “They (the same) have labored to bring about a so-called equality of the sexes, which is rather a monstrous inversion, robbing woman of her essential

flower and charm." So we may slink from the schoolhouse and the newspaper and magazine offices to the laundry and kitchen, where we are to cultivate flower and charm, and from which we may sally forth for an occasional spending debauch. In addition we may teach our daughters our own occupations.

There is much truth in Mr. Monahan's accusations, but he unjustly exaggerates. The majority of women teachers are not weak, hysterical, inferior, and incompetent. Will my readers make a mental list of the teachers they know and answer honorably if they are these things? Possibly it would be wiser to have boys in the public schools taught by men. If the women teachers are what Mr. Monahan conceives them to be, certainly the girls, who are much more likely to imitate them, should be taught by others.

As for journalism, I deplore the copy that calls for Nell Brinkley illustrations as fervently as does the gentleman whom I have quoted, but reform is as much in the hands of the men as in those of the women. The demand for such unmoral and immoral literature comes, he assumes, from women. But men form the majority of readers of the newspapers. Why do they not protest against it? If you ride daily in a trolley car or on a suburban train, notice the number of men who read the *Woman's Page*, and, above all, note the number of men who are poring over the pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal* on the date of its appearance. Will the box-office man testify that the patronage of the sexual plays in the New York theatre is primarily feminine? Possibly the men who read sexual literature and hear sexual plays do so only in a spirit of sober research. But if such an avid spirit continues, they will defeat their own aim. The supply tends to meet the demand. If not research, what? Aha, we have it—in their impressionable youth these men were taught by women. Mr. Monahan does admit that the situation is partly due to men, but they are feminized—the first source of the evil is woman. Let us, however, recognize small favors. The recent increase in Eurasian population draws a share of the blame. Presumably they were feminized too—way back.

But my chief quarrel with Mr. Monahan is not that he somewhat exaggerates or that he throws an unjust share of blame upon woman, but that he is apparently unwilling to give woman a chance to improve. He seems to wish to suppress—to "keep her in her place"—rather than to educate her. He seems to feel that the "peril" rests all within woman, but must be averted entirely by man. He probably thinks that she is incapable of education—many worthy men hold that opinion. He speaks none too cordially of "Jane Addamses and Ida Tarbells" and of "a few women of uncommon, that is to say, masculine attributes." Education toward wisdom and sanity, he probably feels will enhance the "so-called equality of sexes" and will destroy woman's "essential flower and charm."



And yet in the same breath he rails at woman's silliness, weakness, hysteria, inferiority, and incompetence.

Charm is not a sex attribute—it is an individual attribute. Mr. Monahan's word should be coquetry. Men have charm as well as women—often the charm of the latter is cheapened by coquetry. But in any case the exchange of charm for wisdom and sanity would be no monstrous calamity.

For it is in us to be sane and wise workers just as it is in men, but we have had much less encouragement. The suggestion that women exercise these qualities in the kitchen and the laundry is as absurd for the present day as an argument that every man should own a farm and raise stock, from which he should produce food and clothing for his family as men did in pioneer days when they could expect nothing from the outside world because there was no outside world. There is not room for us all in the kitchen and laundry just as there is not room or requisition for all men on the land. But we must have some business besides that of bearing children. Our growing intellect demands interests. If serious interests do not offer, it will spend its activity on mischief. There are occupations for which women are by disposition particularly adapted. If teaching and journalism are not two of them (I do not wholly agree with Mr. Monahan in this) then it is our duty to discover others.

I cannot resist a somewhat irrelevant paragraph before closing to call attention to Mr. Monahan's designation of eugenics, prohibition, and female suffrage as "foolish febrile agitations." It is true that these movements have been exploited, but we must admit that their underlying principles are sincerely constructive.

Is not this then the solution? Not that men shall suppress women to keep them in their place, but that women shall keep themselves in their place as the best of them see it and that the sexes shall work together for knowledge and rationality and seriousness of mind. Let us call a truce. Why waste in a sex war the ammunition that we sorely need for war against silliness and crime? Let all thinking men and women unite in a campaign against extravagance, indulgence, vanity, dishonesty, selfishness, and vice, and work to build up a nation in which sober habit, merry disposition, wise judgment, self-control, perfect justice, and social consciousness and sympathy shall as much as possible prevail.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

MARY HASKELL

### *The Art of Everlasting Life*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Professor Beyer has presented clearly, in his article in the April FORUM, a most definite view on a subject near to human interest and particularly to our ideas of universal justice. To a great many people

it must appear as the analytic presentation of a thought many times expressed in modern literature and art. Tomlinson presents the need of some *claim* as needful to entering any sort of eternity. Peer Gynt, who must be melted up and poured into the button-mould unless he could prove that he had developed a fully definite personality, is perhaps the ancestor of the thought. And we cannot better interpret Rodin's *The Thinker* than as typifying that birth of soul which is the commencement of immortality.

The same thought is given a wider signification in M. Maeterlinck's essay, *The Mystery of Justice*. Here, it is developed that justice, found only in the soul of man, lodges there in face of nature and of brutish-human life, which is without exception cruel and unjust. M. Maeterlinck suggests, then, that this most incomprehensible of "determinate variations," the "leap to soul," is in reality no less than the evolution of God, miraculously, out of hostile, unfair nature-force. The nature god must indeed be admired for his glorious and savage beauty; but God is other—whether he be product of cumulative evolution or but newly realized power directing the long development, out of injustice into clearing ideals of right.

Yet, whatever the essential meanings and thought-filling implications of his fundamental thesis, one wonders at Professor Beyer's final development of it: that only in the fleshly life upon just this pinwheel planet can human beings attain to that spiritual birth at which immortality sets out. Does not this suppose too full a comprehension, and too limited possibilities in the macrocosm? We are not yet prepared, certainly, to set definite bounds to the occurrence of energy forces in inert matter. May there not be also, quite beyond this physical embodiment, possibility of further determinate variations, as incomprehensible to us as is still the "leap to organic life," or even this leap of flesh-cased life to soul? The Brahmanic wise men a long time ago made precisely the distinction between mind and the common human dog-conscience, on the one hand, and soul, on the other, which Professor Beyer states. The whole matter of evolution of soul they explained by the theory of transmigration. Possibly theirs is merely too concrete and imaginable an explanation. But in view of the utter uncertainty of all that lies beyond the miraculously extended five senses of the modern scientist, it is difficult to conceive why Professor Beyer's excellent and, no doubt, widely acceptable ground-thesis necessarily argues inescapable extinction of all the undeveloped potentialities and misshapen developments which hourly meet death on this earth. Probably there is no escape from the machine of the universe but by character, as some one has put it; but surely it is quite possible that all the entrances to character are not known or travelled by fleshly embodied men.

STERLING ANDRUS LEONARD

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



## EDITORIAL NOTES

*Becker*

SO Charles Becker has returned to the death house at Sing Sing, to wait for what may come.

No doubt, there will be further long delays; the stupid procrastination of the law will continue to stultify justice. The punishment—if we must have punishment—should be as swift and decisive as the crime was deliberate and abominable: but the months have gone by, and will go by; and lawyers will wrangle, and judges will strain fine points, until there is an end at last, and the doom can no longer be averted.

An evil man, this Becker: unscrupulous, unprincipled, avaricious, domineering: a man who deserves his punishment, if any convicted criminal ever did. And even now, perhaps, the community does not recognize fully what his trial and conviction have meant—or, rather, what immunity would have meant. If Becker had escaped, if he had been able to continue his nefarious practices, with the prestige of a little czar, with the power of life and death in the underworld, no limits could have been assigned to the development of the system of corruption that has disgraced the police force and enriched the Tammany type of politician.

And yet, though facts must be faced and the truth acknowledged, there will be found very few throughout the country who regard the condemned man with bitterness, or with any desire to add to his personal burden. He has sown, and must reap. For some time he has been garnering the harvest. Though his mind has been occupied with the details of his fight for life, he has lived familiarly in the shadow of death; he has waited in his cell while man after man went to the Chair; and the sombreness of the caged has struck deeply and harshly through brain and body. Well, he must dree his weird: but God help most men if an accurate reckoning were exacted from them for their deeds and misdeeds!

It almost seems as if life were staging another of its little ironies. There can surely be no hope for Becker now except in executive clemency, and this could only be extended for reve-

lations of supreme importance to the State. Will Becker, who in cold blood ordered the murder of a man for "squealing," now try to save his own life by "squealing" himself? It is his only chance. But what a culmination to the whole sordid story!

### *The Philippines*

THE question of self-government for the Filipinos is again becoming prominent and many admirable people are urging immediate action.

But this is emphatically a case for hastening slowly. It would not merely be folly to turn the control of the islands over to the Filipinos: it would be a crime. One might as well turn the control of a nursery over to the child in the cradle.

If America is to stand for the ideal of service to humanity, she must fulfil the obligations already undertaken. The withdrawal of American control from the Philippines would be fatal to the Filipinos themselves; and however desirable it may be to live up to the principles of true republicanism and refrain from interference with the rights of others, there are occasions when the rights of others include the right to be protected from themselves. The Filipinos will need help for some years to come, and to refuse that help would be a definite evasion of responsibility deliberately incurred.

### *The New Haven Revelations*

THE revelations with regard to the criminal mismanagement of the New Haven railroad are almost incredible. If no means exist to compel the negligent directors to assume personal responsibility, and to repay out of their personal fortunes the millions that have virtually been stolen from the stockholders, the laws of the United States must be pitifully inefficient, and it will be necessary to adopt a procedure that ordinarily would be deplored, and institute legislation that will be retrospective in its scope. The matter is not even debatable: the scandal is gross, and it will be a national disgrace if restitution is not enforced from the multi-millionaires who can so well afford to pay for their neglect of the elementary rules of business decency.



*The Big Man—and the Little Man*

PRESIDENT WILSON at Annapolis, 1914:

"The idea of America is to serve humanity, and every time you let the Stars and Stripes free to the wind you ought to realize that that is in itself a message, that you are on an errand which other navies have sometimes forgotten, not an errand of conquest, but an errand of service."

Colonel Roosevelt at Camden, 1912:

"It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it wasn't my fault if there wasn't enough to go round."

Colonel Roosevelt in New York, Memorial Day, 1911:

"I took part in a little war which came after your big war. It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it was not our fault there wasn't enough to go round."

*Unclean*

MR. FETHERSTON, New York's Street Cleaning Commissioner, has asked the Board of Estimate for an additional quarter of a million dollars to conduct an experiment in up-to-date cleaning methods in a selected territory in the city.

It would not be fair to hold Mr. Fetherston responsible for the incompetence of his predecessors, and though he has not yet appealed personally to the public mind as a striking success, he may still acquire a reputation as the right man in the right place, if he is able to carry out the reforms that he is considering. But it may help him in his attitude toward the Board of Estimate, and toward the public, if he realizes that at present New York is a generation behind the times in its so-called "street cleaning" arrangements, which would be painful in any fifth-rate city in a fifth-rate country. Open carts that scatter broadcast the filth they are supposed to be removing, antiquated appliances, antiquated methods and antiquated results, are a disgrace to the city and its administration.

In this connection, is there any city in the world that has worse pavements and more abominable street-repairing methods?

*An Unseemly Habit*

THE habit of chewing gum has been much discussed lately, and some curious questions have been asked as to when and where the ordinary victim of the mania should refrain from public exhibitions.

The only satisfactory answer is: Always and everywhere. To chew gum publicly is unseemly and indefensible; it is the outward and visible sign of a coarse, crude character; and it should be consigned without regret and without delay to the limbo of lost vulgarities.

It is not pleasant to recall such spectacles, for example, as may be witnessed during any police parade or similar ceremony, when nine out of ten of the officers on duty at the reviewing stand add dignity and impressiveness to the occasion, and show their respect for their distinguished visitors, by indulging in grotesque facial contortions. If the chewers could see themselves as others see them, they would perhaps be more considerate and less conspicuous.

*Animal Spirits*

RECENTLY, a young student was fined for battering an inoffensive wayfarer on the head with an iron bolt. This, no doubt, would be highly amusing to a certain type of semi-savage; but, making all allowances for the intoxication of alcohol and the auto-intoxication of youth, there would seem to be little use in this country for a student who, drunk or sober, could have such a peculiar idea of humor. The culprit, of course, deeply regrets his action; he has been punished heavily through the notoriety that has come to him; but, unpleasant as it is to draw attention to such escapades and perhaps add to the unhappiness of the innocent persons involved, it is necessary to stigmatize as strongly as possible the ruffianly spirit that is all too prevalent in some of our colleges. It is essentially the spirit of the gangster and gunman; it is associated with crudity, uncouthness and offensive blatancy; and whether it expresses itself in the milder forms of hazing or in the extraordinary form of iron bolts and mur-



derous thuggism, the most appropriate remedy for it would be a little old-fashioned flogging.

### *A Word from St. Louis*

"POOR 'little old New York,' local and provincial as the district in which the stuss gamblers plied their protected trade, does not rise to a clear view of the great public service—epochal in character—that its District Attorney has performed for it. It is blinded by old political ideas and dulled by long enslavement to Tammany rule."—*Reedy's Mirror*.

### *A Paying Concern*

A verdict awarding \$20,000 damages for breach of promise to marry was recently returned against Homer Rodeheaver, choirmaster for "Billy" Sunday, the well-known evangelist.

It was stated that Rodeheaver was paid \$100 a week and travelling expenses.

No doubt Mr. Rodeheaver earned his salary: but "Billy" Sunday's evangelism is evidently a very profitable profession, if he can afford to pay his assistants at such a rate.

### *Freak Yachts*

No form of sport is worth encouragement, if its tendency is merely to develop abnormalities; and there is an uncomfortable suspicion that the coming races for the Cup will have about as much connection with legitimate yachting as a sword has with a sword-fish. The whole object of the races, and of the rules governing them, was to promote a sane and delightful sport, in which sensible, seaworthy craft alone should be used. But if the letters of the rules are being strained so that the contest is to be an affair of freaks, the races will have little value and less interest, and the sooner they are abandoned, the better.

# THE FORUM

FOR AUGUST 1914

## THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT \*

WALTER LIPPMANN

**L**IBERTY may be an uncomfortable blessing unless you know what to do with it. That is why so many freed slaves returned to their masters, why so many emancipated women are only too glad to give up the racket and settle down. For between announcing that you will live your own life, and the living of it, lie all the real difficulties of any awakening.

If all that women needed were "rights,"—the right to work, the right to vote, and freedom from the authority of father and husband,—then feminism would be the easiest human question on the calendar. For while there will be a continuing opposition, no one supposes that these elementary freedoms can be withheld from women. In fact, they will be forced upon millions of women who never troubled to ask for any of these rights. And that isn't because Ibsen wrote the *Doll's House*, or because Bernard Shaw writes prefaces. The mere withdrawal of industries from the home has drawn millions of women out of the home, and left millions idle within it. There are many other forces, all of which have blasted the rock of ages where woman's life was centred. The self-conscious modern woman may insist that she has a life of her own to lead, which neither father, nor priest, nor husband, nor Mrs. Grundy is fit to prescribe for her. But when she begins to prescribe life for herself, her real problems begin.

Every step in the woman's movement is creative. There are no precedents whatever, not even bad ones. Now the invention

\* This article will be included in Mr. Lippmann's new book, *Drift and Mastery*, which will be published shortly.



of new ways of living is rare enough among men, but among women it has been almost unknown. Housekeeping and baby-rearing are the two most primitive arts in the whole world. They are almost the last occupations in which rule of thumb and old wives' tales have resisted the application of scientific method. They are so immemorably backward that nine people out of ten hardly conceive the possibility of improving upon them. They are so backward that we have developed a maudlin sentimentality about them, have associated family life and the joy in childhood with all the stupidity and wasted labor of the inefficient home. The idea of making the home efficient will cause the average person to shudder, as if you were uttering some blasphemy against monogamy. "Let science into the home, where on earth will Cupid go to?" Almost in vain do women like Mrs. Gilman insist that the institution of the family is not dependent upon keeping woman a drudge amidst housekeeping arrangements inherited from the early Egyptians. Women have invented almost nothing to lighten their labor. They have made practically no attempt to specialize, to coöperate. They have been the great routineers.

So people have said woman was made to be the natural conservative, the guardian of tradition. She would probably still be guarding the tradition of weaving your own clothes in the parlor if an invention hadn't thwarted her. She still guards the tradition of buying food retail, of going alone and unorganized to market. And she has been, of course, a faithful conservator of superstition, the most docile and credulous of believers. In all this, I am saying nothing that awakened women themselves aren't saying, nor am I trying to take a hand in that most stupid of all debates as to whether men are superior to women. Nor am I trying to make up my mind whether the higher education of women and their political enfranchisement will produce in the next generation several Darwins and a few Michael Angelos. The question is not even whether women can be as good doctors and lawyers and business organizers as men.

It is much more immediate, and far less academic than that. The feminist could almost afford to admit the worst that Schopenhauer, Weininger, and Sir Almroth Wright can think of, and

then go on pointing to the fact that, competent or incompetent, they have got to adjust themselves to a new world. The day of the definitely marked "sphere" is passing under the action of forces greater than any that an irritated medical man can control. It is no longer possible to hedge the life of women in a set ritual, where their education, their work, their opinion, their love and their motherhood are fixed in the structure of custom. To insist that women need to be moulded by authority is a shirking of the issue. For the authority that has moulded them is passing. And if woman is fit only to live in a harem, it will have to be a different kind of harem from any that has existed.

The more you pile up the case against woman in the past the more significant does feminism become. For one fact is written across the whole horizon, the prime element in any discussion. That fact is the absolute necessity for a readjusting of woman's position. And so, every time you insist that women are backward you are adding to the revolutionary meaning of their awakening. But what these anti-feminists have in mind, of course, is that women are by nature incapable of any readjustment. However, the test of that pudding is in the eating. What women will do with the freedom that is being forced upon them is something that no person can foresee by thinking of women in the past.

Women to-day are embarked upon a career for which their tradition is no guide. The first result, of course, is a vast amount of trouble. The emancipated woman has to fight something worse than the crusted prejudices of her uncles; she has to fight the bewilderment in her own soul. She who always took what was given to her has to find for herself. She who passed without a break from the dominance of her father to the dominance of her husband is suddenly compelled to govern herself. Almost at one stroke she has lost the authority of a little world and has been thrust into a very big one, which nobody, man or woman, understands very well. I have tried to suggest what this change from a world of villages has meant for politicians, clergymen and social thinkers. Well, for women, the whole problem is



aggravated by the fact that they come from a still smaller world and from a much more rigid authority.

It is no great wonder if there is chaos among the awakening women. Take a cry like that for a "single standard" of morality. It means two utterly contradictory things. For the Pankhursts it is assumed that men should adopt women's standards, but in the minds of thousands it means just the reverse. For some people feminism is a movement of women to make men chaste, for others the enforced chastity of women is a sign of their slavery. Feminism is attacked both for being too "moral" and too "immoral." And these contradictions represent a real conflict, not a theoretical debate. There is in the movement an uprising of women who rebel against a marriage which means to a husband the ultimate haven of a sexual career. There is also a rebellion of women who want for themselves the larger experience that most men have always taken. Christabel Pankhurst uses the new freedom of expression to drive home an Old Testament morality with Old Testament fervor. She finds her book liable to suppression by Mr. Anthony Comstock, who differs from her far less than he imagines. And she rouses the scorn of great numbers of people who feel that she is out not to free women but to enslave men. There is an immense vacillation between a more rigid Puritanism and the idolatry of freedom. Women are discovering what reformers of all kinds are learning, that there is a great gap between the overthrow of authority and the creation of a substitute. That gap is called liberalism: a period of drift and doubt. We are in it to-day.

The first impulse of emancipation seems to be in the main that woman should model her career on man's. But she cannot do that, for the simple reason that she is a woman. Toward love and children her attitude is not man's, as everyone but a doctrinaire knows. She cannot taboo her own character in order to become suddenly an amateur male. And if she could, it would be the sheerest folly, for there are plenty of men on this earth.

Yet at the very time when enlightened people are crying out against the horrors of capitalism, you will find many feminists urging women to enter capitalism as a solution of their prob-

lems. Of course, millions have been drawn in against their will, but there is still a good number who go in voluntarily, because they feel that their self-respect demands it.

They go in response to the desire for economic independence. And they find almost no real independence in the industrial world. What has happened, it seems to me, is this: the women who argue for the necessity of making one's own living are almost without exception upper class women, either because they have special talents or because they have special opportunities. Some time ago I attended a feminist meeting where a brilliant woman was presented to the audience as an example of how it was possible to earn a living and have twins at the same time. But it happened that the woman was a lecturer who could earn a very comfortable sum by speaking a few hours a week. Another woman at the same meeting was an actress, another had been a minister, another was a popular novelist; the only woman present who was concerned with factory work said not one word about the pleasure of earning your own living.

Now, only a very small percentage of men or women can enter the professions. For the great mass, economic independence means going to work. And the theorists of feminism have yet to make up their minds whether they can seriously urge women to go into industry as it is to-day or is likely to be in the near future. I for one should say that the presence of women in the labor market is an evil to be combated by every means at our command. The army of women in industry to-day is not a blessing, but the curse of a badly organized society. Their position there is not the outpost of an advance toward a fuller life, but an outrage upon the race, and I believe that the future will regard it as a passing phase of human servitude.

For the great mass, women's work in the future will, I believe, be in the application of the arts and sciences to a deepened and more extensively organized home. There is nothing narrowing about that, no thrusting of women back into the chimney corner. There is opportunity for every kind of talent, and for the sharing of every kind of interest. It does not mean that women need not concern themselves with industry. Far from it. For any decent kind of home women will have to develop beyond



anything we have to-day an intelligent and powerful consumers' control. They must go into politics, of course, for no home exists that doesn't touch in a hundred ways upon the government of cities, states and the nation. They have the whole educational system to deal with, not only from the public school up, but also for, what is most important of all, the education of the child from infancy to school age. Nor does it mean that every woman must be an incompetent amateur of all the arts, as she is to-day, a cook, a purchaser, a housekeeper, a trained nurse and a kindergarten teacher. Woman's work can and will be specialized, as Mrs. Gilman has pointed out, so that a woman will have a very wide choice in a host of new careers that are going to be created. A great many things which are done in each house will be done by the collective action of a group of houses. The idea of having forty kitchens, forty furnaces, forty laundries, and forty useless backyards in one square block, managed by forty separate overworked women, each going helplessly to market, each bringing up children by rule of thumb,—all that is a kind of individualism which the world will get away from.

To get away from it is an effort that will provide ample careers for most women. The elementary facts of coöperation and division of labor are being forced upon women by the wastefulness of the old kind of housekeeping. We see already the organization of housewives' associations, of common playgrounds, which some people object to when they have a roof and are called common nurseries. There are neighborhood associations, and women's municipal leagues. There are kindergartens which take away from each mother the necessity of being an accomplished teacher of the most subtly plastic period of human life.

Now with the development of some division of labor among women they will begin to earn salaries. To be paid for work in money is possible only when you don't do all the work. So the moment you divide the work the only way you can share the produce is by paying money to each worker. A woman who does her own cooking gets no pay. A woman who does some one else's cooking gets pay. And when women introduce into the work of the home the principle of division of labor and

coöperative organization, they also will receive pay, and what is called "economic independence" will be open to them.

That will, of course, be a real emancipation. If women are trained to do all the things that the existing home requires, that is, if they become amateur cooks, marketers, and Montessori mothers, and specialists in none of these things, then they have to wait till they can have a home of their own in which to display their versatility. They have to wait for a man who loves them enough to put up with their general amateurishness, or one who doesn't know any better. But the moment they specialize, so that women can do some one thing very well, they can begin to do homework before they are married. A kindergarten teacher doesn't have to bear a child before she can begin to teach a child. She has a place in the world, a livelihood, and a self-respect because she can do something which is needed. She can marry for love, because she desires children of her own, because she wants what the family can give, not because she is a detached and meaningless female until she is married.

What this will mean for everyone is almost beyond the imagination of most people to-day. We are just beginning to realize that the intense narrowness of women is one of the things that thwart human effort. The number of wives who have egged their husbands on to ruthless business practices, the inventive minds that have been stunted by a fierce absorption in the little interests of the household—all the individualism of women is a constant obstacle to a larger coöperative life. If we knew the details of why men falter, why they are pulled away from common action, we should find, I believe, in unnumbered cases that there was some woman at home, a mother or a wife, who, limited in her whole vision, was clinging desperately to some immediate, personal advantage. And as for children, in their most educable period, they are surrounded by an example of isolation, made to feel that the supreme concern of human life is to look in toward the home, instead of out from it. It is no wonder that democracy is so difficult, that collective action is impeded by a thousand conflicting egotisms. Every one of us is trained in a little water-tight compartment of his own.

From the economic and spiritual subjection of its mother,



the child forms its ideal of the relation of men and women. We speak about the influence of the parents. It is deeper than most of us realize. The child is influenced by its parents, but not only for good, as sentimentalists seem to imagine. The boy may absorb all the admirable qualities of his father, but he is just as capable of absorbing his father's contempt for woman's mind, his father's capacity for playing the little tyrant, and his father's bad economic habits: the girl learns to obey, to wait on the lordly male, to feel unimportant in human affairs, to hold on with unremitting force to the privileges that sex gives her: and out of it all we get the people of to-day, unused to the very meaning of democracy, grasping their own with an almost hysterical tenacity.

The sense of property may be a deep instinct. But surely the nineteenth century home stimulated that instinct to the point of morbidity. For it did almost nothing to bring the child into contact with the real antidote to acquisitiveness—a sense of social property. To own things in common is, it seems to me, one of the most educating experiences in the world. Those people who can feel that they possess the parks, the libraries, the museums of their city, are likely to be far more civilized people than those who want a park which they can enclose, and who want to own a masterpiece all by themselves. It is well known that there is among sea-faring people a rare comradeship. May this not be due to the fact that the sea is there for all to use and none to own? On the high road men salute each other in passing. Farmers seem at times to have a kind of personal friendship with the weather and the turning seasons, and those things which no single man can appropriate.

Now in the complicated civilization upon which we are entering, it will be impossible for many people to enjoy the primitive sense of absolute possession. We shall need men and women who can take an interest in collective property, who can feel personally and vividly about it. One of the great promises of the conservative movement is the evidence it gave of a passionate attachment to public possessions. But that attachment is something that almost everyone to-day has had to acquire after he was grown up. We are all of us compelled to overcome the

habits and ideals of a childhood where social property was almost unknown. In this respect the only child is perhaps the most deeply miseducated. He has had what he had as his in fee simple. But all children have far too little contact with other children—too few toys that are owned in common, too few group nurseries. Now boys when they grow to be a bit older do come in for a little social education. The gang is a fine experience, even though a few windows are smashed. The boy who can talk about “us fellers” has a better start for the modern world than the little girl of the same age who is imitating her mother’s housekeeping. From the gang to the athletic team, class spirit, school spirit—with all their faults and misdirected energy—they do mean loyalty to something larger than the petty details of the moment.

One of the supreme values of feminism is that it will have to socialize the home. When women seek a career they have to specialize. When they specialize they have to coöperate. They have to abandon more and more the self-sufficient individualism of the older family. They will have to market through association. They will do a great deal more of the housework through associations, just as they are now beginning to have bread baked outside and the washing done by laundries that are not part of the home. If they are not satisfied with the kind of work that is done for the home, but outside of it, they will have to learn that difficult business of democracy which consists in expressing and enforcing their desires upon industry. And just as from the kindergarten up, education has become a collective function, so undoubtedly a great deal of the care and training of infants will become specialized.

This doesn’t mean baby-farms or barracks or any of the other nightmares of the hysterical imagination. Nobody is proposing to separate the child from its parents any more than the child is now separated. It is curious how readily any woman who can afford it will trust her infant to the most ignorant nurse-girl, and then be horribly shocked at the idea of trusting her child to day nurseries in charge of trained women. The private nurse-girl often abuses the child in unmentionable ways, but she is preferred because she seems somehow to satisfy the



feeling of possession. The penalty that grown-ups pay for the sins of the superstitious and unsocialized nursery is something that we are just beginning to understand from the researches of the psychiatrists.

There is one question about feminism which is sure to have risen in the mind of any reader who has followed the argument up to this point. Does the awakening of women mean an attack upon monogamy? For the moment anyone dares to criticise any arraignment of the existing home, he might as well be prepared to find himself classed as a sexual anarchist. It is curious how little faith conservatives have in the institution of the family. They will tell you how deep it is in the needs of mankind, and they will turn around and act as if the home were so fragile that collapse would follow the first whiff of criticism.

Now I believe that the family *is* deeply grounded in the needs of mankind, or it would never survive the destructive attacks made upon it, not by radical theorists, mind you, but by social conditions. At the present moment over half the men of the working-class do not earn enough to support a family, and that's why their wives and their daughters are drawn into industry. The family survives that, men and women do still want to marry and have children. But we put every kind of obstacle in their way. We pay such wages that young men can't afford to marry. We do not teach them the elementary facts of sex. We allow them to pick up knowledge in whispered and hidden ways. We surround them with the tingle and glare of cities, stimulate them and then fall upon them with a morality which shows no quarter. We support a large class of women in idleness, the soil in which every foolish freak can flourish. We thrust people into marriage and forbid them with fearful penalties to learn any way of controlling their own fertility. We do almost no single, sensible, and deliberate thing to make family life a success. And still the family survives.

It has survived all manner of stupidity. It will survive the application of intelligence. It will not collapse because the home is no longer the scene of drudgery and wasted labor or because children are reared to meet modern civilization. It will not col-

lapse because women have become educated, or because they have attained a new self-respect.

But in answer to the direct question whether monogamy is to go by the board, the only possible answer is this: there is no reason for supposing that there will be any less of it than there is to-day. That is not saying very much, I know, but more than that no honest person can guarantee. He can believe that when the thousand irritations of married life are reduced, the irritations of an unsound economic status, of ignorance in the art of love, then the family will have a better chance than it has ever had. How many homes have been wrecked by the sheer inability of men and women to understand each other can be seen by the enormous use made of the theme in modern literature. It does not seem to me that education and a growing sensitiveness are likely to make for promiscuity.

For you have to hold yourself very cheaply to endure the appalling and unselective intimacy that promiscuity means. To treat women as things and yourself as a predatory animal is the product not of emancipation and self-respect, but of ignorance and inferiority. The uprising of women as personalities is not likely to make them value themselves less, nor is it likely that they will be satisfied with the fragments of love they now attain. Of course, every movement attracts what Roosevelt calls its "lunatic fringe," and feminism has collected about it a great rag-tag of bohemianism. But it cannot be judged by that; it must be judged by its effect on the great mass of women who, half-consciously for the most part, are seeking not a new form of studio and café life, but a readjustment to work and love and interest. There is among them, so far as I can see, no indication of any desire for an impressionistic sexual career.

To be sure they don't treat a woman who has had relations out of marriage as if she were a leper. They are not inclined to visit upon the offspring of illegitimacy the curse of patriarchal Judæa. But so far as their own demands go they are set in overwhelming measure upon greater sexual sincerity. They are if anything too stern in their morality, and, perhaps, too naïve. But the legislation they initiate, the books they write, look almost



entirely to the establishment of a far more enduring and intelligently directed family.

The effect of the woman's movement will accumulate with the generations. The results are bound to be so far-reaching that we can hardly guess them to-day. For we are tapping a reservoir of possibilities when women begin to use not only their generalized womanliness but their special abilities. For the child it means, as I have tried to suggest, a change in the very conditions where the property sense is aggravated and where the need for authority and individual assertiveness is built up. The greatest obstacles to a coöperative civilization are under fire from the feminists. Those obstacles to-day are more than anything else a childhood in which the anti-social impulses are fixed. The awakening of women points straight to the discipline of coöperation. And so it is laying the real foundations for the modern world.

For understand that the forms of coöperation are of precious little value without a people trained to use them. The old family with its dominating father, its submissive and amateurish mother, produced inevitably men who had little sense of a common life and women who were jealous of an enlarging civilization. It is this that feminism comes to correct, and that is why its promise reaches far beyond the present bewilderment.

# THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY

ALFRED BISHOP MASON

**T**HE lack of money is the root of all evil.

There is a wise saying: "All general statements are untrue, including this one." There are evils which are not rooted in poverty, but they are as a rule easier to bear than those that are so rooted. They are also not so continuous. This is one reason why they are easier to bear. Thackeray's "Time, that grey anodyne" either heals or dulls the sharpest grief. It neither heals nor dulls the wound of the wolf outside the door. That dweller on the threshold is a more monstrous thing than ever Rosicrucian fancy framed. There is no agony that can compare with that of the riven soul of a man with wife and children who sees them suffer because his willing hands cannot find work.

Involuntary poverty is the chief curse of mankind to-day. Condescending charity, even on the colossal scale of the present time, cannot grapple with it. About four thousand charitable agencies are actively at work in New York City to-day. The four thousand agencies and the forty million dollars they spend each year give practically no let to the swollen stream of poverty that flows steadily on, filling jail, brothel, bar-room and potter's field, wrecking bodies, breaking hearts and ruining souls. The Church has done nothing in nearly twenty centuries to abolish involuntary poverty. It has long dealt in futures. It is now beginning to deal in presents. The hope of the future may sometimes stay a sick soul. The gift of the present may sometimes heal a stricken body. Neither touches the cause of the curse. No other agency than charity and the Church even tries to grapple with involuntary poverty, except, here and there, the voice of the reformer, the scorned, abused, hated, crucified reformer, the welcomed, glorified reformer.

The strongest and the weakest thing on earth is the Law,—weakest when it goes against human nature, strongest when it goes with it. It is the Law which the reformer would reform, in order to abolish involuntary poverty.



Two preventives of poverty, just two, are even suggested. They are Socialism and the Single Tax. Unless another can be found, we are morally bound to try one of these two. It cannot be that poverty is to be the general lot forever. If God has decreed that, let us "curse God and die." This Moloch who thus decrees the destruction of our children shall have no praise or reverence or belief from us. We will not dishonor God by believing in this god. Even the dull, grey level of Socialism would be better than the vast abysses, rarely reached by pale sunbeams, in which most of us dwell now. Even for individualism, sacred as it is and should be, the poverty of the mass is too great a price to pay.

The Single Tax remains to be tried, simple, straightforward, right. It will abolish involuntary poverty, without laying the weight of a finger upon the free development of the individual.

We single-taxers are fortunate in that at last we have a foe-man worthy of our steel. Every idea that is to help mankind runs a gauntlet that is a gamut. First it is ignored; then it is abused; then it is discussed; then it triumphs. The gospel of Henry George can no longer be ignored. The princes and proletariat of Privilege have found that abuse would not kill it. It has reached the stage of being a practical question. It is being discussed. It is being homœopathically applied. We dread argument now as little as we have dreaded anger in the past. We welcome the fact that the chief American authority on taxation, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, devotes thirty-two pages of the eighth edition of his *Essays in Taxation* to a reasoned rejection of the single tax. Herewith we take issue with him, we who believe that poverty can be abolished, as slavery has been. It will be abolished, whenever Christendom is converted to Christianity,—and perhaps a very long time before that Greek-Kalends' date ripens.

Professor Seligman says that the social utility theory is the acid test by which the single tax must abide. We welcome that test. The social utility theory is that the public convenience, as part of the *salus populi*, is the supreme law. He says that the difference between property in land and property in other things is one of degree. That is partly true. Land gains value in a

great city by the pressure of population. So do cabbages grown near a great city. But cabbages have a limit of price. There are many substitutes for them. Land-values seem to have no final limit. Year by year they increase. There is no substitute for land. And there is a marked difference in kind between land and other things. Bare land-value owes nothing to labor. All other taxable things owe their chief value to labor. The distinction is deep. In the Inheritance Tax chapter of his book, our courteous foe says: "It is now commonly recognized that incomes from property should pay a higher rate than incomes from labor."

The social-utility theory bids us derive the whole income of the State from the taxation of land-values, if this is for the public good. If not, not. This is true, whether the ideal basis of taxation is the theory of benefit or the theory of ability to pay. No system of taxation can make everybody pay in exact accordance with either the benefit he receives or the ability to pay which he possesses. Whatever tax-system favors most, or hinders least, the public well-being is the one to adopt.

Our antagonist says there are two fiscal defects of the single tax, viz.: it is inelastic and it intensifies the inequality of unjust assessments.

My variety of the single tax would not be inelastic. I would leave every land-owner of to-day still the owner of his land. I would let him fix, subject to revision by the courts, his own valuation of his land. I would levy upon this valuation an annual tax (at first substantially the amount he pays now) but I would take, every year hereafter, the full rental value of his land, less its rental value to-day. This form of the single tax, which avoids all confiscation in its introduction, does not appeal to many faithful followers of Henry George. They make a fetish of "Progress and Poverty." That great man is best served by correcting his few mistakes. A variation of the first named tax would increase or decrease revenue, as might be desired. At a time of sudden stress, such as war, I would levy, if needed, first an income-tax. If this did not suffice, I would supplement it with stamp-taxes. If still more money were needed, I would levy revenue-duties. These three expedients, however,



should be regarded strictly as temporary and extraordinary expedients, to be cancelled as soon as the temporary and extraordinary folly of our killing foreigners could be stopped. These things would avoid a deficit. I see no danger in having a surplus, as long as the State has outstanding debts to pay, railroads to build, canals to dig, water-power to develop, or slums to replace with model tenements. If, however, a surplus becomes inadvisable, it can be avoided by lowering the tax on the land-values of to-day.

Intensifying the inequality of unjust assessments would not be an unmixed evil, for it would tend to correct their injustice. Surely it is not beyond the power of man to make just assessments. In any city a stringent requirement that every real-estate deed should state the actual consideration paid would make the average assessment just within very few years. Under my single-tax plan, the definite test of selling-value would remain.

Professor Seligman suggests three political defects of the single tax.

First: It abolishes a protective tariff. It does, and this is a merit, not a defect.

Second: It prevents the use of the taxing power (outside of itself) as a political or social power. It does, and this is also a merit. If Governments think it wise to regulate or destroy, they should do so by direct law and not by an evasive use of the taxing power. Is there any argument for a license-tax on a bar-room which does not sustain a license-fee for a house of ill-fame?

Third: It is dangerous in a democracy to have a small class of tax-payers, because there would be no need of a budget, and the mass of citizens would have no sense of obligation to the Government and no common economic interests with it.

A budget is a statement of estimated receipts and expenditures. The necessity of it would not be diminished because the receipts would come from two forms of taxes on land-values, instead of from many forms of taxes on many things.

The average citizen would probably have a greater sense of obligation to government and a keener feeling of joint economic interest with it than he has now. If a city were to increase its

activities in providing parks, playgrounds, hospitals and schools and in preventing disease, and were to add to these a persistent activity in feeding school-children, in taking over urban transit, gas and electricity, and in substituting model-tenements for slums, would not the average citizen feel more obliged, more interested, than he does now? He now feels an alien to a Government controlled by Big Business. He would then feel himself part of a Government controlled by the people. Of course all this means many activities outside of the single tax, but the latter would give the means to pursue them, and the average citizen would be heartened to pursue them if he knew that he and his kind, now the prey of monopoly and privilege, had mastered their chief master, land-monopoly and land-privilege.

Our opponent declares the single tax is unethical because it is not universal and because it is unequal.

No tax and no set of taxes can be universal. Exempt classes of objects appear in practically every law,—such as household furniture and incomes below a certain amount. Professor Seligman would himself abolish the tax on personal property, save in so far as that property is levied upon by income-taxes, corporation-taxes, or franchise-taxes. All owe a duty to support the State, but there are other ways of supporting the State besides paying direct taxes, such as jury-duty, militia-service, school-attendance, answering the call of police officers for help, exemplifying law and order in one's own life and teaching that doctrine to others by precept and example. The Minnesota school fund, thanks wholly to the public ownership of the increment-value of school lands, is or soon will be sufficient to support the Minnesota schools. None would claim that in that event a school tax should be levied because taxes should be "universal." Now we believe that the public owns the whole increment-value of all land. Personally, I propose to take only part of it, because I think we are morally estopped from taking it all, if we can get along on part of it, as we can. This increment-value is like the Minnesota school fund. If it will pay all our expenses, why levy other taxes? Since universality cannot possibly be attained, under any system, why condemn the single tax because universality is not attained under it?



There would be no inequality, of course, as between land-owners. There would be inequality between land-owners and—say—bondholders. But such inequality, too, is inherent in every tax-system. If, in time of war, we put a stamp tax on bank cheques, we are not bound thereby to put a stamp tax, as Mexico does, upon bills. It is unequal that a man who presents a bill and receives a cheque for it should not pay for a tax stamp, when the man who receives the bill and presents a cheque must pay for a tax stamp; but because we annoy people who draw cheques by making them put tax stamps upon them, it does not follow that in order to be just we must annoy people who present bills by making them buy tax stamps, too. Equality, like universality, tends to convince by its very sound. It sounds self-evident. But there are so many exceptions to the rule that the rule does not hold good. No tax system is ever, in its results, either universal or equal.

Under this same heading, our professor pleads that land values do not always increase and that many other values have unearned increments.

Land values as a whole tend to increase constantly. The occasional individual exceptions to this rule would be cared for by my single-tax system. As the rental value fell, the tax would fall. But it is to be remembered that while certain lots in New York City are worth less in 1913 than they were in 1907, every one of them is worth a great deal more now than it was in 1807.

It is true that there are other unearned increments, but most of them fall under the rule of *de minimis* and the few that do not cannot be reached by any tax-gatherer. Professor Seligman cites an investment of \$100,000 in Sugar Trust stock, which suddenly becomes worth \$170,000 by a market advance. There will be fewer such rapid advances in the future. The profits of the Sugar Trust came partly from good management, but largely from the fact that it could buy by campaign subscriptions the power to write the sugar tariff and could also buy the Government weighers.

This high authority, who writes with an assured desire to state the truth, thinks there are three economic defects in the single tax.

First: Its yield would not suffice for the expenses of poor communities. This can be met by changing the unit-area of taxation; by assessing real estate at its full value; and by applying the doctrine he himself states in his chapter on Separation of State and Local Revenues: "Many of the expenditures of local communities ought to be defrayed by the State Government." The slums of New York do not yield in taxes enough to cover the city expenditures on the slum population. If each slum area were treated as an independent unit of taxation, this objection as to the single tax in poor communities would apply to any tax in this particular area. We make it part of a unit which embraces all classes of population and so raise money for its needs. Enlarge, then, the "poor community" unit of taxation, if necessary. I need not enlarge upon the other two points: assessment of real estate at full value and dividing expenditures properly between local and State Governments.

Second: The single tax would injure farmers. The proof offered of this is a comparison between land and other assessments in sundry communities. The flaw in this proof is the almost universal custom of assessing land below its real value. This is particularly true of unimproved land. An assessor who lists an improved lot at 60 per cent. of its value will often list an unimproved one as low as 10 per cent. of its value. The Manhattan Single Tax Club laid before Mayor Strong proof that Astor holdings on the Harlem River were assessed at one-tenth of their value, while improved small lots in that neighborhood were assessed at 60 per cent. This tendency is general throughout the country. If corrected, the figures cited would certainly be radically changed. If, after such change, they still failed to show that the single tax would lighten the farmers' burden, I would then make its adoption a practical question by exempting land holdings up to \$3,000 apiece from any taxation, basing such exemption upon (1) the homestead theory; (2) the *de minimis* theory, which in every country with an income tax exempts incomes below a certain figure; and (3) upon the frank statement that the great public benefits from the single tax would justify whatever reasonable small exemptions were necessary to obtain a majority for it.



Third: The single tax would not benefit rich urban communities, because the exemption of improvements from taxation would not (1) cause increased building; (2) lower rents; (3) increase wages; and (4) cause general prosperity.

The vital point is No. 1. If there is increased building, there will be more buildings for rent and therefore lower rents; there will be more opportunities for work and therefore higher wages; and the combination of lower rents and higher wages will, in any normal period, tend to general prosperity.

The question is, then: "Will the exemption of improvements increase building?"

Professor Seligman's first point is that capital cannot be found for the new buildings; that "what is put into new houses will, therefore, simply be so much taken away from other productive employments." This objection, if valid, would have prevented the construction of railroads and the development of electric power and light. Whenever an opportunity of great profit is offered, capital comes. It comes from three sources: (1) other productive, but less productive, employments; (2) unemployed wealth; (3) new capital, created by thrift (partly due to the reward of thrift offered by the new opportunity) and by the abundant returns of the new opportunity so far as it has been utilized.

The second point made is that a house tax falls wholly upon the renter only when houses alone are taxed; that when land, personal property, corporations and incomes are taxed, "the tendency for [the house tax] to be shifted [upon the renter] will be diminished." If diminished, which I doubt, it would not be cancelled. Probably no building has ever been built for rent without the owner's being convinced that after paying taxes out of his net rents, the remainder would yield him a good return on his investment. If a man decided in 1912 to put \$100,000 into a building for rent on Manhattan Island and expected the building to be assessed at its full value, he figured that, after paying a building tax of \$1,830, the residue of his rents would yield him a fair return on \$100,000. Is it not clear, too, that if the supply of three-room apartments in any city were to be materially increased within a year, their rental would fall?

Our author doubts whether much unoccupied land is held for

speculative purposes in large cities. He cites the official figures showing only 467 vacant lots in 1911 south of Fourteenth Street, on Manhattan Island, out of 24,203 parcels. But here he overlooks the large number of lots inefficiently improved or improved only with "tax-payers." The majority of lots in the whole city to-day are unimproved. The single tax would force their improvement. The professor thinks that the "rents in the slums" would not be "affected," because the slum-dwellers like the "social opportunities of contact" and the toiler must be "near his work." In January, 1913, there were 78,115 dark rooms, including 23,788 without windows, in New York City, in which people lived,—if such rotting existence can be called living. Did anybody ever deliberately choose to mildew in such a room on account of its "social opportunities of contact"? The single tax would provide funds for the construction of transit systems at much lower fares than those of to-day. The new sets of homes would give the "social opportunities of contact"; the new transit facilities would put the workman, wherever he lived, "near his work." Would not, then, the "rents in the slums" be "affected"?

Western Canada is of course of much interest to us just now. It is the scene of a "boom," which is bound to collapse, and this collapse will hereafter be cited (unjustly) as due to the single tax. The rate of taxation there has been far too low to check land speculation. The official figures of new buildings in Seattle and Vancouver, however, for the last twelve years,\*

\* Population, 1901, Seattle, 96,000; Vancouver, 26,000; 1912, Seattle, 250,000; Vancouver, 150,000. Here are the comparative figures of new buildings:

	<i>Seattle</i>	<i>Vancouver</i>
.....	\$4,569,788	(1) \$731,716
1902.....	6,325,108	(1) 883,607
1903.....	6,495,781	(1) 1,426,148
1904.....	7,808,120	(1) 1,968,501
1905.....	6,704,784	(1) 2,653,000
1906.....	11,920,488	(2) 4,308,410
1907.....	13,572,770	(2) 5,632,744
1908.....	13,377,329	(2) 5,950,893
1909.....	19,084,853	(2) 7,258,565
1910.....	17,163,080	(3) 13,150,365
1911.....	7,491,156	(3) 17,652,642
1912.....	8,415,325	(3) 19,388,332

(1) 50 per cent. improvements taxed.

(2) 25 per cent. improvements taxed.

(3) Improvements exempted.



would seem to prove, after deducting the probable results of all other causes, that exempting buildings from taxation causes a great increase in building. And as this is *a priori* true, this *a posteriori* proof seems conclusive of our claim that the exemption of improvements will increase building.

In summing up his view of what could properly be done now, our antagonist—it would perhaps be more fitting to call him our judge, for except in one instance his attitude is that of the judge, highly resolved to discover the truth—our judge, then, marches part way with us on the path of progress. He says: “By enforcing the [land] tax laws as they exist to-day, by extending the law of special assessments to all the cases which are properly referable to the principle of benefits, by levying a special tax on unbuilt city lots and by adding to the existing code of taxation some form of increment-value land-taxes, we shall in all probability do as much as is under existing conditions either practicable or equitable.” This, excellent as far as it goes, is but a student’s saying, a bit of cloistered wisdom, timidly peering beyond the cloister’s rim into the great world, but shrinking back from its splendid hurly-burly. Hear Emerson on cloistered minds: “The luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see,—how you can see; ‘it must be somehow that you stole the light from us.’ They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.”

Professor Seligman is honest and will do well. His face is set toward the light. Presently the cloister will be too small for him and he will see “the immortal light” that will shine over a world that has come forth from the chill darkness of poverty.

Let none think that the single tax is still but an academic question. It has beaten upon the barred doors of every legislature the world over until many of those doors have half-opened to it. It is in part the law of the greatest two empires, Great

Britain and Germany. The British Labor platform has as its first plank: "Appropriate land-values for social uses." Practically every German city of importance taxes the unearned increment. Paris now assesses land and buildings separately, which is the first step toward land-value taxation. France has a single-tax review. In Sweden, Parliament has been discussing sundry single-tax measures and the conservative leader has honored us by declaring that ours is "the most dangerous heresy yet promulgated." In Denmark, twenty members of the Danish Henry George League have been elected to Parliament. The last Spanish Cabinet was openly in favor of a municipal single tax. The under-secretary to the Prime Minister was leader of the land-values group in the Cortes. The South African Labor party has petitioned for the single tax. Australia and New Zealand have it in part. China has its almondest eyes fixed upon it. In Uruguay, in the Argentine, in Sao Paolo, the most advanced State in Brazil, there is single tax agitation and official help. In this country, Everett, Washington, and Pueblo, Colorado, have voted to follow our gospel. Houston, Galveston, Beaumont, Waco and San Antonio, Texas, assess buildings at a lower rate than land. Nearly one-third of the members of the Lower House of the New York legislature are pledged to support this part of our faith. Pittsburgh and Scranton have been authorized by State law to reduce gradually taxes on buildings. Before the law was submitted, the Mayor of Pittsburgh sent his chief tax expert to Western Canada to study the system in operation there. He reported in favor of it. The Minnesota Tax Commission reported as the result of its special study of Canadian conditions that the concentration of taxes on land values had worked so well that nobody there wished to return to the old system. Glasgow, Scotland, sent a tax expert there last October. He reported in favor of the plan of exempting buildings from taxation. In February, 1913, the Province of Saskatchewan abolished all taxes outside of cities except those on land-values, with a surtax of  $6\frac{1}{4}$  cents per acre upon large areas not cultivated. Step by step, we draw nearer our goal.

As I have said in substance elsewhere:

When the full rental value is taken, enough of all land



will be forced into such use as it is best fitted for. This will mean a great demand for labor. No labor of any kind is possible without the use of land. The more land used, the more labor employed. The wage scale will leave the minimum wage far behind. With employment open to everyone, involuntary poverty will disappear. Drunkenness, which is caused by poverty more often than it causes poverty, will cease to defile our civilization. The hideous traffic in women, based in almost every white-slave case upon the pressure of poverty, will also cease. The happiness which has died in many a tenement will be born again in many a home. People may scorn us as fanatics and madmen. Better men have been so scorned. But people can understand the faith and the zeal that burn within us and make us toil for the single tax only when they understand that we verily believe that through the single tax the nation that abolished kingcraft in the eighteenth century and slavery in the nineteenth will in the twentieth abolish involuntary poverty.

God speed the day.

## PAN-SLAVISM IN AMERICA

C. TOWNLEY-FULLAM

### I

IT is not many years since an accomplished writer, Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, with whom, by the by, I have shivered socio-political lances in agrarian fields, threw light, in the pages of *The North American Review*, upon the extent to which we moderns have revived the semi-divine cult of Pan.

What he did not mention, what America may scarcely be prepared to hear, is that, substituting geographical for racial incidence, the God was reincarnated in the infant Republic herself.

Such, nevertheless, is the fact. Years before a genial British Minister had asked to be conducted upstairs and shown "where those dam Colonies are"; a century before Germany had become a corporate entity; before the birth of Cavour; at a time when the view of Russia from her oriel on the Neva was still a little obscure, the germ of Pan-Slavism had passed its embryonic stage in the fertile and constructive brain of Alexander Hamilton. That he should have found his interpreter in Monroe, a man saturated with political parts fundamentally diverging from all that was characteristic of his own brilliant genius, is one of the two classic ironies of American history. But, Federalist or Republican, America, so soon to stagger beneath the weight of the white man's burden, did certainly foreshadow the sober recognition of those imperial responsibilities which still obscure her ultimate Destiny, long before Europe had emerged from the cataclysm of the Encyclopædists.

The potential Slav element in the American problem was wholly eliminated by the Alaska Purchase. Whether this was another instance of the "traditional friendship" of Russia for America manifested so signally, according to *The Moscow Gazette*, by "great service to the Union in the dark days of the Civil War," is an academic point. That which matters is that



unofficial German striving in Brazil, its solidarity within the Union, Italian movements in Argentina and certain British vested interests here and there along the Continent are much nearer to the activities of the general situation than Slav ambition and propaganda. America is thus able to contemplate in perspective and with that sense of aloofness which premises stable judgment, a movement which shares with Pan-Islamism, its mortal enemy, the double characteristics of convergent direction and illimitable potentialities in spheres strictly within the orbit of the Old World.

## II

Palacky, the historian of the Czechs (Bohemians), mourns the establishment of the Magyar in Europe in telling words. . . . "Slavdom never received a more fatal blow. . . . The Magyar by driving a wedge into the heart of the State destroyed it and therewith all the hopes of the Slavs." To-day the unbroken line of Germans, Magyars and Dacian-Roumanians stretches from the Baltic to the Euxine and effectually divides the great family into two groups.

Each of these is Pan-Slav in the racial sense, but whilst the movement in Russia is merged in Imperialism, that in the southern division is directed toward the founding of a new South Slav realm and is marked by all that splendid energy, restless activity and genius for intrigue which characterized the Society of Jesuits three hundred years ago.

To the northern section belongs the great enigma, Russia herself. To anyone not accustomed to the nuances of Slav diplomacy and the deadly patience of the race, she might appear to be for the moment quiescent. To act or to count upon this assumption would entail disaster. There is nowhere in the world a bureaucracy, a Civil or a Diplomatic Service so designedly untrammelled in respect of initiative. The Russian agent is, however, endowed with the deep, undemonstrative reverence for the Fatherland, if not for the Little Father, which is the sure guarantee of fidelity. He neither looks for nor needs instructions. Whatever the conjuncture, in Belgrade, in Vienna, in Constantinople, the Russian representative acts as

his judgment dictates, but always in a forward direction. Let the matter pass without protest, Russia has gained: let there be an uproar, nothing so easy as to disavow the act and remove the man. But that removal involves, after an interval more or less decent, sure promotion. The higher ranks of Russian officialdom are filled with men whom public opinion in other countries would have adjudged to be hopeless failures. Of such a type is Count Bobrinski, the man who so recently involved Upper Hungary in the treasonable unrest which forced the Dual Monarchy to diplomatic action.

Russia waits, still with the same deadly patience, for a reversion of spoil which must follow the expected dissolution of the Monarchy. If that moment ever come it will involve Bukovina, Galicia, the country of the Little Russians, Ruthenes, and a section of Hungary within the ring of the Carpathians. It is well worth waiting for.

To the southern section belong Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Croatia-Slavonia and the Slovine districts, a formidable confederacy whose latest achievements, on strict Pan-Slav lines, have been the Balkan wars, veiled rebellion in Croatia and the establishment, in America, of guilds for the education of the West.

The main objectives of the South Slavs, of whom only the Servians and the Croats really count in America, are firstly Unity, secondly the carving out of their own and their neighbors' territory a South Slav kingdom which shall revive the old glories of Dusan.

Unity is by way of being achieved. "The Croat language is Serb written in Latin; the Serb language Croat written in Cyrilline characters." True, the religion of the one people is traditionally Catholic; of the other Orthodox; but the lines of division in this field are being ruled out as essentially subordinate to the larger aims. As for the South Slav Kingdom, the idea itself involves no inherent impossibility. What it does involve is a radical change in the organism of the Dual Monarchy; a war with Hungary, to whom Croatia stands in much the same relation as Ireland does to England; a war with Italy, whose lively concern in the Trentino, the Quarnero and the



Albanian shores is the fly in the ointment of the Triple Alliance; and the certain intervention of Germany—in a word Europe, as we know it, a historic memory. This is no lurid picture to the political vision. Europe is always in course of transition.

### III

South Slavdom in America is represented chiefly by emigrants from Croatia, Slavonia and Dalmatia, Hungarian subjects who live, in the New World, for money rather than citizenship. That is not in any sense a reproach, but a simple indication that in the racial economy of the Commonwealth these are unstable and unassimilable values.

Croatian and Servian immigrants are highly organized in a political sense. They have their National Associations; funds; press organs, both in English and Servian, fearlessly advocating views whose expression would be summarily arrested in the less favored Fatherland; protagonists; orators, indeed all that makes the truculent life worth living. Of their collective influence it is sufficient to record that Stephen Dojcsics, tried last year for a bungling attempt to assassinate the Bán (Palatine) of Croatia, stated that he came direct from Chicago to Agram for that single purpose. The result of all this trouble must, from his point of view, have seemed scandalously inadequate.

At the head of the aggressive movement stands the *Narodna Hrvatska Zajednica*, an unappetizing mouthful whose home is Pittsburgh. Its most imposing credentials are a membership of 30,000 and a capital of 80,000 dollars. The *Hrvatska Savez* of New York counts 12,000 heads, that of Chicago 10,000. Cleveland, Seattle and San Francisco are a little behindhand in point of numbers and resources, but still sufficiently important to be taken into account.

In the case of purely Servian, that is Hungarian-Servian, associations, the high-water mark is a membership of 10,000. There are several such at or about this level whose names need not be catalogued. The Croatians forming no entity in international law, and their operations being directed against their own Government, it is a necessary consequence that they should

depend rather upon their own exertions than upon State grants. No such disability attaches to the Servians who, through their chief, Michael Pupin, sometime of the Consular Service at home, received from the *mother country* \* 60,000 dinar annually,—roughly 12,000 dollars. Of this sum two-thirds goes to the support of the *Srpoki Dnevnik*, a Servian daily in New York and chief organ of the Croatian and South Hungarian Servians in America. There are, of course, many other journals, upwards of twenty, which depend upon the support of their own clientèle. The *Zajednicsar* claims a circulation of 35,000 copies, nor is there reason, in this case, to discount actuarial estimates. The latest departure is the *Slavic Exponent*, a Pittsburgh journal appearing in fair English. This is framed by Pupin and Marohnics, vice-president of the union.

It is obvious that no common impulse could have moved practically the whole of the adult Hungarian sub-Croat population of America to concerted action. The bases are, of course, long-standing grievances, wrong-headed interpretations of public law, traditions of imperial glory, but, above all, the new conception of Great Serbia, founded in the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Dual Monarchy and erected into canonical truth by the successes of Serbia in the recent Balkan wars.

Great Serbia commands the faith of Serbia herself, together with that of those Servians who, in an ethnological sense, extended her frontiers by moving into Hungarian territory to escape the onslaught of the Turks. But for the fact that the districts so occupied ran almost co-terminously with the lands of Croatia-Slavonia, Croats would have no more than an academic interest in the new faith. As it is, the projected new Kingdom of the South Slavs has so much in its favor that no

\* The term "mother country" is, from every point of view but that of the Serbo-Magyars themselves, a crude misnomer. The real mother country is Hungary herself. This people, having been domiciled in Magyar territory for six centuries or so, cannot be considered either in a derivative or a historical sense as other than an integral constituent of the Magyar body-politic. The Statute of Limitations applies, in terms of all historic precedents, to peoples as to individuals. The case-law applicable to the argument is drawn from our own records. If this claim were admitted at all it would suggest a still-existent line of cleavage between Norman and Saxon. The parallel could be pursued to meet the cases of Aragon and Castile, Inca and Peruvian, Boston and New York, . . . *ad nauseam*.



violent disturbances of ethnological values would follow its establishment.

The position of Croatia may be justified in a sense; that of the Hungarian Servians not at all. Croatia was once a kingdom and undoubtedly able to treat on equal and independent terms with its neighbor Hungary. Juridical theories, subject, as they are, to the disadvantage of possessing national rather than international value, would justify all her State aspirations. It is curious that the Magyar, the one man in the world who, in misfortune and disaster, has preserved inviolate every formula of his public law, should not be able to appreciate this standpoint.

The position of Servians in Hungary is no different from that of Flemish weavers who came to England to escape Alva and the Great Commander; visitors in distress; refugees to be succored and comforted, but hardly encouraged to found a polity inimical to the institutions which served their need. Even Servia herself is in no case to prefer any extraordinary claim. Belgrade, her metropolis, was a Hungarian city conquered by Dusan, the parricide, in Servia's heroic age, reconquered for Hungary by the Hunyadi, the magnificent white Knight of Wallachia, and destined to be long the disputed spoil of Turk and Magyar before passing finally into Servian hands.

The movement, in its ultimate analysis, is imbedded in the theory of Great Servia, which commands the sympathetic adherence, as potential subjects, of all Serbs or Hungarians, in Bosnian and Montenegrin territory and reflects the hopes of racial unity of a Croatia squirming uneasily under Turanian dominion.

There are, of course, far-sighted Croats who enter a caveat against this tendency, and their reply is the reply of Hungary when urged by Napoleon to desert the Austrian alliance. "Better the devil we know than the devil we don't know." These are stigmatized as *Magyaron*, which, in modern Anglo-Saxon, may be rendered "*Pro-Boer*." Copperhead is rather out of date.

For these ends the Pan-Slavs are systematically working in America, betraying those virtues of order, discipline, steady purpose, union and resolution so conspicuously lacking on the other side.

For these ends they count upon enormous funds, the moral weight of collective effort and a truly marvellous organization headed by a strong but illiberal press. Regarded as literature, their journals are frankly demagogic, revolutionary, and not so much seditious as brazenly treasonable and inhuman. Far be it from me to suggest that revolution and moral turpitude are interchangeable terms, or that any man or set of men should be forever muzzled by the dead convention of Metternichian negativism. "When the people of England do not like a law they break it," says Bishop Ridding. The sentiment is not so providentially English that its application should be restricted to ship-money and stamp-acts. But Free Responsibility, which is what America really won at the sword's point, is not to be gained by the argument of Sicilian Vespers, nor is the sympathy of the West or the moral weight of its public opinion to be enlisted by however good a case, presented in the questionable crimson of the Kaffir who holds the second white man a vicarious sacrifice for the misdeeds of the first.

Making every allowance for facts, as that man, by the law of his evolution, is a rebel *in posse*; that settled order is the mere fetish of the well-found part of the body-corporate; that the ozonic principle of the New World conduces to exuberance; it may yet be urged that the doctrines of the Mafia are in themselves as sure evidence of defective political instinct as is the crude conception which concentrates on the exponent whilst letting the system go. Amurath to Amurath succeeds in unbroken order, but the machine moves on. What will it profit the Slav if that monarch, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," whom, on the Day of Cyril and Method, he posted in America as treacherous, perjured, steeped in the blood of martyrs, unnatural, tyrannical, drenched with blood and tears and I know not what, end, at the pleasure of the gods, the long and sad course that he has run at their bidding? The wheel will still revolve, the system still operate.

No sensible man, Croat or American, needs the vision of the reception of a Kossuth in Broadway to teach him that America herself is the pulsating protest against old-world Byzantinism and cast-iron oppressive Bureaucracy. She is not always logical



when confronted with phenomena sometimes beyond the prophylaxy even of Revolution, but she is consumed with the eager sympathetic interest born of experience. In proportion, then, as she is ever prepared to grant a hearing to an *ex parte* case,—and every case must, in the nature of things, be *ex parte*,—regard should always be had that her confidence be not abused, her judgment be not snapped, as it were, her moral sense be not outraged. “You can fool all of the people some of the time.” The danger is that man, in the mass, finding himself trapped, is liable to take blind vengeance for an insult to his deeper feelings.

It is mere objective truth to say that Pan-Slavism is abusing American hospitality. This involves no condemnation of the conception, but solely of the method. The Pan-Slav ideal, academically viewed, is to be attained by substituting for a culture, stable and progressive, a civilization demonstrably inferior in moral and economic values. I ask any unprejudiced tribunal competent to represent the sober public opinion of the West, whether the cause of man is more likely to advance under the influence of that Magyar culture which, in a socio-political sense, does undoubtedly lead the world, than under the ægis of the politically immature and semi-barbarian South-Slav, who, in our comity, had barely passed the christening stage. And I anticipate the answer.

This applies to both Servian and Croat. The former is, of course, entirely out of court; but the Croat, if he will present it fairly, is in good case. He has a political concordat with the Magyar which is not being carried out in either letter or spirit. Times and again I have pointed out, in the name of the honor of the Magyar, in the name of international,—interstate,—*pace* the quibble,—obligation, that contractual fulfilment should be made. The courage of the Magyar, which is a legend amongst men, fails when he is faced with the necessity of putting the statute into operation, or, alternatively, with the logical necessity of repealing it and coming to terms again.

If I felt competent to offer advice to the Croat, it would run in these terms:

“Concentrate on the logic of the situation and the temper of the age. Work for federation, in which not only you but the

components of the monarchy itself must ultimately seek salvation. That is true service to the Crown. Pause before throwing in your lot with a civilization admittedly upon the lower plane: salvation never yet lay in descent. Above all, come before the world with clean hands; blood is hopelessly out of fashion, at best a vulgar argument."

Which advice will be palatable to neither Magyar nor Slav, but will make its modest appeal to the strong and incomparable good sense of the race beyond the seas whose heritage is, in part, a political instinct always alert, never liable, in extraneous cases, to err on the side of undue partiality for the *morale* of a faith which imagines that kingdoms are to be founded by the knifing of a viceroy and that the best argument for the holding together of Society is the argument of the Thug.



# THE INTELLECTUAL AWAKENING IN ATHENS AND ITS MODERN ANALOGY

ALBERT AUGUSTUS TREVER

**D**URING the latter half of the fifth century B.C., a great intellectual awakening swept over all Greece. Philosophic speculation had ceased to make progress. From whatever direction it was pursued, it had led to scepticism. The old religion of Homer and Hesiod was losing its hold on the cultured classes, and called for a critical examination from its very foundations. The spread of education and culture in the Periclean age, the rise of the drama, the great commercial expansion, the imperialistic policy of Athens, which brought her into direct contact with every part of the Mediterranean world, the Peloponnesian war, which undermined the very foundations of government and patriotism,—all these facts immensely broadened the mental horizon of the Greeks, robbed life and thought of its old simplicity, and tended to create restlessness and a spirit of criticism. The Greek race came to its majority with a thrill of pride in its new found freedom and wisdom. Careless of danger, curious of life, enamored of the new and the extreme, it exhibited the spirit of the modern boy, who tears to pieces his new machine to see how it is made.

It is our purpose to paint certain dominant tendencies in this age of Greece and to point the analogy with the intellectual conditions of to-day. The fact is recognized, of course, that general tendencies do not exactly represent the actual thought and life of any time. Just as great men like Plato, Sophocles, and Aristophanes withstood their time spirit, so there are by no means wanting men to-day to oppose the trend of modern thought and life. Certain qualities, however, stand out as markedly characteristic of both periods.

1. The latter half of fifth century Greece was an age of fierce and free criticism of everything traditional. There was a seething mental restlessness. The product of the past was no longer accepted on hearsay merely. It must be tested in the white light of criticism, and all that failed to resist the fire

must be rejected. Custom broke down. Authority was denied. The age wrote a great question-mark over everything. The uncritical superstition of Herodotus and the simple piety of Æschylus gave way to the critical doubts of Thucydides and the sceptical sneers of Euripides. Tradition, philosophical, literary, religious, moral, political, was tried before the bar of criticism with a frankness that shocked the conservative element. Nothing was so sacred as to escape. The very foundations of society were being overhauled, and the trademark of the past upon an idea or institution tended to prejudge it. It was indeed the gala-day for the new, and the chief anxiety of the cultured young Athenian of the time was to be in accord with the "consensus of modern scholarship," as represented by the Sophists, the professors of the new learning.

2. Naturally such a spirit led to scepticism and denial in religion and philosophy. The crude polytheism had done very well for a simple age, which did not examine critically into the implications of its faith. Its anomalies, rational and moral, were then, for the most part, unnoticed, and thus the old religion had served to develop the sturdy Marathonian men. But now the age of enlightenment had come, and the hoary pantheons of the Homeric Bible must go. The majority of the prominent teachers of the day were unbelievers. Protagoras was a frank agnostic; Gorgias was an absolute sceptic; Prodicus reasoned God out of the universe, while Euripides, with an ill-concealed scoff, dragged the gods from their lofty Olympus into the light of his realism, and set them up before a jury of their peers to prove their right to further toleration even as moral citizens. These are only a few reflecters of the time-spirit, which not only rationalized away the old mythologies and rejected the absurdities of the traditional faith, but even gravely questioned the reality and practical worth of religion and the supernatural altogether.

Philosophic scepticism also advanced parallel with religious denial. Scepticism had existed before in the systems of Heraclitus, Zeno, and Democritus. But here it was hardly self-conscious. It did not grasp the import of its tendencies. The new thinkers, however, were alive to this, and stated it with a



characteristic fearlessness. The famous assertion of Gorgias was, "Nothing exists. If it did exist it could not be known. If it were known, it could not be communicated." Knowledge was frankly declared to be sensation, and thus all knowledge vanished, and truth was rendered meaningless. It was, however, by a somewhat different path that the thought of the period arrived at its utter scepticism of all truth, as will be seen in the following point.

3. This critical and sceptical spirit was accompanied by an extreme individualism. Protagoras, with his "Man is the measure of all things," merely gave expression to the most characteristic mood of his time. Society existed only for the individual. The passing opinion of each man was set up as a criterion of truth, and knowledge vanished. To be sure there was some truth in this new attitude, that reality is not external to thought, and that all knowledge has a certain relativity. It involved also the important truth that, in the last analysis, the human mind, illuminated by whatever light there is, but untrammelled by tradition or external authority, must be the judge of its own truth. Moreover, it turned philosophy from a naïve consideration of abstract being to a study of thought and perception, and prepared the way for the new sciences of Psychology, Logic, and Ethics. Its basal philosophical error was the exaggeration of the differences in individual minds, and of the illusory nature of sensation, thus making both rational truth and moral distinctions meaningless.

This extreme individualism characterized the practical, as well as the thought life of the time. Denying the reality of truth, it encouraged a lack of deep conviction and sincerity. Law, divine and human, tended to lose its authority. Justice became merely a convention, Might made right, and each man could do what was right in his own eyes. The individual self-interest of the moment was upheld as supreme, and the concept of a united, mutually helpful society was lost in that of a "mutually destructive congeries of warring units." The popular slogan was "return to nature," and this in the narrow interpretation of nature as "red in tooth and claw." Thus all law was only artificial agreement, which the weak were obliged to

observe, while the true freeman followed the higher principle of the advantage of the stronger.

To be sure, this evil result was by no means universal in the practical life of the Athenian citizen, but the doctrine of extreme individualism was widespread and its effect can be easily traced in the political and social life of the time. Plato felt the necessity of spending his best energies refuting it, and he put into the mouth of one of his characters the assertion, "I have heard the same story on every side from Thrasyarchus and innumerable others, and my ears are ringing with it." The assertion of Grote that the Athenian democracy had suffered no degeneration since the Marathon days is a strange exaggeration, in the face of the selfish and unjust attitude of Athens toward her allies, the cruel disregard of all fraternal feeling between states, the decay of patriotism, the growing spirit of irreverence for law and life's sanctities, and the general confusion and anarchy that characterized the last years of the fifth century. In the language of Holm, "The new culture was a dissolvent force. It inspired each with a desire to remodel institutions in accord with his own ideas. Disintegrating criticism was applied to all conventions; and clever people who had learned too much of Gorgias and not enough of Socrates, were just as much the cause of the fall of Athens as were men like Nicias, whose defect was excessive piety."

4. In accord with this selfish individualism in thought and practical life, the time was characterized by a tendency to discard philosophy and the ideal in education for Rhetoric and the narrow practical, defined as the advantage of the moment. Rhetoric, the practical science of persuasion, became the popular study in the Greek curriculum, as a short cut to wealth, power, and political preferment. The demand of citizens, educators, and Athenian youth alike was "give us the practical," thereby meaning "give us the short cut to vulgar success." This was what the brilliant but superficial Sophists claimed to offer. The watchword was "out to win, in spite of the commandments." Patient, sincere research was at a discount. Persuasion was more important than truth. The standard of value was a narrow and selfish utility. Effect was the *summum bonum*.



This tendency to empty life of its idealism, and to measure all by a material standard was undoubtedly common in the Athens of that day, for the Sophists, the leaders of popular education, in laying such emphasis upon ability to speak well as the shortest road to practical success, were merely reflecting the time-spirit, and giving the people what they wanted. The same tendency is easily traced in the specious oratory of the Athenian demagogues, and the sophistic quibbles of the legal speeches, which were so ready to make the worse appear the better reason; in the utter transformation of Tragedy from the old idealism, by Euripides, in whose plays heroes masquerade in rags, royalty goes begging, the noblest characters lie and cheat with impunity, the ancient gods, bereft of their haloes, are revealed in all the weakness and meanness of their inner life, and art, idealism, and tradition alike are sacrificed to immediate effect. It appears also in sculpture, in the change from the stern idealism of Phidias to the detailed realism of Praxiteles, and in music, from the simple and homely themes to the complex, less ethical, and brilliant. It is even reflected, to some extent, in the teachings of Socrates and Plato, themselves, its bitterest opponents.

The general trend of Greek thought, then, in the age of the Sophists was more destructive than constructive, suggestive and critical than definitely upbuilding, and the effect upon practical life was the creation of a spirit of extreme individualism, which was blind to all except the selfish advantage of the moment.

It is safe to say that the past two decades present an analogy to these conditions, though the intellectual awakening of to-day is, of course, on a vastly greater scale than was that of fifth century Greece.

1. A fierce spirit of criticism is rife. Everything must enter its merciless crucible. No tradition is so hoary or holy, no belief so established as to escape. Every heritage of the past must stand the test, or be relegated to the lumber-room among the rags and scrap-iron of error. The criticism of to-day is far bolder and more effective than was that of the Greeks. Theirs was still trammelled by superstition. Its vision was necessarily narrow. Its tools were few and often dull. Reflection was in

its infancy and the scientific spirit was yet unborn. Modern criticism, on the other hand, is markedly untrammelled. Its instruments are many and keen. It has the dispassionate spirit and skilful method of modern science. It can neither be cajoled nor threatened. It demands that all sham and trimmings must go, and refuses to accept any substitute, however apparently useful, for truth. It is thus not only vastly more effective, but a far more dangerous weapon, in unskilled hands, than ever before.

2. Such persistent criticism is producing the same general result that it did in ancient Athens. The supposedly fundamental principles of society, ethics, and philosophy are being unsettled. The worth and truth of established religion are being boldly questioned. We have gone beyond the absolute philosophic scepticism of earlier days, but our generation is involved in one of the greatest tides of religious scepticism that the world has ever seen. In Athens, criticism attacked religion chiefly because of the irrational and immoral theology of the Greek poets. Now, however, the claims of religion are being boldly denied, in many quarters, despite the purity and sublimity of its faith. The attack is all the more dangerous too, since it is not only a theoretical but a practical scepticism, which insistently demands that the church and formal worship prove their right to further existence, by producing definite fruits commensurate with the outlay. We are being told with surprising frankness, that whatever religion has accomplished in the past, its work is now done; that it holds little for the cultured man of the twentieth century; that it has ceased to satisfy the demands of his life, or to settle for him the problem of life's meaning. There is a growing disregard for the claims of the church and formal worship, and the common indifference says louder than words that, in the belief of an increasing number of thoughtful men, life's values can just as well be conserved without these.

Freedom of thought and criticism is, of course, necessary to proper development, but the danger is that, amid such frank questioning of values so long held sacred, amid the shifting of foundations, amid the bold doubts of the established truths of the past, criticism may cease to be healthful, and exist merely for its own sake. It is liable to become drunk with destructive zeal;



to swell with pride as it stands in the midst of the idols it has shattered; to become too dogmatically sure of its so-called critical results; to over-estimate the new, and to cherish a false prejudice against the old. It is likely to engender a spirit such as Socrates found in his fellow-citizens, which because it is skilled in one thing, thinks it is called to give oracular utterance on every other subject. It is, thus, too often superficial, satisfied with negation instead of construction, with the pride of method of a budding doctor of philosophy, who discusses with most painstaking scientific criticism something of the least possible moment. It tends to uproot the plant of reverence in our lives, and to bring everything down to the street level for the vulgar jest of the crowd. It was accompanied by all these evils in ancient Athens, and it cannot be denied that lack of reverence for age, for authority, for superior wisdom, for life's sanctities generally, is a marked characteristic of our American youth to-day.

3. In accord with this spirit, just as in classic Athens, extreme individualism has been dominant in the life and thought of the past two decades. The dictum of the Sophist, Protagoras, "Man is the measure of all things," is a very popular doctrine to live by to-day. The laxity of law enforcement, the tendency to rebel against authority in any form, the violence of lynching mobs, the lawlessness of great combinations of capital and of labor unions alike, the extreme insistence upon rights instead of upon obligations, the new feminine individualism, which cries with strident note for equal recognition in politics and business, and tramples under foot the old conventions once held sacred, the appalling increase in the number of divorces in obedience to individual whim, regardless of social health, the tendency of modern philosophy to deny the existence of universal or absolute truth, the attitude so common in home, state or school, which resents any legislation that interferes with what we are pleased to call our liberties, all these are patent evidences of the dominance of this spirit in our modern life. The practical attitude of numberless men and women to-day is that of the Sophists, that laws are arbitrary restrictions, moral principles are mere conventions, and religious faith is a human invention to enslave.

Political and industrial life alike have been made a mere arena for the strife of self and passion, as it was in Greece toward the close of the Peloponnesian war.

Such extreme individualism, whether philosophic or practical, is always false and deadly. Free thought can never mean that everyone is free to think what he likes. Might never makes right. Our freedom is always necessarily conditioned by limitation of some kind. We can get on in this world only by keeping in line with law. We cannot learn chemistry or mathematics as we please. We must learn them as they are, and the mere fact that some egotist may persist in calling  $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4$  water or two times two three does not make it so, even for him. He may prove it by trying to drink the one or to do business with the other. Just so, individual opinion cannot change the abiding truth in the realm of religion or morals. It is despicable to be impure or hypocritical, or selfish or irreverent in spite of anybody's or everybody's thinking to the contrary. The moral sense of the race, not individual whim, must be our standard.

4. As the selfish individualism of the age of the Sophists was marked by a rejection of the ideal for the vulgar practical, so it is with us. The dominant slogan in America to-day is the bread and butter practical, and the chief measure of value is external success. The tides of material energy are at their flood, and the ideal in all phases of life is in danger of being engulfed by the wave of practical materialism. The modern emphasis on the practical is good, if this practical is rightly defined. It is the insistence upon a practical that puts last things first, denies the worth or even the existence of the invisible, and makes the immediate selfish pleasure the *summum bonum*, that went far to destroy the Athenian civilization, and that vulgarizes our life to-day. In industry it has put property above human life and won in spite of the commandments. It has created a horde of politicians, whose vulgar song is "My Country, 'Tis of Me" ! It is the basal cause of our most acute economic and social problems. It has proclaimed abroad in our colleges the Philistine doctrine that the supreme purpose of a college education is to learn to make an easier living. It is reflected in the lack of intellectual seriousness, anxiety for immediate



effect, striving for shrewdness and brilliancy at the expense of depth and genuineness that characterize too much of our contemporary literature. It is a dominant spirit in modern life.

However, as has been stated, the intellectual tendencies of the age of the Sophists were not unqualifiedly evil. They were necessary for the development of a larger freedom, and were rich in abiding results for the advancement of human thought. The evils were rather the result of an over-emphasis of truth.

The same may be said of to-day. It is another of the clearing up periods in human thought, when all the forces of the past seem to have broken upon us. The new enlightenment dazzles our vision, causing us to emphasize certain phases of truth unduly. Thus criticism has been too exclusively destructive, ideals have become blurred, and evils have resulted. Yet, as the age of the Sophists prepared the way for a more scientific ethics, a more critical method, a broader inquiry, a new idealism, and an exact and artistic prose style; as it created grammar, rhetoric, logic, and psychology, made possible a new philosophy of concepts, and disseminated a universal culture, so the past decade or two have not been marked by decay, but by transition, and amid the seemingly dominant spirit of negation and destruction, forces have been at work to usher in the greatest constructive age the world has ever seen. Already there are signs that the tide is turning. Extreme individualism is being curbed in business and political life. The social side is being more and more emphasized in religion, ethics, and economics. Lawlessness in high and low places is receiving its long needed rebuke. The theory of law as artificial convention is meeting its refutation. Criticism is becoming more steady, more positive, more tolerant, more sympathetic. A reaction has begun in the field of education. We are coming to see that the aim of education is not primarily superficial brilliancy, business shrewdness, or even mechanical skill, but power of thought, moral stamina, good-citizenship, idealistic vision. We are emerging from this age of negative criticism with a truth broader, brighter, profounder, with a more humanitarian ethics, with a religion more vital, more rational, and shorn of its useless credos and formalisms, with a philosophy less dogmatic, more critical of its own methods and conclusions,

more directly related to life. We have been taught to preserve a better balance between individual initiative and social interest, and between ideal and practical. The time is now ripe for a twentieth century Plato or Kant to arise, who, starting from the vantage ground of this period of preparation, shall discard its fallacies and errors, use its new truth, and thus lead us to a new idealism in politics, industry, education, ethics, and religion.



# LEARNING TO THINK IN TERMS OF SPACES

CLAUDE BRAGDON

A POINT, moving in an unchanging direction, traces out a line. A line, moving in a direction at right angles to its length, traces out a plane. A plane, moving in a direction at right angles to its two dimensions, traces out a solid. Should a solid move in a direction at right angles to its every dimension, it would trace out, in four-dimensional space, a *hyper-solid*, that is, a four-dimensional form related to the solid as that is related to a plane, as a plane is related to a line, a line to a point.

The above is one of the best known, simplest, and most popular openings in the new game of *The Fourth Dimension* with which so many people are engaged in amusing themselves nowadays. As such, it can scarcely be improved upon, but for him who takes the Higher Space Theory seriously, who discerns in it new and profound truths closely related to life and conduct, there are other and more arduous exercises of the imagination in store. The thing that he must set himself to acquire is nothing short of *a new way of looking at the world*. This he will best accomplish by teaching himself to perceive space-systems and sequences, not alone in geometry, where they are obvious to the mind, but in the cosmos and in the natural world, where they are more often obscure.

As an initial exercise, let us proceed by successive stages from the contemplation of the greatest thing conceivable, the universe, to the most minute, the electron, and note the space-sequences which reveal themselves by this shifting of the point of view. Then let us erect our ladder elsewhere, ascending and descending, step by step, dimension by dimension, and so test the truth of Emerson's dictum, "Nature geometrizes," until we shall have learned to trust it utterly, even in regions where the senses fail us, and the mind alone leads on.

The greatest thing of which we can form any intelligible idea is the starry firmament unrolled before our vision, and made familiar to the mind through the study of astronomy. No limit to this vastitude has ever been assigned. Since the beginning

of recorded time, the earth, together with the sun and planets, has been steadily speeding through interstellar space at the rate of about 300,000,000 miles a year, without once meeting or passing a single star. A ray of light, travelling with a velocity so great as to be scarcely measurable within the diameter of the earth's orbit, takes years to reach even the nearest stars, centuries to reach the more distant. Viewed in relation to this universe of suns, our particular sun and all its satellites—of which the earth is one—shrink to a point. That is, the earth becomes *no-dimensional*.

The mind recoils from the contemplation of a cosmos of this magnitude: let us forsake it, then, for more familiar spaces, and consider the earth solely in its relation to the sun. Now our planet appears as a moving point, tracing out a line—a *one-space*—its path around the sun. Next let us lose the sense of this motion by accompanying it, near enough to the earth so that the human beings thereon shall appear as minute moving things, in the semblance, say, of insects infesting an apple. It is clear that from this point of view these denizens have a freedom of movement in their space, the surface of the earth, of which the earth itself, the larger unit, does not stand possessed; for while the earth can follow only a *line*, its inhabitants are free to move in the two dimensions of a *plane*.

Abandoning our latest coign of vantage, let us descend in imagination and mingle familiarly among men. We now perceive that these creatures, which from a distance produced the illusion of being in close contact with the earth's surface, are erect in a direction not embraced within its plane—that they are endowed with a power of moving their members in *three* mutually perpendicular directions. Indeed, man's ability to traverse the earth's surface is wholly dependent upon his power to move in three dimensions. Observe that with each transfer of our attention from the greater unit to the smaller, we have to deal with an additional dimension.

Looking now in imagination not *at* the body of man, but *within* it, we apprehend an ordered universe as vast in proportion to that physical ultimate which we name the electron, as is the firmament to a single star. In the infinitely minute of this bodily



organism it has been suggested that there exists a power of movement in a *fourth* dimension. Moreover, such four-dimensional movement may be the proximate cause of the phenomenon of growth, of those chemical changes whereby the organism is enabled to expand in three-dimensional space, in the same way that by a *three*-dimensional movement, the act of walking, man is enabled to traverse his two-dimensional space, the surface of the earth.

Proceed still further. Behind such organic change—presumably four-dimensional—there is the determination of some *will-to-live* which manifests itself in and to consciousness as thought and as desire. Into these things the idea of space does not enter: we think of them as in *time*. But if there are developments of other dimensions of space, thought and emotion may themselves be spatial; that is, they may find instant and perfect expression in appropriate forms. Of these, being higher-dimensional, we should be able to apprehend only the three-dimensional aspects, and to apprehend them not simultaneously, but successively—that is, as action. According to this view, a unified succession of actions, taking place in a world of three dimensions—the life, say, of an individual, or of a group—might be the dissection, the “slicing,” as it were, in our time and our space, of a single higher-dimensional form.

Such a conception of what Swedenborg calls “the ascent and descent of forms” is in strict accordance with the ideas of Plato, and with the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom of the East. Madame Blavatsky says, in *The Secret Doctrine*, “Those (metaphysical) abstractions become more and more concrete as they approach our plane of existence, until finally they phenomenalize in the form of the material Universe, by a process of conversion of metaphysics into physics, analogous to that by which steam can be condensed into water, and water frozen into ice.”

Following the hint contained in the above quotation, let us reverse the process sketched therein: consider, that is, not involution, but evolution. We must conceive of evolution as a struggle for, and a conquest of, space, dimension by dimension—a struggle which does not cease or end where the evidences of it vanish from our field of perception, but continues into higher

spatial realms of which we have no knowledge founded on ordinary experience. For evolution, as the word implies, is a *drawing out* from latency into objective reality—which can only be into spatial extension—of that which is inherent. That this process follows an exact geometrical sequence becomes evident as soon as we observe it with this idea in mind.

Consider first the three familiarly known states assumed by matter, solid, liquid, gaseous, and their transformation one into another under the influence of heat. A solid, set in free motion, can only follow *a line*, as in the case of a thrown ball. A liquid has the added power of lateral extension; its tendency, when intercepted, is to spread out in the two dimensions of a *plane*, as in the case of a griddle-cake; while a gas expands universally in three dimensions, as shown by a soap-bubble. It is a reasonable inference that the fourth state of matter, the electrical, is four-dimensional, and that there are states beyond this related to still higher developments of space.

Growth implies extension in space, and this struggle for space by which alone growth is achieved goes on everywhere and endlessly. Micro-organisms destroy and devour one another; plants contend for soil, air and moisture; animals wage deadly warfare in their ceaseless search for food. To this rule man is no exception: nations scheme, intrigue, and fight for land—and for wealth, its synonym—a nation's puissance being measured by the extent of its domain, or by its power to plant its flag and push forward its frontiers in the territory of its neighbors. The self-same impulse drives the individual. One measure of the difference between men in efficiency is the amount of space each can command: one, a house and grounds in a locality where every square inch has an appreciable value; another, some fractional part of a lodging house in the slums. When this bloodless, but none the less deadly, contest for space becomes acute, as in the congested quarters of great cities, man's ingenuity is taxed—and developed—in devising effective ways of augmenting his space-potency by burrowing beneath the earth and by piling storey upon storey—that is, by expanding in a direction not before natural to him. This third-dimensional extension, typified, let us say, in the skyscraper, is only the latest phase of



a conquest of the earth's surface which began with the line made by the trail of the first pioneer through an untracked wilderness.

Next consider Nature's method of evolution in the vegetable world and note how she "geometrizes." From the seed—a point—springs a *line* system, in stems, twigs, branches; these put forth leaves—*planes*—and from them come fruit—*solids*.

The same sequence is equally traceable in the products of man's ingenuity and skill, for when man essays the part of creator he cannot do otherwise than follow Nature's method. As Emerson said of Michael Angelo, "Himself from God he could not free." Consider the evolution of any building from its inception to its completion. It is conceived, first of all, in the mind of the architect. He gives his idea its initial physical embodiment by making, with a pencil-point, *lines* on a *plane* (a piece of paper), the third dimension being represented through and by means of the other two. With the architect's plans for a guide, the engineer establishes his points, lays out his angles, and runs his lines upon the actual site, and of the actual sizes. The mason then puts in his footing courses, making permanent and ponderable the lines established by the engineer. These lines he transforms, in due course, into vertical planes in the shape of walls. Floors and roof—horizontal planes—follow, until some portion of three-dimensional or solid space has been enclosed. Substantially the same sequence holds, whatever the kind of building, or the character of construction, whether a steel-framed skyscraper, or a wooden shanty. A *line* system, represented by columns and girders in the one case and by studs and rafters in the other, becomes, by some system of overlay or interposition, a system of *planes* so correlated and combined as to produce a *solid*.

With almost everything of man's creating—be it a bureau or a battleship—the process is as above described. First, a pattern to scale; next, an actual linear framework; then planes defining a solid. Everything may be conceived of thus in terms of dimensions. Consider almost any of the industries practised by man throughout the ages; for example, those ancient ones of weaving and basket-making, wherein lines (threads in the one case, rushes in the other) are wrought into planes to clothe a

body or to contain a burden. Or think, if you choose, of the modern industry of book-making, wherein types are assembled, impressed on sheets of paper, and bound into volumes—*points, lines, planes, solids*. The book in turn becomes the unit of a new dimensional order, the serried shelves forming lines, which, combined into planes, comprise the library's lining.

These are truisms: what have they to do, it may be asked, with the idea of *higher spaces*? They have everything to do with it, for in achieving the enclosure of any portion of solid space the limit of known dimensions has been reached without having come to any end. More dimensions—higher spaces—are required to account for higher things. All of the products of man's ingenuity are inanimate except as he himself animates them. They remain as they were made, machines, not organisms. They have no inherent life of their own, no power of growth and reproduction. In this they differ from animate creation because the highest achievement of the creative faculty in man in a mechanical way lacks the life principle possessed by the plant. And as the most perfect machine is inferior in this respect to the humblest flower that grows, so is the highest product of the vegetable kingdom inferior to man himself, the maker of the machine, because man can *think* about his own and the world's becoming, while a plant can only *become*. What is the reason for these differences of power and function? The higher-space hypothesis furnishes a partial solution of this enigma. It attributes these differences to varying potencies of movement in the secret causeways and corridors of space. The higher functions of consciousness—thought, volition, emotion—it correlates with the higher powers of numbers, and with the corresponding higher developments of space. The acceptance of such a view makes the difference between physics and metaphysics—a difference of degree, and not of kind. Evolution is then conceived of as a continuous pushing back of the boundary between representation and reality, at the cost of the transcendental part of the world and in favor of the perceived part.

There is one aspect of the higher-space hypothesis which would justify *conclusions* of this order: the demonstration, namely, by means of it, that our sense of time may be only an



imperfect sense of space. If we conceive of space as containing an infinite number of dimensions, and of consciousness as a moving—or rather as an expanding—point within this infinitely dimensional space, embracing, one by one, by means of appropriate vehicles of vibration, its infinity of potencies of movement in various directions, what logically follows? This: at every stage of the evolutionary progress, that which has been captured by consciousness takes on the space form, while that which it has not yet apprehended, and is in process of making its own, takes on the time form. That is to say, the *simultaneity* which is beyond a consciousness at any given grade to master, is presented to it *successively*, and thus apprehended. A worm, for example (which may for our purpose be taken to represent a two-dimensional consciousness inhabiting a plane), requires *time* to examine an angle or a hole, things which we, as three-dimensional beings, apprehend easily without the aid of the time form.

To show how much more largely time enters into the lower-dimensional aspects of consciousness relative to the higher, consider the predicament of a number of people wandering through the alleys of a labyrinth, or maze, and compare it to the advantage possessed by one who, having found the centre, has climbed aloft to the place of observation in the third dimension, from which the plan of the maze is plain and the peregrinations of his less fortunate fellows are readily apparent. The vicissitudes of these self-condemned wanderers, shut out from everything except the alley each has elected to follow, meeting and passing in succession others in similar plight, may be compared to our human predicament as we journey through this maze of life. Death is for us the end of this journey. Do we, at death, enter the eyrie of the fourth dimension, from which life is now perceived in its entirety and its meaning is made plain? Such surely is the hope of all, the belief of many, and if we may credit the testimony of the illumined, the certainty of the few. The higher-space hypothesis gives to the idea of immortality a curious validity and coherence, opening up to the imagination new vistas of progress, new possibilities of power.

## THE NEW MOTHERHOOD

FLORENCE KIPER

“**T**HE fundamental instincts of men and women do not change, but their direction can be changed,” says Havelock Ellis, in *The Task of Social Hygiene*.

“The wild outcry of many unbalanced persons to-day, that a falling birth-rate means degeneration and disaster, is so altogether removed from the sphere of reason that we ought perhaps to regard it as comparable to those manias which, in former centuries, have assumed other forms. . . . The change is toward a higher transformation, introducing a finer economy into life, diminishing death, disease and misery, making possible the finer ends of living, and at the same time indirectly and even directly improving the quality of the human race.” So speaks one of the greatest writers in the field of social ethics.

Whether we disapprove or not, it is undoubtedly a fact that our so-called “best” women are refusing a prolific motherhood. Not only in the United States, in France, in England, in other countries of complex culture, is the race being bred from the lower economic classes; but among the nations themselves there exists what seems to some a formidable tendency of the less civilized to crowd out by numbers the peoples of a higher civilization. In this computing, the death-rate, of course, the infant mortality, must be taken into account as well as the birth-rate, a fact overlooked by many superficial calamity-prophets. Nevertheless, there is valid enough cause for alarm to those so minded, in the voluntary restriction of breeding by the élite in wealth, in culture, in intellectual attainments.

It has been suggested—and that not mildly—by those enamored of the old order, that the emancipation of woman has been purchased at too great a price if it means the renunciation by her of her highest function, that of motherhood. It were better that she eschew college education, politics, economic independence, rather than her unique and privileged mission. At the door of the wilful and restless desire of women to usurp man’s place in the social order, has been laid much of the blame



of her refusal to bear and rear children that shall presumably be an honor to her and to the State.

The obverse of the medal has been too little considered—this fact: that one of the fundamental causes of her present emancipation is her relief from excessive child-bearing and from the affectional responsibilities that have entwined her. There are many reasons for a lowered birth-rate—among others, economic and industrial changes, the decay of religious authority, an increasing familiarity with Neo-Malthusian methods. But whatever the causes, the result is scarcely disputable. “Race-suicide” has meant, for good or ill, the freedom of women.

To think of all mothers of yesterday, all mothers of a numerous brood, as in a state of unwilling slavery, is of course ridiculous. Even then many husbands were indulgent and forbearing, and the rewards of motherhood, in spite of the arduousness of its cares, often rich and satisfying. But to the wife who found her condition intolerable, there was little relief. Rendered unfit physically for independent effort by her many pregnancies, restrained by her unwillingness to desert her children or to plunge them into social opprobrium and poverty, she was scarcely as free to escape from domestic misery as a modern wife who may have only one or two children to support if she leave her husband! She was scarcely as free to make terms with man. It would require some sentimentalizing to conceive of her as his equal in the business of living.

But what of the beautiful virtues of self-abnegation! What of the higher altruism! Our age is an easy age and a soft one, it has been noted. We are losing the old splendid qualities—the heroism of the soldier on the battlefield, the smiling courage of the mother in child-birth. What we are seeking in the name of self-development is but self-indulgence and an anarchical disregard of obligation.

Our age, it is true, is a not very reverent age, a sceptical age, one questioning the traditions. It is doubting the dignity in the lot of a soldier driven to martial courage by conscription. It is finding but attenuated beauty in unwilling motherhood, though submission be in the name of God or of social duty. It has asked itself this question and the answers are perturbing—For

what and for whom are we breeding humanity if it be not for humanity itself?

The State has bred men for war and the Church for the peopling of Heaven. The old sanctions still have their validity, but a new ideal is formulating—a vision of human happiness, of a humanity that shall not so blindly be played upon by the forces of social life, but shall itself bend those forces to its own needs and to its liberation. The kingdom of human living, whose opportunities we have grievously bungled, may yet be made an estate fit for the soul of man, if he so wishes.

The old sanctions are losing their validity—and the “next generation” fallacy is assuming new aspects. Many who have lost belief in a personal immortality are finding a satisfaction in the immortality of the species—the projection of the individual into the future by means of the beings he shall beget, and so on forever. Modern social ethics is talking much of the importance of the child and of our obligations to the unborn who shall succeed us. The “thou-shalt-nots” of sex-morality preached to women, are preached largely in the name of her covenant with the next generation. One is led at times to deduce that, the world being in such parlous state, it were better to desert the whole business, so far as present development and happiness be concerned, and turn our attention—the prospective mothers of us, at least—to the creation of new beings who shall, presumably, have few of the failings of the old.

The sons of such mothers shall be the effective leaders of the new society. But the daughters? Shall they in turn be taught to be the mothers and nurturers of new male minds and bodies? So it would seem from the preachings of such as advocate the highest development and freedom of woman—yes! but in the name, always and forever, of her distinctive mission of motherhood.

If we have any belief in life and are hopeful thereof, we know that the present moment and we ourselves are as important as any time or peoples that have preceded or shall come after. We know that we as women are not the channels of the future generation, but are the vital partakers of these years and this span of life allotted, which we shall live as freely and richly



as may be. Whether we shall not live more richly through the enlargement of our lives by the creating of new life, is another matter—and one that shall be spoken of later.

Ellen Key, in her articles on *Education for Motherhood*, quotes from "a well-known botanist." "A single microscopic cell from which one great human being springs is of greater importance to the race than the painstaking efforts of a hundred thousand child-rearers and educators with a child-material below par." Is this snobbishness of the intellectual élite justified by experience? Must it be assumed that only from the mating of the elect will come the saviours of the race?—for the argument is thus used. And would not these same saviours, were they true "great human beings," set to work these hundred thousand child-rearers and educators, knowing that if the "child-material below par" be not nurtured and given its opportunity, it would little profit the souls of a few of us to be saved as brands from the burning? Indeed, it is unbelievable that there should be a cry for breeding and ever more breeding, when children innumerable crowd the city slums, deprived of air and of spiritual breathing-place, or in small towns and little farm-houses grow dull and vicious through lack of appeal to the imagination and the intellect. Society as a whole cannot be too thankful to those women who, celibate in body, have given themselves to the rearing of this "child-material below par," in the belief that the world is not for its superman, but for the many.

Society is at last doling out its meed of praise to these "mothers of humanity." It is still viewing with trepidation, however, the highly individualized woman, the artist type, the egoist, who finds in herself and her own powers sufficient justification for her existence. And it is scolding roundly the woman of empty leisure, vain and pleasure-seeking, perverted by urban existence, who snaps her gay fingers at duty and refuses child-bearing on the plea of her health and the high cost of living.

Nevertheless, do not the women who for such reasons repudiate motherhood, in the eyes of these same haranguing reformers, by that very token stigmatize themselves as unfit for their high function? It may be that motherhood would prove their education, but an adequate motherhood presupposes—does it not?—

maturity and moral fitness. If women who do not wish children are self-indulgent and lazy, or "unwomanly," will the children of such women be a marked acquisition to the social body?

If it is something more than mere numbers that we are seeking—food for the cannon or slave-hands for the industries—if it is a better generation that we desire, then little or nothing is to be gained by the coercion of women into a reluctant motherhood; much, on the other hand, by an increasing freedom of choice. Even a thorough-going opponent of race-suicide must acknowledge the superior chances of a child brought forth with rejoicing and tended with love. Unless he be devoted to the conception of women as bundles of instincts rather than personalities, he must grant that the woman who makes voluntary choice of motherhood is, because of that very desire, somewhat better qualified than the woman who does not so choose.

The ideals of the new motherhood are but slowly emerging. The feminist movement has as yet only vaguely formulated a philosophy. A vast ferment is in process. Women, the most of them, know that they want something. Many men desire it for them. The clamor and the grasping is all for—what? Liberty? An empty name unless it be construed specifically. Political freedom? A moiety, and the desire for it perhaps but a symptom. Economic independence? So tangled is our industrial life, so binding a slavery for the many, that the words have at present little meaning. If the feminist movement is to lay hold on any tendencies out of the fluid ebb and flow of reactions and desires, its most valuable contribution will be the formulation of those tendencies toward a better sex-relationship and consequently toward a better motherhood.

For motherhood—though certain writers seem rather to ignore the assumption—presupposes fatherhood also. Woman, to be sure, is more obviously concerned with the child than is man. Not only is she more concerned physically, but society has relegated to her much of the intellectual and spiritual nurture of the growing mind. On the other hand, modern hygiene has revealed startlingly the obligations of physical fatherhood—the transmission of an untainted heredity and such consideration of



the prospective mother as shall conduce to a healthy birth. The eugenics that is visioning the future with a prophetic fervor will demand much more than physical fitness. It will demand that the spiritual environment of the child be one of quick sympathies, of fine intuitions, of flexibility and humor, of free and joyous impulses—in short, of that perfection of the art of living that is possible only to a man and a woman who are mated—and not married merely! Until such mating is possible, motherhood—the new motherhood—is impossible also.

In our present society it is perhaps idle to speak of the choice of motherhood and of volition. The very preponderance in numbers of women over men in most countries of civilization condemns a certain proportion to what is often an unwilling celibacy. Among those who do marry, so large a number marry for economic support or for other social considerations, that one can scarcely pronounce dogmatically what is often thus pronounced—the law that every woman, not abnormal, yearns to be wife and mother. Until society is more flexible than now and the many artificial conventions hedging women are worn down and broken through, we cannot know how valid is the assumption.

In a society such as the ideals of the feminist movement foreshadow, woman will be freer to choose her mate as a personality, not as a dispenser of goods, financial or otherwise. If she prefer to be unmated, she will have her work and her worth, independent of her value as a sex-commodity. There may be even an increasing number of childless marriages contracted by men and women who prefer the comradeship of the monogamic relation, but who, because they are fearful of begetting progeny physically unfit or because of their absorption in their separate tasks, do not wish offspring.

It is reasonable to assume, however, that many persons—the majority, doubtless—will desire children. Even the busiest professional woman may make space in her life for at least one child—not as a matter of duty, but of high privilege and joy. We of modern thought are not so insistent as was the Puritan on the divorce of duty and inclination. There may even come a time when moral obligation will be synonymous with joy, when

we shall realize the fructifying power of happiness, the blighting influences of misery and ennui. Then we shall ask for the child as a matter of course, that it be a child desired and eagerly welcomed, and the "sacrifice" of the mother will be to her but the negligible price paid for a noble happiness.

To the woman who desires motherhood as a vocation—and under wiser social conditions there may be many such—a most fascinating occupation is ready. She has the whole world from which to choose for her material. Biology, hygiene, gynecology, for the coming life, and in the care of the growing child psychology, the many pedagogical methods, the study of the peculiar problems of adolescence—astronomy, poetry, civics, ethics, comparative religions—indeed, at no point can she touch the multiform world with understanding and enthusiasm without adding to her equipment of motherhood. A great mother would be a personality more vivid and more sane than any that our civilization of specialized vocations could furnish.

Motherhood as an occupation should mean, of course, a large enough family to justify a woman's exemption from other work. The wife who accepts a lifelong support in exchange for her potential motherhood, or for the few years of her life given to the bearing and rearing of one or two children, is in an ignoble position and one that self-respecting women are beginning to find uneasy. The tradition evidently still exists that a woman has sufficient work in the modern home. This is not so—or when it is, except in cases of poverty, it is because of our stupidity in not simplifying the mechanics of living.

More and more must we demand that women be freed from unmeaning drudgery—and from the enervating influences of support in return for sex, in marriage or out of it. Only by self-assertion and by self-development through the work which she may elect, will woman come into her own. And if she does, we need not fear for motherhood. We shall know perchance then that, until then, we had not dreamed of its glories and its consummations.



## IN CRYPTS UNCANDLED

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

**I** THINK they wear a mask of apathy  
Who have for long been dead: the kind of pride  
They knew in life meseems moves each to hide,  
As best he may, the yearning none might see  
In crypts uncandled, where, eternally,  
They weave their dreams: the tide death failed to stem,  
Of gentle self-respect, still pledges them  
To feign indifference to what may be.  
Yea, in that Winter, where no seeds are sown,  
Save those of loneliness, who loiter there,  
As in an antechamber, veil despair,  
Meseems, beneath a hebetude of stone:  
So many Springs gone by, while yet they grope  
For the lost latch, haply have smothered hope.

## THE LEMON SEED

ROBERT RUDD WHITING

“GOOD morning, Mr. Bleeker,” said the present head of the firm briskly. “And how are we getting on this morning?”

The drab little man on the high stool lifted his pen from the ledger long enough to say very gravely, “Things are going very well, sir.”

Save for vacations and holidays this had been the daily formula for almost forty years. The present head of the firm had learned his part of it from his father. Mr. Bleeker’s part of it through all that time had been executed by Mr. Bleeker.

“How are *we* getting on”—“*Things* are going very well”—that had been the keynote of Mr. Bleeker’s whole existence. From his boyhood, way back in the days when New York was filled with New Yorkers, he had never felt himself a part of anything; he had never thrown his lot in with any other human being sufficiently to justify the use of the pronoun “we.” With Mr. Bleeker it had always been “it”—something outside of himself, something of which he was no part—that was doing well or ill.

He was like the old New York houses down in the quiet part of town in which he lived. There were whole rows of them, all of the same pattern, with their crumbling brownstone façades, their high stoops and obtrusively unobtrusive respectability. Each had an unexplainable air of detachment, aloofness from the neighboring houses that shared the same side walls with it; one felt that if they were suddenly to come to life no one of them would dream of referring to the whole row as *we*. They suggested meek little old gentlemen with thin, colorless hair, whose rusty black coats needed brushing above the narrow shoulders. They suggested Mr. Bleeker. One of the several which had fallen upon boarding-house days housed him in a tiny hall bedroom on the fourth floor back.

The same attitude of detachment and aloofness had characterized Mr. Bleeker all his life. In his younger days he had



occasionally gone to the theatre. He had seen *Evangeline* at Niblo's Garden, and *Pocahontas* with Burroughs; and he remembered Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett as if it were only yesterday. But never had he once said to his companion when it was over: "My, didn't we have a good time!"—or, "a bad time," as the case might have been. It was always "Wasn't it splendid?" or, "Weren't they dull?"—never *we*; always *it* or *they*.

Once, years and years ago, there had been a girl; a slender, pure-eyed maid with all the sweet calm and simplicity of a great lady. She had seemed really to care, and Mr. Bleeker would have spoken, but—well, he told himself that it was because she was richer than he. But was it not more probably only another instance of his inherent shyness of becoming *part* of anything? Of being compelled to look out upon life from the standpoint of *we*?

From time to time, more frequently in later years, Mr. Bleeker had felt a vague dissatisfaction with his life. Hitherto he had made no attempt to formulate these feelings; merely tucked them away in the pigeon-holes of his sub-conscious mind, and had gone on making fine, spidery entries in his ledgers. But at last there came a morning when, after the head of the business had made his customary inquiry as to "how are we getting on," Mr. Bleeker hesitated expectantly for a moment before giving the usual assurance that "things are going on very well, sir."

It was the fortieth anniversary of his employment by the firm and he had rather hoped, half expected, that the head of the business might—But, oh well, he told himself, what difference did it make? Why should one take particular notice of any one day merely because it happened to be the anniversary of something or other?—Same work, same number of hours and minutes, same everything.

But Mr. Bleeker was trying to deceive himself. Anniversaries *are* different from other days. Anniversaries are the times at which we take stock of all that has happened to us in the past. We drag out from the dusty corners of our memories all the half formulated hopes and disappointments which

we were too busy to take note of at the time, and we arrange these and compare them and balance up our totals. It is on anniversaries that we figure out the profit and loss of life, and determine the solvency or insolvency of our happiness.

And the stock-taking of himself on this fortieth anniversary, in spite of his efforts to keep his mind entirely on the firm's figures, plainly showed Mr. Bleeker that after all the years he had been in the business of life he was unsuccessful. As far as the things that really count go—friendships, joys, sorrows—he was insolvent. It wasn't the material things that made him a failure; it did not trouble him because in all these years he had not advanced in position; it was not because he had been walking on a treadmill and now, after the better part of a lifetime, a little tired, a little feeble, found himself at the point at which he had started. It was something else that made him the failure he was.

Through some whim, perhaps because the day was an anniversary, his mind went back to the big family gatherings at his grandfather's. No anniversary was overlooked. He remembered the long, high-ceilinged old room, the table with its legs curved as if bowing under the weight of the great bowl of fragrant punch—Ah, that was it! The memory of that punch showed him why he had been a failure.

Once as a little boy he had been permitted to watch his grandfather brew that wonderful punch. He remembered how the sugar had dissolved in the fruit juices, and the juices had blended with the spirits, and the spirits with the wines—everything but the lemon seeds. Even when the ice had finally melted down, the lemon seeds were still whirling around and around, intact, with every stirring. He remembered his grandfather's amusement when he asked if they, too, would not finally dissolve. That was it: he was like those lemon seeds in the punch: he was *in* life, but he could never become part of it; no matter how deeply stirred he might sometimes have been, he had never been able to dissolve and blend with the rest of it. He——

Mr. Bleeker stopped short and bit his lip as he found his pen making a 9 instead of a 6; things were certainly upside down with him this fortieth anniversary.



At lunch hour when he was leaving the little restaurant around the corner, the pretty girl at the cashier's desk pointedly ignored the flirtatious young man who paid his check just ahead of him. Mr. Bleeker vaguely envied the young man because he had been ignored pointedly. The ignoring of Mr. Bleeker was always perfectly unconscious. All afternoon he became more and more dissatisfied with himself.

On his way home that night he heard a little street urchin shout over to his pal: "How did de Giants come out?"

"We won in de tent'," was the cheerful reply.

"We?" mused Mr. Bleeker. "We?" But the Giants were professional ball players—grown men. He had often, much to his annoyance, heard the younger clerks speaking of them.

It was a balmy spring evening, and here and there a man and a young woman lingered by a hallway, speaking in low voices. At such times Mr. Bleeker quickened his pace a trifle. He felt very lonesome, very—detached.

That night, in his dingy old walnut bed, Mr. Bleeker lay awake brooding over his grievances. All his life it had been *they* against *him*. If only . . . He turned over and tried to go to sleep. He began to count sheep going over a fence—thirty-nine, forty, forty-one . . . If only . . . He flopped over on his other side and tried to concentrate his mind on snow falling, falling, softly, softly. . . . It was winter time. The snow was piled high on the brownstone steps and his grandfather was stirring, stirring at a gigantic punch that was getting bigger and bigger. And with every stirring Mr. Bleeker, very small and very helpless, was sent whirling around on the surface. At last the stirring stopped and Mr. Bleeker, dripping and dizzy from the fragrant fumes, was lifted out for inspection. Then he heard his grandfather's voice, measured and mournful, say: "I'm afraid I never can make it dissolve," and he was dropped into the bowl again. As he struck the surface he awoke with a start, cold and sweating.

How many hours he tossed and twisted he could not know. It seemed eternity. His brain was going around like a squirrel cage. God, if it would only stop long enough for him to get a

fresh start and think. Would morning never come? He *couldn't* stand it. He couldn't *stand* it.

He got up and feverishly put on his clothes. Stealing out of his room, he felt his way softly down the dark stairs. After a moment's fumbling at the chain he cautiously opened the front door and slipped outside. In the fresh night air he paused a moment, his hand still on the knob. Suddenly, as if seized by a panic, he slammed the door after him with a bang that must have reverberated through the old house, rushed down the steps and walked and walked and walked. Across town, down town, he knew not where he went. He only knew that he must walk, walk until the things in his head were tired—so tired that they *must* stop.

After midnight and before dawn, when the night is worn<sup>1</sup> and bedraggled and the day has not yet started to arise, there comes a time when it seems as if some great vampire were hovering over the earth, sucking the vitality out of every living creature. It is the hour when sick men most often yield to death; when strong men become cowards, and weak men seek to escape their burdens by suicide.

It was at this hour that Mr. Bleeker found himself walking down a wide, deserted avenue. The sound of distant thunder, nearer, nearer, and then a roaring, hammering demon swept by on the elevated structure above his head. A gaunt grey cat, startled from its feast at an overturned garbage can, darted across his path and shot into the inky darkness of a cellarway. Mr. Bleeker shuddered.

At the next corner the street sign on a lamp-post caught his eye. The Bowery! The name suggested visions of climbing roses and the dark, cool shadows cast in bright sunlight. He smiled bitterly at the irony of it and quickened his weakening pace. The piercing shriek of a fire engine's whistle in the distance—or was it the death shriek of the banshee?—chilled him to the marrow. Ugh! . . . .

And there—at the end of the street—what *was* that awful thing—like some gigantic insect with horrid luminous eyes—all angles—spanning the whole street with its monstrous, sharp-jointed legs?



Ah, yes: the bridge entrance—the Brooklyn Bridge! He paused and drew his hand across his forehead. He had once shown the bridge to a man from out of town and knew it perfectly. Yes, it was only the Brooklyn Bridge. And yet how eerie, how uncanny it seemed in the weird, dim light of the dawn, for now the sky was streaked with greys. The terrible vampire of the hour before was slowly rising, drawing up her skirts, her claws dripping with—Mr. Bleeker clenched his fists as if hanging on to something—dripping with the vitality and will power of her victims. Men had jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and found death in the river below. He remembered wondering at the time—

“I will,” he muttered, striding forward with fresh determination. “If the lemon seed can never become part of the punch, take it out of the punch and throw it away. I will!”

Absurd and ridiculous? Assuredly; especially in broad daylight. But to poor little Mr. Bleeker, distraught and unbalanced in the depressing grey of dawn, the idea was noble and heroic.

He climbed the bridge steps and strode through the covered approach with the bold, determined step of a drunken man bent upon proving his sobriety. Out on the bridge the fresh morning air struck him sharply. Ahead of him the sky was daubed with broad smears of light, as if Nature, remembering that Brooklyn is farther away from its daily work than Manhattan, found it necessary to awaken it a trifle earlier.

Below the promenade, practically deserted at this hour, was the driveway. Two or three heavy trucks rumbled along. A trolley car scurried by. Far down beneath the driveway rolled the wide river, patient and silent, ready to bear its daily burden of the city's commerce and traffic. Mr. Bleeker was about to seek death in its life. Would he in turn find life in death? He wondered.

The height made him dizzy, and, as if afraid of falling, he veered away from the railing. How did they do it, he wondered. He would have to drop to the driveway to reach the outer edge; and the drop was too great; he would surely—He

shook the unpleasant thought from him. Perhaps farther on there would be a place.

He passed under the stately gothic arches of the great stone pier. The indefinite daubs of light in the sky ahead of him had now taken form in great streaks of pale gold radiating upward from the silhouetted Brooklyn skyline. Pausing to follow their course, he turned, and looked back toward the city he had left.

He gasped.

Tower upon tower, green and ivory and gold, piling up higher and higher until it seemed they must pierce the heavens themselves! 'Twas like some magic dream city of the Arabian Nights, but with a strength of purpose and a virility never known to Oriental imagination.

Joseph Pennell, with his artist's gift of seeing beauty where beauty is, rather than where beauty ought to be, has seen this unbelievable city, and felt the thrill of it.

And Mr. Bleeker, too, forlorn and soul-hungry on the bridge before dawn, felt the thrill of it.

Even as he stood there, spellbound, a ray of the still invisible sun caught the topmost pinnacle and kindled it into a blaze of golden glory. Slowly, slowly, it descended. Now the next highest tower had caught. Then another. And another. Now the peaks of the whole unbelievable city were bathed in gold. It was as if the hand of God were gently awakening the work of man. And then, suddenly,—in some way Mr. Bleeker knew it without turning,—the sun rose back of Brooklyn.

Mr. Bleeker, with unconscious reverence, took off his hat.

"Wonderful!" he murmured.

What a monument to its builder!—to the builders of every brick and stone of it; to the builders of even the dingy little shadow-buried houses in the foreground that gave the noble towers their majestic height, and accentuated their golden glory. It was a monument to the men and women who, by their faithful industry, had made it all possible; to the Wall Street king and the great merchant; yes, and even to the newsboy in the streets and the humble pushcart pedler—for even the meanest of them had done his part; even—



Mr. Bleeker suddenly straightened up and drew a deep breath. There was a new light in his eye, and, as he walked slowly toward the wonderful vision before him, a new firmness in his step.

Mr. Bleeker, his eyes bright and strangely youthful in spite of the dark circles under them, was at his customary ledger at the usual hour.

"Good morning, Mr. Bleeker," said the present head of the business. "And how are we getting on this morning?"

"Things"—Mr. Bleeker, slightly confused, stopped short. Then, with almost eagerness: "We're doing splendidly, sir."

The head of the business, noting the slight variation of the time-honored formula, smiled approvingly. "Good for *us!*" he said, with a cheery nod of his head.

## THE WILL

HEWES LANCASTER

“**M**E,” Madame François said wistfully, “when I die I should wish to leave will.”

“Will,” Madame Moise took up brightly, “but, yes! It would be fine for you to leave will.”

Madame Moise was nothing if not eager, and always she was sympathetic. She did not know much about the François, they were new people who had moved to the Bayou only a few years ago, but she knew all about the note that tells of a troubled longing. Having responded warmly to this note in the old Madame’s tone, she added honestly:

“Well, me! I wish to know what *will* is, maybe?”

Madame François grew gracious.—Poor little shrivelled Madame that she was, a woman who had had no children, whose opinion was therefore held in such slight regard along the Bayou. How she warmed in the glow of giving knowledge. How she bent her worn old body about, and wove meaning into the air with her thin old fingers that she might give the information nicely!

“Will is paper woman leave when she die. She hide it. Hide it in drawer——”

“In drawer,” uttered Madame Moise. And because she was keen of wit and could not help seeing things as they were, she had a swift vision of Madame François’ house and its furnishings—shelves on the wall, bed in the corner,—not a drawer in either living room or kitchen. How could Madame François leave a paper hidden in a drawer? She hesitated politely:

“In drawer, yes. If——?”

Madame François’ glance grew more gracious, her fingers more vibrant. Ah, it was indeed true that she had had no children! But, had she not read books? Three of them? Not such reading books as children read at school, but books with paper backs and fine print that made her screw up her eyes to read it. Books that Madame Moise with all her wit and



worth and wisdom could not have read at all. Out of her learning she leaned to say kindly:

"If woman have not drawer in her house she can leave will hid in mattress."

"In mattress?" Madame Moise's tone was frankly incredulous.

Madame François beamed upon this amazement:

"'T is so I read in book, and it is plenty book I have read, God knows. T'ree!"

"T'ree book?" Madame Moise was impressed.

"T'ree," assented Madame François, and she sighed. "Ah, heaven, it is plenty money I have pay for book—ten, fifteen, vingt-cinque sous for one."

"Vingt-cinque sous!" cried Madame Moise.

"Vingt-cinque sous," repeated Madame François, and let her hands fall, for, indeed, it was the twenty-five cent book that had put an end forever to her literary purchasings. Monsieur, her husband, who had long pondered upon the continual shortage of coffee and sugar in his house, had come upon her in the book store, and had taken unto himself then and thereafter the expenditures for groceries. Still it was not so bad. Madame had the three books she had already bought. Books that told of wills hidden in drawer, in mattress, and in secret panel. What a secret panel might be, Madame did not know, but the books about the drawer and the mattress appealed. She read and re-read. The search, the excitement, the dramatic dénouement: Madame François had drunk deep of it. There would, she thought, be some thrill in dying if one were leaving a hidden will behind. And she who had lived her life so lifelessly longed most wistfully for this final fling at death. And yet how could she write a will when she had no treasure to bequeath?

"But, me, I have no pouch of gold to hide." How often and how sadly she had considered this. Nor had she any priceless parchment such as the book told about. Madame François, indeed, had not a thing in the world that she might leave hidden to be searched for, and dramatically found, after she was dead.

Madame Moise had understood all this before Madame François made brave admission of it, saying brightly:

“Eh bien, if I wish to leave will I reckon, me, it is pretty soon I must get me somet’ing to hide, ha?”

They laughed together over it, saying good-bye gaily; but Madame Moise carried a sad refrain home with her in her heart.

“Pretty soon. But, yes! pretty soon. Madame François was old even for a ‘Cajan. Her lips and her lids hung loosely, her hands trembled when she talked. If she wish to hide something in mattress, it is pretty soon she must hide it. And yet what could she hide?”

Madame Moise’s shrewd head could find no answer, nor could her pitying heart put the thing aside, so at supper she made sudden appeal to her big Monsieur, saying:

“Oh, cher! If Madame François wish to leave somet’ing for somebody when she die, what it is she could leave, maybe?”

Now this big Monsieur was the Monsieur to whom all the Bayou made its appeal in time of trouble, and he had formed the habit of meeting each demand upon his sympathy promptly and well. Let the crisis be what it might, Monsieur would meet it with his kindly, slow-spoken “Sho.”

Monsieur said “Sho,” to Madame’s appeal, and again, “Sho.” Then he considered carefully as he always did before he gave further counsel:

“Eh, bien, Bébé, I reckon, me, Madame François could leave some chicken, some duck, maybe.”

“Mais oui,” Madame assented brightly. “Her chicken don’t grow *much*, but she have *some*. Mais, cher! She could not leave chicken hid in mattress. ’Twould squawk.”

“Squawk,” Monsieur assented. “Squawk, sho.” Then he took it in. “Mais, mon Dieu, Bébé, for why Madame François should *wish* to leave chicken hid in mattress?”

“’T is so she say, cher,” Madame urged eagerly. “’T is so she say. It is only to-day she was tell me. Say—when she die she would wish to leave somet’ing hid in mattress. She t’ink it would be funny, yes.”

“Sho,” said Monsieur. “Funny, sho.” And let him consider it ever so carefully, the big Monsieur could make no more of it.



" Funny, sho ! "

His live little Madame had already run to earth a further perplexity:

" She could make somet'ing maybe—some nice shirt, some breeches. But when she sew, into what does she stick needle? Is it not into herself, yes? "

" Sho," said Monsieur kindly. " Sho."

And, indeed, what chance was there—what chance could there be for a Madame who had never had any children, who could raise neither thrifty chickens nor ducks, and who always stuck needles into herself when she tried to sew? Monsieur looked away to the Bayou as he had so many times sought counsel of the sweet, warm water, but the Bayou went on its way, the wind blew over it, the night passed, and with the wind and the water, out of the gloom of the dark hours there came to Monsieur in his perplexity not an answer, but an anxious cry.

" M. Moise! "

In the early dawn, M. François was standing where all men, women and little children came to stand in time of trouble.

" My pipe is gone, Monsieur," he said. " It is gone! It has clear out! It has flew from sight! Me, I do not know where it has gone. My pipe. I have smoke it toute ma vie."

" Sho," said Monsieur. " Sho." He considered it and asked kindly:

" Eh, bien, François, how come it to go, maybe? "

" Mon Dieu, I do not know. Me, I lay it on table"—and Monsieur François put his life-worn old hand down gently upon Monsieur's gallery floor to show just how he had laid his pipe on the table—" I turn—I put some wood on fire—I turn some more to pick up pipe—pipe is gone! "

" Sho," said Monsieur gently. " Gone sho." He thought about it.

" Pipe had fall to floor, maybe? "

" Non. It had not fall to floor. I look. Look plenty, yes. I get down on knees, I crawl here, I crawl dere. Pipe is not on floor. And Raoul Champêtre, he was in kitchen. He had come to bring my Madame little piece of fresh pork his Madame had send her. Last winter, when we kill mutton my Madame

send his Madame some meat and—like he say—he come pay back good job. He is nice man, Raoul Champêtre is, he sell some sheep for me. Get good price. Nice man he is. You know him, ha?”

“Sho,” said Monsieur in courteous assent. “Sho.” He, indeed, knew Raoul very well. For one thing, Raoul was his son-in-law; for another, before Raoul Champêtre grew up to be a nice man he had justly borne the nickname of “rogue” and Monsieur had more than once suffered for his roguery: but through it all, loving the rogue whole-heartedly for his rollicking fun as all the Bayou had loved him. A pain went to Monsieur’s heart. Raoul had been there when the pipe was lost. Raoul, as Monsieur knew, was even now half a rogue. But to steal an old man’s pipe!

“Sho,” said Monsieur and shook his head, “Sho.” Then he asked:

“And Raoul Champêtre, Monsieur? When he see your pipe is gone, what it is he do, ha?”

“What it is he do? He help me hunt. He hunt on floor, he hunt on chimney. He say to me: ‘You did not drop it in fire when you put on wood, maybe?’ But me, I know. *I lay it on table.*” And again M. François brought his hand down gently upon the gallery floor.

“Sho,” said M. Moise. “Sho.” Through all his roguery he had loved the rogue, found excuses for his merry mischief in a kindly:

“Mais Raoul Champêtre, he don’t ever do mean t’ing, no.”

But if he had done this thing——

M. François spoke sorrowfully:

“And it is for t’irty years I have smoke pipe.”

Monsieur brought the front legs of his chair down heavily:

“What it is Raoul say to you when he see you cannot find pipe, ha?”

“What it is he say? Voilà, he say, ‘Go to M. Moise. If any man on Bayou can tell you where pipe is, ’t is M. Moise will tell you.’ And he was kind. He leave his pipe wit’ me—and some tobac’, and he say, ‘Do not take troub’, Monsieur. Go to M. Moise, he will find pipe for you’; and he laugh—you know how he can laugh?”



"Sho," said Monsieur, "Sho." But the memory of that rollicking laughter brought no responding smile to Monsieur's lips. He said kindly:

"Maybe by next Sunday I can get pipe back for you, Monsieur." Having said this he added quietly:

"Maybe I can." And in that quietude lay concealed the unflinching sternness that made the Bayou fear the big Monsieur as a Judge even while it loved him as a friend. Let Raoul Champêtre see to his roguery when he came home again.

Raoul could not come home before Saturday night because he worked for the railroads as a section boss. Monsieur had a week to think it over, but his thinking always came to the same sad end:

"Before, me, I ain't ever t'ought Raoul would do *mean* t'ing." He had not the heart to say anything to his busy little Madame. She was happy, and so was their daughter, Camille, in believing Raoul to be all that a man should be, brave, and kind in his heart. And the big Monsieur who carried the cares of so many people never asked anybody to help him bear his own bothers:—"When Sunday comes—— I will see him first t'ing when Sunday comes."

But the first man whom Monsieur saw that momentous Sunday was M. François, who stopped at his gate with an unsteady hail.

When M. Moise went out to him he noticed that the old man looked older—years older; then he saw that M. François' hand fumbled so that he could not lift the latch. He said seriously:

"You should not take troub'. I will find pipe——"

M. François broke in bitterly:

"You will find pipe? My *money* is gone!"

"Sho," said Monsieur, "Sho. And your money, it is gone?"

"Last night," the old man broke down with it.

"Your money go last night?" Monsieur questioned kindly. Then he said in the tone of a man who finds hope where he thought to find none, "Come in house, Monsieur. You will tell me how it is?"

M. François resented the tone; he turned savagely upon the big Monsieur:

"Yes, I will tell you how it is. Raoul Champêtre come to my house—like he come last week. He come to fetch me money for mouton he has sell for me. Me, I go get my little bag to put money in. 'T is not much money I have, Monsieur, but I keep it in tight place. All time I say to myself: 'When I am dead, 't is not to poorhouse my Madame shall go. I keep it in tight place. Nobody know where my money is—not my Madame même. Last night when Raoul Champêtre has pay me I leave bag on table till I can put it in tight place some more. I talk wit' Raoul Champêtre, he warm himself by fire, he say it is cold night, and he say, for why you do not put some more wood on your fire? You t'ink you will drop pipe in fire some more? I tell him it is not in fire I drop pipe. He laugh, he say where it is you drop it, ha, Monsieur? Me, I cannot tell him where it is I drop it. I call my Madame fetch some wood from kitchen, but she is not in kitchen. I go get wood for myself. When I come back, Raoul Champêtre is gone—and my money aussi."

The big Monsieur brought the front legs of his chair to the floor with a thump that shook the house:

"'T is not Raoul take money, no!" he thundered.

M. François got up like the driven, desperate old man that he was.

"Non," he said, "it is not Raoul Champêtre take pipe—but you say to me 'next Sunday I will get pipe for you.' It is not Raoul Champêtre take my money, but when he go, money go aussi. It fly away maybe like pipe fly. You t'ink it is devil I have in house, maybe?"

"Sho," said Monsieur, "Sho." He considered it, but could find no sensible suggestion. He answered absently:

"I ain't ever hear of anybody on Bayou who have devil in house."

"Non?" M. François questioned. Then he said bitterly:

"But now, Monsieur, you have hear of somebody on Bayou who have devil come into his house. Mon Dieu, in place where I come from dere is law, dere is jail!"



M. Moise saw the situation. An old man with no children to lean on in his old age, with nothing but a little bag of money between him and a pauper's home: could human power check him in the pursuit of the man who, he believed, had stolen his money? Before the day was out there would be a warrant, an arrest, and Raoul—and Camille—and what could the big Monsieur do? Eh bien, what had the big Monsieur always done when his slow wits failed him with their patient plodding?

"Sho," said Monsieur, "Sho." Then he half turned in his chair. "Bébé. Vien 'ci!"

Madame came at once, bright-eyed, with her hands flecked with flour. She gave M. François a gracious "Bon jour," then turned to Monsieur and asked:

"What is it, cher?"

"'T is some troub' M. François has been have," Monsieur told slowly. "Last Sunday he lose his pipe——"

"'T is on *Saturday night* I lose pipe," M. François corrected, "I lose it while Raoul Champêtre is in kitchen. And it is on Saturday night I lose my money, while Raoul Champêtre is in house wit' me."

"Ma foi," said Madame. Perched on the edge of her chair she turned, all alive, upon M. François and went straight at the matter. "You lose your pipe while Raoul Champêtre is in kitchen, you lose your money while he is in house, and you t'ink it is Raoul take your pipe? Raoul take your money? Mais, *non!* It is not Raoul."

M. François shrank from her passionate denial, yet hung to his charge:

"'T is only Raoul Champêtre is in kitchen wit' me when pipe go; 't is only Raoul Champêtre is in house wit' me when my money go. And your old man also! Ask him if he did not say to me last Sunday, 'I will get pipe for you next Sunday——'"

But Madame flung herself furiously upon his first statement:

"'T is only Raoul Champêtre is in house wit' you? Mais non, it is not! Your Madame is in house wit' you." She shot out of her chair and flung wide her floury hands:

"Va!" she cried, "Va! If you wish to know where your pipe is go look in your mattress! If you wish to know where

your money is, go look in your mattress! Ma foi! Is it not only two weeks your Madame was say to me she wish to God she could find somet'ing to hide in mattress before she die? And now, voilà! she have find it."

M. François had stood watching her words as they winged their way toward him, and now he stood watching Madame's lips as though he expected more swift words to fly his way. Monsieur said softly:

"Sho, sho."

"Mais oui, it is sho," Madame declared. "'Tis only two week since she was say to me."

M. François stirred:

"She was say to you?"

"She was say to me she wish she could find somet'ing to hide in mattress so she could leave will—like she say—when she die. She say to me she would be proud to die if she was going leave will."

"Proud," M. François repeated sadly. And standing there together in the pleasant Sunday sunshine, the live little Madame, the big Monsieur, and the man who had been her husband for so many wistful years, all three as one had a vision of the worn old woman who would be proud to die could she but leave some hidden treasure to be searched for and found with éclat when she was dead.

"Sho," said Monsieur deeply, "Sho."

Madame repeated the pity of it:

"'T is so she say."

M. François came closer:

"Monsieur," he said courteously, "and Madame also, my Madame, she ain't ever had anyt'ing while she live for which she should be proud. She ain't ever had any children——" He stopped and began again. "To hide my pipe, my money, in mattress. Me, Madame, I do not wish anyone to know where my pipe, my money is." He looked into their eyes for the pledge they gave, and added with gentle dignity:

"My Madame shall leave will if she wish to leave will."



## A CALL FROM THE MINISTER

LESLIE DAVIS

**Y**ESTERDAY our minister paid us a call. This is always a pleasurable event for Annie and me, because the minister is a genial, intelligent and humorous person who delights in a friendly argument upon almost any subject, and we usually enter upon a great discussion as soon as we are comfortably settled.

Mr. McAllister is a big, broad man, about forty years old, with blue eyes which are kind and keen, though sometimes clouded with a hazy wonder as to why Smith does not go to church. No stranger would guess his calling, for his aspect suggests an outdoor life rather than one of the study, and his practical hands can coax a garden along into the most profitable lines, to the envy of his neighbors and the distinct approval of his congregation.

In former years, a call from the minister was not regarded by Annie and myself as an unmixed joy. Rather, it was an occasion to be dreaded, because it invariably meant a tilt with old Dr. Lacey on certain points of orthodoxy. Annie has always been called "advanced," because she has insisted upon the probability of ultimate universal salvation and has protested against the theory of the Lord sending affliction to his beloved children. Annie resents affliction and fights it with all the zeal at her command, firmly believing that she and the Lord are in harmony upon the subject and are working together for good.

Dr. Lacey regarded such doctrines as dangerous in the extreme and Annie as a brand to be snatched from the burning; but with the coming of Mr. McAllister a different era has been entered upon, in which the former things have passed away and all things have become new. One hears no more of doctrines, advanced or otherwise; joys and afflictions are equally the outcome and the automatic working of natural laws, with no mention of the Lord in the matter at all, and the word *salvation* has become obsolete. Instead of the commandments of Moses, we discuss those of Karl Marx; tithes have become taxes, in-

come and single, and the wise virgins have been superseded by the leaders of the feminist movement. Oh, we realize that the world is moving swiftly along and that we must jump up and follow as fast as we can, when Mr. McAllister comes to call.

"Well, to-day I have been sketching an outline for a series of sermons," he began, comfortably settling down in his chair preparatory to a good visit. "I've been tremendously interested lately in the subject of folklore, and it occurred to me that some talks on the folklore of the Bible might be pleasant and perhaps profitable. Take the story of creation, for example. That tale, in little different forms, can be found in the traditions of a score of tribes. It is really quite common property. The Bible is full of those old myths. I wrote out a tentative list just as a starting point."

He pulled out a paper and read the proposed topics.

"The Legends of Genesis. The Romance of Ruth. The Parable of Job. The Allegory of Jonah. Folk Fables and Songs. The Miracle Myths."

While he read, Annie's face was a study.

"Are you sure you haven't confused the Bible with Grimm's Fairy Tales?" she inquired, whimsically. "Of course, I knew that Adam and Eve were no longer mentioned except in the comic papers, and that Jonah's fight to maintain a place for either himself or the whale was growing feeble; but I wasn't prepared to lose Ruth and Job and all the dear Old Testament favorites at one fell swoop."

Mr. McAllister chuckled appreciatively.

"Oh, we haven't lost them altogether, Mrs. Knox. They are still with us, only not as real, historical people. If we take the Old Testament stories simply as stories and consider them as literature and not gospel truth, we find a wealth of poetry, oriental color and imagery, to say nothing of very interesting human nature. That is why I planned to have one sermon on the subject in general, on those charming old Bible tales that, while they are not to be taken literally at all, have some grains of truth in them and make very pleasant reading."



"We mustn't miss that sermon. And what are the Miracle Myths to be?"

"Really, I ought to take two Sundays for that subject," mused Mr. McAllister. "My idea was to point out how natural it seems to be for a human race to turn its heroes into wonder workers. I would touch upon a few of the Old Testament miracle stories, such as those of Moses and Elijah, by way of illustration. Yes, the New Testament really requires a sermon of its own."

"Then you place the old miracles in a different class from the ones of the Gospels?"

"Oh, no, just about the same thing. You take a national hero and stories begin to be circulated about him, and they grow, and the first thing you know the man is passing down in history as a miracle worker. That's where our love of the supernatural shows itself."

"Why, Mr. McAllister, you are taking the miracles away! Don't you believe in them?" There was a strain of anxiety in Annie's voice. After all, is any subject more vital to us than the truth of our religious beliefs?

"Well, no, Mrs. Knox, I can't say that I do. One must be sensible, you know, and it doesn't stand to reason that one man could perform acts that other men are not able to repeat."

"And why aren't they?" retorted Annie. "Because they haven't worked on the same lines. If Jesus could not heal the sick and raise the dead, how could he heal and raise himself? And if Christ be not risen, then are we of all men most miserable. We have no religion left!"

"Oh, not necessarily, Mrs. Knox," Mr. McAllister answered, comfortably. "Miracles are not important. I believe the religion of the future will be a combination of mysticism and science. You know the mystics believe in a conscious communion with God. That will satisfy the spiritual side of a man's nature while the practical side will demand the knowledge of the laboratory, exact science, with every step proved as one goes along."

"Science contradicts itself oftener than any branch of work I can think of," commented Annie. "But let that pass. Don't you think that if one could establish a perfect communion with

God, all knowledge and science would be comprised in that union? One wouldn't need a laboratory. I believe that is the solution of the miracles. Jesus said, 'I and my Father are one.' If we were all one, we would all be miracle workers!" Annie was speaking with fervor now, fired with the inspiration of the idea.

Mr. McAllister shook his head doubtfully.

"The question of mysticism is a very elusive one, Mrs. Knox. One must acknowledge that there are times when the soul seems more *en rapport* with the Soul of the universe than at others, but I suspect that rapture and depression are both largely a question of digestion. Of course, great acts have been performed by saints in this ecstatic state, but auto-suggestion will account for a great deal."

"You'll soon be calling Elijah a hypnotist and the prophets self-deluded fakirs!"

Mr. McAllister laughed as he rose and buttoned his coat.

"I think there is danger of mounting a hobby and flying up to the stars, and I'm afraid you're off for a ride, Mrs. Knox! Anyhow, it is all a fascinating study and I will come around again soon and we will compare notes."

"Well, Annie," I breathed, as the door closed behind him, "wasn't that a surprise? I hope you understand that your faith is a hobby and that the more you have of it the worse you are off. But just keep your digestion good and perhaps you can perform a miracle too."

"Don't!" begged Annie. "It is too dreadful. The dear man doesn't see that his own hobby is reasonableness and that he is riding it into a doubt of everything that is not material and tangible."

"Well," I concluded, "after hearing him, you will never think yourself advanced again."

"Yes, I will," avowed Annie, stoutly, "I'm ahead of him now. Anyone can reason and doubt, that is simple, but I can reason and believe. It seems strange for me to be defending the Christian faith against the established leader of the church, but give me time and I'll convert that minister yet!"



## THE HONEST CITIZEN

BOLTON HALL

THE Highwayman passed me by in the train.  
“Here,” I said, “you’re forgetting to take my purse.”  
The street car conductor overlooked me in the crowd.  
“Here,” I said, “you did not get my fare.”  
The Assessor omitted me from his list.  
“Here,” I said, “you’ve neglected to tax my income.”  
You see I had grown so used to being held up.

The street car companies seem to be trying to give the worst service possible, instead of merely charging all the public will bear.

The corporations always promise that after they get franchises they will serve the people faithfully. All the people get as good service now as they demand. I often see the cars running with dozens of passengers hanging on to the steps by one foot and one hand, and the dear fools, at the additional risk of their lives, scrabbling in their pockets with the free hand—to get out their car fares.

Those people need some more kicks and the street car companies are appointed by God to administer them: if the victims would only, not refuse, but withhold their fares till the conductor saw the hopelessness of putting any of them off, or even of getting through such a crowd, there would be an end of the nuisance.

## COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND

F. E. GREEN

THE pictures of country life visioned by visitors to England after reading their *Times*, or that superbly illustrated journal, *Country Life*, represent the heart beat of rural England as much as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* represents that of the Arabs of the desert.

No one is likely to be more misled than those Americans who out-English the English in their pursuit of old world settings to their historic dreams of the age of Pym. Amid the immutable Sussex Downs, where life moves at a sluggish pace, they visit Arundel, Alfreton, Petworth. Outwardly, mediævalism is here within striking range. They may pass through the hoary gateways of Rye and Winchelsea, make for the Elizabethan house at Potterne, in Wilts, and motor leisurely down the spacious fourteenth century High Street of Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds. Indeed, some of them become so enamored of the Tudor houses that they settle at Broadway nearby, and form an American colony catered for by an hotel keeper who shrewdly equips his inn with antique furniture and provides for the delectation of wealthy visitors a musicians' gallery to the dining room.

No doubt these motorists extract some sense of beauty from the quiet scenes mellowed with age, but I am afraid that when motoring they miss altogether seeing modern rural England. When they visit Potterne, they would be innocent of the fact that in this parish laborers' families are herded together like pigs, so much so that recently a Local Government Board Inquiry was held. They would not know that at charming Campden, so mediæval in tone that Roman Catholicism is the ascending religious note, laborers are so ill paid that their children have to be clothed and sometimes fed by the aid of charity. The chauffeur would avoid the untreated roads that lie off the beaten highway leading to villages where cottages are decaying and allowed to tumble down in the interests of sport; where rural life is butchered to make a city alderman's holiday. They have missed the drama of village life played not round the Maypole,



not with a splash of crimson color on the hunting field amid a running stream of black and tan frothed with white; but the drama that is daily played behind cottage doors with porches decked with roses and honeysuckle. They have seen nothing of that heroism and sordid tragedy of life based on the economics of thirteen shillings a week.

Not that the English country gentleman is much better informed. Often he is as blind as the bats which flit round the eaves of his Tudor mansion; for since the motor has pierced the heart of rural England knowledge of its life has become more diffuse and less intimate. The English squire of to-day is less in touch with the life of the laborer even than the squire of the Victorian period.

Under the deceptive shadow of the Great House, cottages may bear a tidied-up look; and though hat brims are in a better state of repair than when the forefinger was in constant service, yet here servility is still the hall-mark of England's once vaunted "bold peasantry." Nor is this to be wondered at. In the country south of a line that may be drawn from the Wash to the Severn lies the Black Belt where wages are below subsistence level—that is, where 12 shillings, 13 shillings, 14 shillings a week, with perhaps £3 or £4 extra for harvest, is the lot of thousands of laborers. Not all are receiving so low a figure, for many rise to the exhilarating height of 15 shillings or even 18 shillings a week for seven days' service, and Holy Days denied as holidays. But there are many thousands who, engaged by the day, are paid no more than 2 shillings or 2 shillings 4 pence for each day's work, and are perforce to stand by idle in wet weather. It is quite obvious that these families cannot be maintained in physical efficiency on the wages earned by the bread-winner. Hence it is that they must look to charity dispensed by the Lady Bountiful so beautifully portrayed in the Christmas numbers of our most expensive illustrated papers. But what a costly asset to the nation has been the upkeep of this gracious, splendidly clothed non-producer!

Wages which, with marvellous ingenuity, have to provide meals (at three farthings per person) for a family of five or six, leave nothing for clothes after the charges for rent and oil

have been deducted. Clothes, in the form of left-off garments, are passed down by the charitable rich. Blankets and fuel have to be obtained through semi-charitable agencies, and when we realize all this we begin to understand the ritual of the hat-brim, and the dropping into the dust of the skirts of the work-worn mothers. There is no margin left for a halfpenny daily paper, no penny to be spared for the child's toy, no stamp for the letter to a distant relative; and the chapel has often to be avoided on Sunday evenings because there is no copper that can be spared for the luxury of a religious service.

In the journals written for, and read by country gentlemen, I was denounced as a biased writer because I stated in my book *The Tyranny of the Countryside* that the children of laborers have to be brought up on bread, potatoes, and lard. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree has now brought fresh evidence to show that out of forty-six representative laborers' budgets taken from different counties overflowing with milk no fewer than twenty betrayed the fact that butter was an unknown luxury.

Why then do people stay? may be asked. The young, when unfettered by marriage, seek the friendly lights of the country town, lured thither more often than not by the railway line and the work to be found upon it. Others, more adventurous, seek the Melting Pot of America, where feudal traditions have been burnt out in the crucible of democracy. Last April emigration numbers had reached their high-water mark on the Clyde. The married, that is, those who have growing young families, and the old, are the only ones who stay. Living in farm-tied cottages, probably in debt to the local trader, and destitute of means with which to pay for the cartage of their few sticks of furniture, they have to stay and endure a life of servitude. Some, it is true, find consolation in hand work, in the love of animals, and the close contact with nature; but these are the philosophers. There is no doubt that in many villages racial degeneration is all too apparent. The brightest spirits have departed; the dullards remain. The Government's task is now not merely reviving village life; in many parts it will have to set about recolonizing rural England.

Once when lecturing in a Cotswold village, urging the men



to form themselves into a non-party league to obtain better conditions of life, I got a show of only ten hands out of an audience of seventy laborers. I expressed my disappointment to an American gentleman, a professor of a California university, who happened to be staying in this village reminiscent of the Middle Ages. "Have you anyone so lacking in spirit, so crushed as these men?" I asked the professor. "No," he answered gravely, "I have seen none like them in the whole of the United States."

Yet, though they were expressionless, I was pleased to find that after a month or two no less than fifty men joined the league. Their intelligence is often underrated; their minds seem to turn on hinges grown rusty through disuse. Occasionally a spark is emitted where least expected. I was attending, for instance, a Housing Inquiry in a Somersetshire village, which arose from four householders calling into question the neglect of the Rural District Council to provide cottages under the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890. The village hall was crowded with people and in one corner sat a solid phalanx of farmers who were the Rural District Councillors. "Do you think," remarked the chairman to a workman, "that the men down your end of the parish would be quite content with cottages with three bedrooms, and two downstairs rooms?" "I should think they would, sir," replied the workman, "considering the pigsties they have to live in now."

"No doubt they would like a bathroom, too," sneered a farmer.

"And why not a bathroom, too?" retorted the workman, fired with anger. "Can't we be clean as well as you!"

This unusual amount of moral courage displayed by a workman met with the reward of cheers! At the close of the inquiry another heartening incident happened. A curate belonging to the Church Militant rose and asked the chairman to allow him to make a few remarks.

"Inspectors," he said, "do not really know how overcrowded the cottages are because they visit them by day. I, however, visit them by night, and I could give you many particulars omitted from the surveyor's report, and what is more, from being

called upon to pray at a sick bed I can tell you that so damp are the stone floors that I rarely rise with dry knees."

But surely, some one will remark, great opportunities have been given in recent years to free the laborer from the shackles of feudalism. What of the Rural Magna Charta of 1894,—the Parish Council Act; the Small Holdings Act of 1907; the Housing and Town Planning Act of 1909? Yes, there are these certainly, but they have become very nearly useless because the administrative machinery is worked almost entirely by the masters of labor. There is perhaps nothing in the governance of England over which there is more misconception than in the efficacy of local government applied to rural districts.

A Swedish officer, who had served not only in his own army but also in German and Austrian regiments, resigned his commission on moral grounds and took up his residence in this country because he imagined it to be the ideal home of local government. After spending some time in travelling about England he came to me with a sad face and said that he had been disillusioned. He had never seen a peasantry as crushed as ours, or one in which Faith and Hope had so long parted company with their sister virtue of Charity, on which our poor laborers' families had mainly to subsist!

The Parish Council Act certainly gave to laborers the opportunity to discuss parish affairs. The meetings are held in the evening and so no loss of time or money is involved; but as everybody knows by now the Parish Council is merely a debating society. The executive power over the two objects which are most vital to the laborer, that is, over the building of cottages and the acquisition of land, lies in the hands of the Rural District and the County Council. The Rural District Council is generally composed of farmers and land agents, and it is generally known as government by pony and trap. The County Council is government by motor car. On the Rural District Council sits the laborer's employer; on the County Council sits his landlord; and on the R. D. C., if the laborer lives in a farm-tied cottage, is often to be found that hydra-headed monster: the employer-landlord-guardian-of-the-poor.

In Scotland there is a healthy conflict raging between land-



lord and farmer, but in England there is, if not an avowed, at any rate a secret conspiracy between landlord and farmer to squeeze profits out of the bones of the laborer. As things stand at present the laborer is faced with an oligarchy as stubbornly reactionary as was the English magistracy during the years of the Napoleonic wars. The limited executive powers possessed by the Parish Council can be set at naught by those who sit in the rural House of Lords, and I venture to assert that it is more difficult to change the mental outlook of either of the higher local governing bodies than that of the House of Lords. Occasionally a reformer slips through the coroneted portals of that gilded chamber. Occasionally, one of our noble families manages to throw a "rogue" or a sport, like a Lord Byron; but a revolutionary that emerges from a farmhouse has yet to be born. You may occasionally get a change of individuals, but never a change in a solid class outlook. Just as in the eighteenth century one of the Members of Parliament for a Yorkshire division was always elected in Lord Rockingham's dining room, so to-day the member of a Rural District Council is usually elected by an informal meeting held in the bar parlor of the "Blue Boar."

I remember once a large landowner saying to me with a good deal of democratic gusto, "Look at my Parish Council! See how democratic that is. Although I am chairman of it, both my head gardener and gamekeeper are members of it." Unfortunately he had not a sense of humor, and did not join in my laugh.

At the last County Council election I worked hard to get a village carpenter elected as a member of that select body. As a rule the election had been uncontested, for a friendly arrangement had always been entered into by the local gentry. It is always extremely difficult to find a man who works with his hands to stand for the County Council, for he would have to sacrifice not only time but also money to pay his fare to some distant provincial town to sit during the day at council meetings. Yet such a man was found,—a man of sterling character; but so amazed was this rural constituency at a mere workman having the audacity to put up against a landowner that the story was

soon circulated that he would receive £200 if elected. On the eve of the poll this sum had reached £400, the salary of a Member of Parliament, though as every enlightened person knows there is no salary attached to the office of County Councillor. A subject race of workers could not imagine a man from their own ranks having the audacity to represent them without some financial remuneration.

Therein lies the tragedy of our peasant class. Although still the largest class of workers in the United Kingdom, they are without a single representative in the House of Commons. Miners, railwaymen, cotton operatives, ironworkers, navvies, each have their special representatives; but the agricultural laborers are without a single champion in that House which is supposed to represent our democracy. The Labor party, being entirely an urban party, have given almost all their time in voicing industrial grievances of the towns.

Both of the historic parties are, I think, a little ashamed of their neglect of the rural worker, and there is now a distinct rural awakening. The speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer have given fresh courage and put fresh hope into the hearts of agricultural laborers. Though working as isolated units in fields, the men of the eastern counties and of Lancashire are mobilizing their forces. In Scotland there is a similar movement going forward. They are demanding better wages and the weekly half-holiday, for though wages have risen 5 per cent. since 1900 the cost of living has gone up 15 per cent.; and this pressure downward cannot go on without an outburst which some day may spread like a prairie fire. With a leader endowed with imagination as well as knowledge, the peasants of England may yet regain the land which their forefathers held in common.



# THE MODERN HEROINE IN FRENCH FICTION

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

**I**F there are any traditions which have taken firm root in the Anglo-Saxon mind they are those which concern the untrammelled condition of French fiction and the intellectual brilliancy and extreme modernity of the French woman. For many years—even before the opening of the Victorian period—English authors have bewailed their own hampered state as compared with the liberty of their Gallic brethren. American writers joined in that plaint practically as soon as they began to exist at all, while memories of the many notable women whose personalities have affected the history, not merely of their own, but of other countries as well, mingle with recollections of George Sand and of newspaper articles regarding Mme. Curie to produce in the mind of the general reader a sort of take-it-for-granted impression that the Parisienne must be always well in the lead—must express the “dernier cri” in ideas as in gowns. Are not the very words feminine and feminist, as used in connection with what is known as the Woman Movement, of French origin? Surely, therefore, the twentieth century French novelist, inheritor from a long line of writers blessed with perfect liberty and devoted to the study of “la femme,” must provide the finest and truest examples of the modern heroine to be found in all literature, far excelling, of course, any which the unfortunate, prudery-shackled English or American author has ever been able to create.

Tradition and fact, however, are seldom if ever synonymous, and a search through a few dozen volumes of contemporary French fiction enforces the unexpected, perhaps reluctant conclusion that these recent novels are confined as to subject within surprisingly narrow limits, mastered and controlled by one practically all-pervading obsession—that of sex. It has often been said that Anglo-Saxon fiction was and is thrall to Edwin and Angelina: this was once in great part true, but those bonds are being rapidly broken—if indeed they have not already been thrown on the dust heap—and the released novelist is taking

all humanity and its every problem for his province, finding his realm circumscribed only by his own abilities and not by any extraneous command of "Thus far and no farther." Latter-day attempts to impose the old standards meet not merely with failure but with ridicule. The freedom which Balzac employed and demonstrated so superbly is his to use—if he can.

But the years which have seen the relegation of Edwin and Angelina to their proper and comparatively unimportant place have also witnessed the enthroning of Eugène and Delphine. If the progress of the former couple toward the point where, as the inimitable Mrs. Elton once expressed it, "Hymen's saffron robe might be put on" for their benefit, is no longer of supreme and unrivalled interest, the liaison of the latter occupies a position more prominent than ever, though it develops in much the same old way. Their appointments are now made over the telephone and they go to and fro in automobiles, that is all. With the alteration of a few phrases the average French novel of to-day might easily be accepted as having been written a quarter of a century and more ago; the change has been one of restriction, not expansion. Balzac swept over the whole possible territory, as it existed in his day; a dozen moderns combined are apparently unable to do the same for their own.

Nevertheless, a new kind of heroine has been added to the three types which were formerly the only ones to be found, broadly speaking, in French fiction. These three were, first, the betrayed but devoted wife, modelled more or less after the pattern of the Baroness Hulot; second, the married woman faithful to a single lover; third, the intrigante, faithful to no one. The intruder who now disputes the leading rôle with them has certain qualities in common with her who is known to English and American stories as the modern heroine: she is clever, well-educated, and self-supporting; she is nearly always suffragist and feminist—yet because of that sex-obsession, the differences are greater than the resemblances. The one is a human being all the time and a female part of the time; the other is a female all of the time, but a female of a species not entirely human. When a French author introduces a woman who, thanks to her own exertions, is economically independent, it is usually



with an air half of apology, half of bravado. Here, he tacitly declares, is a most extraordinary creature, a disagreeable phenomenon to be examined with attention and dismissed with rejoicing—an excrescence upon the body politic, not a natural healthy growth.

The three types of heroine who so long dominated and indeed still dominate the average French novel had one great interest and one only—"l'amour." They might and often did have a taste for art or music or poetry; such things were useful and pleasant adjuncts to the one great vocation, embellishing their lives in much the same way as various "elegant accomplishments" did those of Jane Austen's eminently proper, husband-awaiting young ladies. This new type, however, this strange and fearsome creature whose appearance in the world and rapid increase has compelled an attempt to reproduce her, even though it be inaccurately, in fiction, must necessarily have other, extrinsic interests. And it is amusing and rather pathetic to see in what a hesitating, handle-it-only-with-the-tongs manner these interests are usually treated: the sigh of relief with which the author returns to that side of his heroine's existence which is traditional and familiar to him, the side absorbed by "l'amour"—illicit, of course—is perfectly audible. For the French writer is seldom happy when he strays far from that field of sexual relations in which he has for centuries been at liberty to roam as he would, analyzing its every weed and flower with a freedom to which his Anglo-Saxon confrère has only recently attained with some trouble and a good deal of noise, a freedom which has resulted in some remarkable triumphs of skill and accuracy. It is in this erstwhile freedom which has imperceptibly evolved into a tacit compulsion that a reason may be found for one of the essential differences which separate the modern heroine of French fiction from her English or American sister; while the former frequently adopts or strives to adopt the man's standard of morality—the French novel-hero's, be it understood—the latter endeavors to induce the man to accept hers, not without success. And this is a difference which affects the mental attitude, not only of the heroine herself, but of all those surrounding her. Never for a moment is the "*femme émancipée*" a real comrade to her mas-

culine co-workers; always she is either victor or vanquished in the unceasing battle of sex. "Man and woman's friendship," says Leonard Merrick in *The Position of Peggy*, "is the one true and safe foundation for their love": it is upon this foundation that the one heroine often, though not always, builds; to the other it is nearly if not quite unknown. The clever, cynical Anna Pékarskine, an excellent example of this type, chooses as her "amant en titre" a stupid man, that she may not run any risk of imperilling her liberty by caring for him too much; an idea as representative in its way as the general expectation in the office where Marcelle Tinayre's "Rebelle" worked when Noël Delysle came so often to see her—expectation not of a wedding, though there was nothing to prevent that culmination, which in the end actually did take place, but of a liaison.

And yet this very "Rebelle" is one of the few sympathetically portrayed upper-class working-women in French fiction. A journalist, with in the beginning a querulous invalid husband as well as a child to support, she is provided with the excuse for working which seems to be absolutely necessary from the French novelist's point of view; that a heroine should pursue any occupation apart from those which he—or she!—loves to describe as the "charming ones of women"—shopping, dressing and visiting—is apparently a very distasteful pill for him to swallow. "Thou shalt be idle" is the command he wishes her to obey first, last, and all the time. Earning money is not, he thinks, conducive to elegance; work for work's sake, the desire for some worth-while employment, is incomprehensible. When old she may be permitted to devote herself to "bonnes œuvres," but only after the years or some exceptionally tragic loss have made "l'amour" forevermore impossible. Which for one of the thriftiest nation on earth, the nation of the "bonne bourgeoisie," in all things her husband's partner, seems rather out of character.

And then one suddenly finds oneself remembering the oft-repeated declarations of Frenchmen that the novels of their nation do not represent it truly, and beginning to ask a little shyly whether French fiction is not in fact as convention-ridden as Anglo-Saxon ever was, though by conventions of a very dif-



ferent kind. That liberty to describe in detail what the English or American writer was obliged entirely to avoid or indicate only by a series of asterisks, to give a minute and particularized account of certain emotional phases which to them were taboo, that liberty once so envied has developed into a coercion. An over-stimulated interest in one set of problems has crystallized fiction into the eternal triangle and its allied shapes, often beautifully clear, exquisite in color and perfect in form, but somewhat monotonous. Of course this crystallization is not and never has been complete; every now and then a writer frees himself, temporarily at least, from the prevailing sex-obsession and produces such a book as, for instance, *L'Incendie*; rules without exceptions are rare. Generally speaking, however, French fiction has concentrated upon the one subject until such concentration has become a convention as powerful in its way as that now obsolete one which obliged Thackeray to preface *Pendennis* with an apology which was also a protest.

But now comes the twentieth century woman to shatter this convention as she has already shattered so many, insisting upon her right to occupy herself, if she so pleases, with things other than "l'amour et la famille," demanding her place in fiction as in real life. Into the Anglo-Saxon novel she has come gracefully, as a natural development, and with her has at last arrived the beneficent, long-coveted liberty to discuss and analyze subjects once forbidden, which though at first productive of a good deal of wordy warfare is now fast becoming a matter of course. Will her advent signalize the emancipation of the French novel too from its conventions, add freshness, variety, a broader human as distinct from a sexual interest, to its already attained clarity of style and admirable form? Certainly she promises to be even more of an iconoclast in French than she has been in English and American novels, this forceful, very much alive and impossible to ignore "Modern Heroine."

## JOHN H. TWACHTMAN

JOHN CURNOS

**I**F it were really possible for the soul of the dead to inhabit a new body, then we could say with some degree of assurance that the spirit of one of the painter-priests of Zen, the initiators of the Japanese Renaissance of the fifteenth century, had taken possession of John Twachtman, a painter who carried American landscape to the highest state of perfection that it has so far reached.

"In the art inspired by Zen thought," says Mr. Laurence Binyon, "*material is dissolved into idea* to an extreme that no other art in the world has reached. The typical Zen picture is a landscape; and before a typical Zen landscape one is scarcely conscious of the means employed by the artist; the idea of the artist's mind seems almost disembodied and immaterial, something eluding language."

This description of Zen art might be applied without exaggeration to a fine example of Twachtman's art. He conceived American landscape in the same lofty mood as the masters of the Kano School Japanese landscape, or as the painters of the Sung dynasty Chinese landscape. These last had attained, in the twelfth century, to such absolute synthetical beauty and spontaneity of impression that Mr. Binyon has declared their art to be "as modern as that of Corot or Whistler." There are things in which the ancients had forestalled modernity.

Twachtman is a thorough modern. He resembles, however, these Eastern artists in his contemplative attitude toward nature, in the almost ethereal character of his technique, in the purity and simplicity of his emotion, and in the imperceptible merging of his spirituality in its technical expression.

Twachtman has been called an Impressionist. The assertion needs considerable qualification. For it is curious that while the effects of color and of the vibration of light, based on the ideas of Chevreuil, are in evidence, the means whereby these are obtained are far from being apparent. We are not conscious for a single moment of science, of "broken color," of routine



Impressionism. We are aware only of the breath of life in the picture, of a mood imprisoned in a frame, of the exalted feeling which has prompted such sonorous expression.

Twachtman is kin to Whistler rather than to Monet. Both have delicacy, reserve, the selective faculty, the sensitive vision, the power of suggestion; both have a perfect if limited instrument, possessed of the nature of a violin, for the utterance of a poetic or musical mood; an instrument, clear and resonant, capable of evoking the equivalent of sound in color, of awakening evanescent tones which vibrate and die away and become lost in infinity. And finally, both make us think, however remotely, of the votaries of Zen.

Twachtman painted day as Whistler painted night. He saw nature as through a delicate gossamer. He peopled the air with his brooding thoughts and confided his spiritual experience to mists and snows and falling water. His soul loitered over the pools of autumn and the freshets of spring, and his eye conceived Niagara as a great poetic vision. We do not know that summer was among his seasons. The thaws of winter undoubtedly had a fascination for him. He always painted winter with great tenderness. He did not attempt to paint it as a harsh and wrathful visitant, but as a tranquil guest, who, as manifestation of the world's visible beauty, lent serenity to the soul. His house at Greenwich, Connecticut, often appears a dream among snows, his own humble Fuji Yama, not less sacred than the Japanese mountain, and sometimes seen through the naked branches of trees that appear outlined like glorious patterns of frost against the cold haze of rose and purple. Each detail in his best paintings makes a picture, each is a perception of infinity; and the whole picture might be a detail of a still larger picture. The scenes he has painted never end with the frame. When he shows a boat in a mist the whole thing might be a single quivering atom, no larger than a drop of water, which strives eagerly to join other affined atoms no less quivering and alive. He seldom employs a figure, but no artist has peopled his solitudes more worthily, or made the spectator more the companion of his reflections. A landscape by Twachtman, seen but once, comes back with all the poignant reality of a face seen

in a dream. One remembers a little picture of a morning in spring for its keen sense of freshness, for the tender, dewy quality of its grass, for the feeling of sappiness in the young slender birches; but above all for the mood of solitude, which the artist must have felt intensely: it permeates the scene as delicately as the breath of newly-awakened earth.

The process by which he expressed mood seems as effortless as it is elusive. Never does the artist betray the slightest suggestion of fatigue or of a loss in interest. Never, as one critic has said, does one find in his work an opaque shadow, a harsh edge, the pressure of a heavy hand. "Ethereal color and form seem to have been blown into the canvas." His art is a victory of the creator over his materials. The victory is two-fold. It must be borne in mind that the art of painting is externally the portrayal of concrete objects by concrete means. A painter's problem is to impart the abstract to the concrete; ideas, moods or musical sensations to visible forms. To put an extreme aspect on the matter, he must strive to make the visible invisible, and the invisible visible. It is like a problem in metaphysics. Paint is a concrete thing. A brush-stroke by itself signifies less than a word or a musical scale. Twachtman has spiritualized the objects he painted and at the same time he has spiritualized his paint. No reproduction can give even an inkling of the delicate quality of his art, which, at its best, is so subtle as to resist all efforts of the camera to reproduce it. Here is a description of one of his characteristic pictures, *Horseneck Falls, Winter*, by an American critic:

". . . The snow, faintly blue, fringes the cold, motionless water, and lies sprinkled on the slopes, over the dead vegetation of which seems to hover the spent breath of its winter coloring in faintest suggestion of tawny yellow, rose, and violet. In the dry, white, misty atmosphere the slender tree-stems stand, as if silent and desolate. Fecundity is checked; Nature is inert; and the soul of Nature is still in the grip of winter. The whole scene is an emanation of Nature's spirit, interpreted through the spiritual emotion of the artist."

Had Monet painted the same scene he no doubt would have made us feel the power of his orchestration. But Twachtman



had captured the soul. Therein lies his superiority. A man's technique is his ego, and in Twachtman this ego is supreme not by its self-assertion, but by its self-abnegation. His technique, less "professional" than Monet's, makes itself imperceptible, loses itself in the soul of things, passes in its perfection into another state, a kind of artistic Nirvana, wherein the spirit becomes free of matter. Flaubert must have meant such a state when he said: "A perfect being would no longer be egotistical."

We know very little of Twachtman's life. He was born in Cincinnati in 1853. At the age of 26 he went to Munich, where he studied for two years under Laefftz. Afterwards he went to Venice with Duveneck. Later he studied at the Académie Julian in Paris under Boulanger and Lefebvre. He survived his influences. He died in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1902. He died "all too young—the inevitable consequence," we are told, "of his intense life, which must have consumed his nervous forces and drawn upon his emotional reserve with an extravagance that far exceeded nature's power to reconstruct."

# SONNETS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER

## *A Sequence*

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

### I

**D**EAR fellow-actor of this little stage,  
We play the hackneyed parts right merrily,—  
Trifle with words drawn from the poet's page,  
And match our skill with cool and conscious eye.  
All gracious gestures of each shining rôle  
Have been the garments of our summer sport. . . .  
But now, when ominous thunders shake my soul,  
My reason gives of us no high report. . . .  
I could not mimic Romeo had I lain  
By Juliet's bier in bitter dizzy truth.  
Henceforth my mouthings, choked, inept, and vain,  
Will lack the light touch fitting amorous youth.  
Let fall the mask! Let end the tinselled play!  
Ghastly the footlights front this sudden day.

### II

It needs no maxims drawn from Socrates  
To tell me this is madness in my blood.  
Nor does what wisdom I have learned from these  
Serve to abate my most unreasoned mood.  
What would I of you? What gift could you bring,  
That to await you in the common street  
Sets all my secret ecstasy a-wing  
Into wild regions of sublime retreat?  
And if you come, you will speak common words,  
Smiling as quite ten thousand others smile—  
And I, poor fool, shall thrill with ghostly chords,  
And with a dream my sober sense beguile.  
And yet, being mad, I am not mad alone:  
Alight you come! . . . That folly dwarfs my own.



## III

Hell's self shall mock a brain that daily smears  
Canvases thus in vision-tortured strife  
To draw some beauty from the bitter years  
And cast some glow on man's misshapen life,—  
And then, a-sudden, he who thought to give  
His forms a beauty alien to man's clay,  
Finds in one form that seems to breathe and live  
Such fairness that he throws his brush away!  
The recreant priest may some day be forgiven;  
The soldier who has fled yet hopes to win;  
The rich man shall perchance creep into heaven;  
Tannhäuser still may purge him of his sin:—  
But I misdoubt if any blossoms start  
On his dead staff who has betrayed his art.

## IV

A thousand walls immure your days,—and yet  
What are they all when, of the thousand, one  
Has fallen beneath the curious urge and fret  
Of you toward me, of me toward you begun?  
When the first fell, I shuddered half-aghast;  
The second, now a-crumble in my sight,  
Predicts less thunder than the fall late past;  
And I await the third with clear delight.  
Mingled with all the phantoms of my fear  
Are lights of utter lure. Wherefore I choose  
To linger watching, though right well I bear  
Knowledge that naught's to gain and much to lose,—  
And that there is reserved Hell's choicest flame  
For pairs of fools who play this silly game.

## V

Fate, with devoted and incessant care,  
Has showered grotesqueness round us day by day.  
If we turn grave, a hurdy-gurdy's air  
Is sure to rasp across the words we say.  
If we stand tense on brink of perilous choices,  
'Tis never where Miltonic headlands loom,  
But mid the sound of comic-opera voices  
Or the cheap blaze of some hair-dresser's room.  
Heaven knows what moonlit turrets, hazed in bliss,  
Saw Launcelot and night and Guinevere!  
I only know our first impassioned kiss  
Was in your cellar, rummaging for beer. . . .  
The Sea-born One must hate us: but the Troll  
Of modern life acclaims us from his soul!

## VI

Why deck yourself with such unholy art  
When none of all this beauty is for me?  
I have two eyes; also, a living heart  
That takes some impress from the things I see.  
Wherefore, I say, this cruelty to-night?—  
When you came forth in low-cut sweeping dress,  
With flaming lips, pale shoulders, eyes alight,—  
A cry of youth, a lamp of loveliness!  
O what an evil in you has its nest  
That my poor writhings should assuage your will!  
A serpent coils within your warm white breast  
And sucks the nectar of this flower of ill.  
Yet . . . when I come, meet me, as thus to-night,—  
With flaming lips, pale shoulders, eyes alight!



## VII

I sometimes wonder if you did not choose  
 Which, of the many an uncommingling state  
 Of man-and-woman love, you best could lose,—  
 And hold the choice wisely inviolate?  
 Perhaps you said—"Life, with its myriad jars,  
 Would wreck us, linked together, into dust.  
 Nor grow we any nearer to the stars  
 By the high constancy of sundered trust.  
 Wherefore, instead of separate deathless faith,—  
 Instead of bursts of amorous pulsing strife,—  
 Instead of friendship, that poor maskèd wraith,—  
 Instead of the magnificence of joined life,—  
 Let this man give me, be it boon or curse,  
 Love's restless glances,—and a little verse."

## VIII

"Farewell! thou are too dear for my possessing!" . . .  
 How could he know, who thus consenting sung,  
 Of the white beauties, the shot gloom oppressing  
 Cloudlike my heart and tempestlike my tongue!  
 For he sang love when you were uncreate;  
 Nor all his skill could pass the shore of birth  
 To prophesy you, come a wanderer late,  
 Walking in new and starry fire the earth.  
 Sublime his power, who could such fairness mould  
 Without this pattern set before his eye!  
 His song pours sunward: mine, alternate cold  
 And flame shake till its chant becomes a cry!  
 Yet had he seen,—then too his subtle art  
 Had crashed beneath the whirlwinds of my heart!

## IX

Your beauty is as timeless as the earth;  
All storied women meet rebloomed in you:—  
Yet with some element of later birth,  
Some savor strange, some light troubling and new.  
You were not possible until to-day;  
For in your soul the risen Celtic wind  
Breathes audible; and tragic shadows grey  
From dark Norwegian winters tinge your mind.  
The longing of young painters who have been  
Lemans of beauty, and grown faint thereby,—  
The fierce unrest of toilers who have seen  
Life as a cage of steam-shot agony,—  
All weave around you, in the burning Now,  
A lure undreamed on Helen's Phidian brow.

## X

Come forth! for Spring is singing in the boughs  
Of every white and tremulous apple-tree.  
This is the season of eternal vows;  
Yet what are vows that they should solace me?  
For on the winds wild loveliness is crying,  
And in all flowers wild joy its present worth  
Proclaims, as from the dying to the dying—  
"Seize, clasp thy hour of sun upon the earth!"  
O never dream that fire or beauty stays  
More than one April moment in its flight  
Toward regions where the sea-drift of all days  
Sinks in a vast, desireless, lonely night.  
Away with eternal vows!—and give me breath  
Of one white hour here on the marge of death!



## XI

Did not each poet amorous of old  
Plead the sweet pretext of the wingèd time  
To urge his lady that she be not cold  
To the dissolving master of that rhyme?  
I with no new importunings address  
One not less proud and beautiful than they  
Whose lovers breathed—"Fleet is thy loveliness;  
Let not its treasure slip unused away."  
Light hearts! Light words! Here in my transient Spring  
Let them suffice to hide the things unsaid.  
No shadow from the lonely deeps I bring.  
Nay, I with gayest flowers will wreath your head.  
Here in the sun I put apart from me  
Cassandra, Helen, and Persephone.

## XII

Take you my brushes, child of light, and lay  
Your colors on the canvas as you choose:—  
Paint me the soft glow of this crystal day;  
My harder touch would grasp them but to lose  
The rose-hung veils, the liquid golden flood,—  
I who with palette-knife must pry and strain  
To wrench from attitude, face, figure, mood,  
A living soul and limn its riddle plain.  
What need you teachings of my labored art?  
The brush will serve your April winsomeness.  
Yet . . . rather lay your head upon my heart—  
Draw me to you in a supreme caress,—  
That one day, as I paint some throat or hair,  
Spring's whole delight bloom like a marvel there!

## XIII

I am in love with high far-seeing places  
 That look on plains half-sunlight and half-storm,—  
 In love with hours when from the circling faces  
 Veils pass, and laughing fellowship glows warm.  
 You who look on me with grave eyes where rapture  
 And April love of living burn confessed,—  
 The Gods are good! The world lies free to capture!  
 Life has no walls. O take me to your breast!  
 Take me,—be with me for a moment's span!—  
 I am in love with all unveiled faces.  
 I seek the wonder at the heart of man;  
 I would go up to the far-seeing places.  
 While youth is ours, turn toward me for a space  
 The marvel of your rapture-lighted face!

## XIV

Joy, like a faun, her beautiful young head  
 Lifted from out the couches of the grass  
 Where, but a moment since, pursued you fled;  
 And smiled to hear your tripping footfall pass.  
 For two passed by,—into the meadows gleaming  
 With evening light across an amber stream.  
 O Sweet! I marvel now, with all our dreaming,  
 To find the sweetness sweeter than our dream.  
 Now we return; and Joy amid her grasses  
 Follows our steps with soft and curious eyes,  
 Smiling to see, as your light figure passes,  
 Your hand that in my hand so quiet lies.  
 Wide laughing light across the fields is shed. . . .  
 Gravely Joy bends her beautiful young head.



## XV

I have seen beauties where light stabs the hills  
Gold-shafted through a cloud of rosy stain.  
I have known splendor where the summer spills  
Its tropic wildness of torrential rain.  
I have felt all the free young dominance  
Of winds that walk the mountains in delight  
To tear the tree-trunks from their rooted stance  
And make the gorges thunderous of their might.  
The light, the torrents, and the winds, in you  
I thought I had perceived to kinship grown.  
It was a dream. Until this hour, I knew  
Nothing—nay, nothing all my days have known.  
Where beauty, splendor, freedom, held such part  
As when you came,—and swept me to your heart.

## XVI

It was the night, the night of all my dreams.  
Across the lofty spaces of that room  
You stole; and where the moonlight's silver streams  
Cloudily slanted in upon the gloom,  
More silver radiance met them where you moved;  
And all the beauty of that hazèd west,  
Wherein the moon was sinking, lay approved  
Because thus lay your pale, slow-curving breast.  
I shall remember,—aye, when death must cover  
My soul and body with its rayless tide,—  
The madness and the peace of that wild lover  
Drunken with life's whole wonder at your side.  
I shall remember in life's stormiest deep,—  
Even as that night I knew you there in sleep.

## XVII

O rare and holy, O taper lit for me  
 Before vast altars in the lonely dark,—  
 Without your gleam, dim were my soul to see  
 Where in star-spaces, imperial and stark  
 And sacrosanct, his ancient thronèd reign  
 God holds o'er stars and swallows as of yore;  
 Up through his Gothic vault I yearned in vain  
 And turned back baffled from him evermore.  
 In secular joys I must interpret heaven;  
 In ecstasies profane I must embrace  
 His glory,—seek in revels lightning-riven  
 All I shall ever witness of his face,—  
 And in wild flight, with passion winged and shod,  
 Circle and beat the citadel of God.

## XVIII

The entrails of a cat,—some rusty wood,—  
 Certain pegs, pins, in curious manner bent,—  
 These yield the spirit in its singing mood  
 The one supreme heaven-scaling instrument.  
 And I, who rate man's clay not overmuch,  
 Marvel not more when from the bow-swept strings  
 Celestial music soars, than when we touch  
 From mortal flesh strains of immortal things.  
 To worlds beyond the world of its resort  
 The viol uplifts its ecstasy or despair.—  
 O love, who knows what white Hyperian court  
 Welcomes our spirits, through the cloven air  
 Rising, beyond the instrument set free  
 On the wild wings of loosened melody?



## XIX

Strange! to remember that I late was fain  
To yield death back my poor undated lease,  
So wearied had I at life's gate in vain  
Asked wonders, and been doled not even peace.  
I had grown sceptic of the exalted will  
That wins not ever nearer to its aim.  
Grey seemed all lures, all calling voices still;  
Rest only seemed salvation . . . Then you came  
And filled my dusk with stars. I understood  
At last what coward languor had been mine.  
And as your sweetness stung my brain and blood  
Like the wild rapture of some wingèd wine  
I stormed the gates that crusts to beggars give!  
Life decks its halls for him who dares to live. . . .

## XX

Ah, life is good! And good thus to behold  
From far horizons where their tents are furled  
The mighty storms of Being rise, unfold,  
Mix, strike, and crash across a shaken world:—  
Good to behold their trailing rearguards pass,  
And feel the sun renewed its sweetness send  
Down to the sparkling leaf-blades of the grass,  
And watch the drops fall where the branches bend.  
I think to-day I almost were content  
To hear some bard life's epic story tell,—  
To view the stage through some small curtain-rent,  
Mere watcher at this gorgeous spectacle.  
But now the curtain lifts:—my soul's swift powers  
Rise robed and crowned—for lo! the play is ours!

## XXI

To-day, grown rich with what I late have won,  
Across the dusk I reach my hand to you.  
Cold as a leaf long pillowed on a stone  
Your hand takes mine, like something strange and new.  
So soon grown careless? . . . No, for in your eyes  
A tenderness still lives, half-shy, half-bold . . .  
Then sudden wisdom to my trouble cries:  
I know you still my love, but not the old.  
That which I loved and won now all is gone;  
She was an hour, a moment, a swift mood,—  
Vanished forever into deeps unknown,—  
And a new creature rules your brain and blood.  
Yesterday you were mine, beloved and fair;  
To-day I seek,—another love is there.

## XXII

I see the days stretch out in wavering line  
Toward that sure day when we shall lie in mould.  
What fate, I wonder, sordid or divine,  
Within their close-shut hands for us they hold?  
We have walked with the winds in chasmy places,  
And been as birds down sea-born tempests flung,—  
Seen joy and wonder on each other's faces,  
And learned that life is maddening still, and young.  
Will the slow days cancel,—or reconcile,—  
These with more sober meanings that they bring?  
Shall we part bitter, or with humorous smile,  
Or with heart-rent tragic remembering?—  
Or sink in friendship, each a tired guest  
Who finds the dreamless fireside-slumber best?



## XXIII

There stretch between us wonder-woven bonds,  
Fine as a thread but strong as braided steel,—  
A link that to each changing need responds,  
Nor binds the butterfly upon the wheel.  
For the coarse bondage sanctioned of men's law  
I would not, though I could, these gossamers change,—  
Give time and circumstance that leave to draw  
Closer the net till nearness must estrange!  
And yet a longing restless in me burns  
To lock what never might the lock endure:—  
As a glad sailor, sea-impassioned, yearns  
That what he loves for being unsure, were sure,—  
That the fierce doubtful splendor of bright foam  
Might somehow, fierce and doubtful, light him home.

## XXIV

Now jewelled, alight, you lead the midnight dances.  
A thousand eyes, a hundred hearts are yours.  
In the great hall, the splendor of your glances  
With beauty's secret promise lights and lures.  
They flock to you; you smile; they press around you  
And crave your favors each with satyr smile.  
Does your look lie, or do they truly sound you  
With flatteries that your warming heart beguile?  
See—the low, lustful, thinly-maskèd faces!  
They crowd about you, drinking in your bloom.  
In fancy, each a taxi calls, and races  
With you to his own Sybaritic room. . . .  
I sit alone beneath my desk-lamp's glare,  
Cursing the fate that made you mine, and fair.

## XXV

You are unworthy any man's desires.  
 I do suspect you of a thousand ills—  
 For little moths setting your little fires—  
 Haughty to high, servient to baser wills.  
 Rank! that the meanest prancer in your train  
 Can stir with languid love of lure your mood.  
 Is it your weak pleasure, or his weaker pain,  
 That gives sweet sustenance in this poor food?  
 You have seen visions of high luminous dawn  
 Coming to work a miracle in your heart:—  
 But now are veils across your watching drawn  
 Lest faith in viewless wonders plague your art. . . .  
 This light vain woman! What fit lash it were  
 Could I reveal the dream I held of her!

## XXVI

What is he but a common gutter-cur,  
 A chattering mountebank, obese and base?  
 And yet perhaps your judgment may prefer  
 His grinning to my thin and furrowed face.  
 My rival! . . . Faugh! the word burns on my lips,  
 Acknowledging equality, in that breath,  
 With him who is my equal but where slips  
 All form from life, and men are one in death.  
 He is with you now:—what words now from him fall?  
 What answering smile lights your alluring eyes?  
 Madness leers at me, as my thoughts recall  
 The love that late between us cried,—and cries! . . .  
 Well, go! My mirth goes with you, who might be  
 A lamp of earth, a bright star from the sea.



## XXVII

Over profoundest deeps, light lacy foam  
Plays where the sun-world frontiers meet the sea's.  
And in the deeps, slow gulf-tides have their home,  
Nor is the foam-crest utterant of these.  
Sail the bright surface on a Summer's day,  
And you shall dream along each smiling crest,  
Making the waves companions of your play,  
Blind to the glooms within the ocean's breast.  
But when grey weather muffles up the blue,  
And thundering voices rise from hollow deeps,  
And coldly drooping wraith-mist out of view  
Inviolates the ancient mystery keeps,—  
Then would you know the secret ocean-world,  
Then dive!—a plummet through vast shadows hurled.

## XXVIII

You are not peace, you are not happiness;  
I look not on you with content or trust;  
Nor is there in you aught with power to bless  
Or heal my spirit weary of life's dust.  
Nay, you are that which, on a leaden day,  
As endless clouds sluggish with rain pass by,  
Leaps brilliant once across the sullen grey,  
A vivid lightning-gleam in that dead sky.  
And I, whose days of sun or cloud have grown  
Changelessly furled in one grey monstrous pall,—  
I thirst for fierce lights, triumphs, trumpets blown,  
And you, most wild and passionate of all,—  
You, the bright madness lightening the curse  
Of reason's dull reign in the universe.

## XXIX

In the fair picture of my life's estate  
 Which long ago my yearning fancy drew  
 From hints of poets, prophets, lords of fate,  
 What place is there, belovèd one, for you?  
 How in this edifice of the soaring dome,  
 Noble, harmonious, lifted toward the stars,  
 Shall I carve forth a niche to be the home  
 Of you and of my love that round you wars?  
 Ah, folly his, who builds him such a house  
 Too early, by impatient visions led,  
 Ere he can know what blood shall stain his brows,  
 And from what troubled streams his heart is fed.  
 Now must he labor, in late night, alone  
 To wreck,—and then rebuild it, stone by stone.

## XXX

You mean, my friend, you do not greatly care  
 For these harsh portraits I have lately done?  
 You like my old style better,—like the rare  
 Enamelled softness of that princess-one?  
 True, this old woman, with the sunken throat  
 Painted like cordage, is not sweet to view.  
 Perhaps the blar whites of her eyes connote  
 No element of loveliness to you.  
 Ah yes, we all must love the sapphire lake,  
 The rainbow, and the rose,—but these alone?  
 Or is there some slight wonder where pines shake  
 On bare-ribbed mountain-peaks of shattered stone?  
 So these disturb? I fear this is the end  
 Of days when I shall please your taste, my friend.



## XXXI

Strange modern world wherein our days are passed,—  
Perplexed with all its riches,—stung by greed  
For what it scarce can use,—restless where vast  
Its domination cloaks a bitter need!—  
What warring powers have here their tourney spread,  
Wherein each sundered destiny must wage  
Its own internal struggle, while each head  
Bleeds in the general battle of the age!  
And over all the seething, where the powers  
Storm on their prisons,—where the unborn breaks  
Its shell,—where crash the rending moulding hours,  
And nations reel, and every bosom shakes,—  
Rises, a spectre on this field of strife,  
Its faltering, fierce, unconquered will to life!

## XXXII

“Are you the same? You love me as of old?”  
Lady, my love has turned from you no jot.  
“Why lie to me? Your lip curls strangely cold.”  
Lady, I tell you all. My love has not  
Abated by one hair’s-breadth: but to-day  
The world seems not so worthy of my hate;  
And in life’s dusty whirl of earthquake-play  
A fairness glimmers that I saw not late.  
Therefore to me, this day, you are not all;  
Hopes and desires, in tumult long repressed,  
Unto my ears send an articulate call,  
And faith in living rules once more my breast.  
“How interesting is life!—when love grows cold.  
Beware if ever you love me as of old!” . . .

## XXXIII

To-day put by the tumult of our wars,  
 Where,—strangely sexless in that struggle,—vie  
 Our spirits, meeting mid the armored jars,  
 Eager to thwart, to torture, to defy.  
 Our souls were born for hostile dalliance.  
 And you, if onslaught of your malice fail,  
 Abase yourself, fain in my wounded glance  
 To read exultant that your stings prevail.  
 And yet, to-day, bar me not from my own.  
 Lo! I yield all surrender that is yours.  
 For we are weary; and, each one alone,  
 We front a world whose loneliness endures.  
 And there seem hours when o'er an evening deep  
 We might drift home . . . I knew not you could weep! . . .

## XXXIV

I have not brought you asphodel, or laid  
 Before you any pearl of happy prize.  
 We have been as great eagles, unafraid  
 Circling and grappling through tremendous skies.  
 But evening closes; and the tired wing  
 Slants downward in slow earth-approaching flight.  
 Over the regions of our voyaging  
 Are drawn the holy curtains of the night.  
 O weary one! O pitiful waif of space!  
 Here gleams the haven to our troubled quest;  
 This is the land sought of your yearning face;  
 This is the house dreamed of my lonely breast.  
 We who have known all agonies and all bliss,—  
 Can it then be we shall know happiness?



## XXXV

Now, O belovèd, in this pausing hour  
When peace, like a great river's twilight flow,  
Isles us about from every alien power,  
And all that hearts can know at last we know,—  
Now let me speak words that within my breast  
Have long, too long, dim to your passing view  
Lain darkling, by a thousand storms oppressed,—  
Now let me speak my holy love of you.  
The topless peaks, the pure unclouded skies  
That dwell remote within your spirit furled  
I have not sung; and yet they filled my eyes,  
Or how else had I sought you through the world?  
My humors and my madness, fierce or cold,  
I have told you all: my love I have not told.

## XXXVI

Fields far below us,—silence in the wood,—  
Gold slanting rays down through green branches shed,—  
You, clear against the hazy golden flood,—  
And in your voice the summer as you said:  
“ I loved you once because a dream had come  
Of what you might be,—and that was not you.  
And once I hated, since my heart was numb  
With pain to know my perfect hope untrue.  
And once to make you other than you were  
I would have mounted Calvary on bent knees.  
But now,—dear lover whom such tempests stir,—  
I am forever done with all of these.  
My love is yours:—be tender, fierce, or strange,—  
You still are you, unchanged through every change.”

## XXXVII

Through vales of Thrace, Peneus' stream is flowing  
 Past legend-peopled hillsides to the deep;  
 From Pæstum's rose-hung plains soft winds are blowing;  
 The halls of Amber lie in haunted sleep;  
 The Cornish sea is silent with the Summer  
 That once bore Iseult from the Irish shore;  
 And lovely lone Fiesole is dumber  
 Than when Lorenzo's garland-guests it wore.  
 This eve for us the emerald clearness glowing  
 Over the stream, where late was ruddy might,  
 Whispers a wonder, dumb to other knowing,—  
 Known but to you, the silence, and the night.  
 Our boat drifts breathless; the last light is dying;  
 Stars, dawn, shall find us here together lying.

## XXXVIII

Low suns and moons, long days and spacious nights,  
 With majesty move by us; and in state,  
 Like buskined actors treading tragic heights,  
 Enlarge the measure of our common fate.  
 Across the great gold-hazèd afternoon  
 Drifts deeper meaning than our thought can prove;  
 And happy dusks and happy dawns too soon  
 Beyond our sight in calm procession move.  
 Dear, hospitable, grows the murmuring earth;  
 As lords at home,—masters returned from wars,—  
 Rule we this realm whose summer-thronèd worth  
 Admits no craving for the distant stars.  
 Close suns and moons, wide nights and spacious days,—  
 The Gods once sojourned in these earthly ways!



## XXXIX

I held no trust in this, that it should last!  
Of no malignant fates stand I the sport.  
If any memory plague me with the past,  
I of most clear foreknowledge make retort.  
What are the powers that in earth's centre live  
That such a dream as ours they should permit?  
Why, Heaven itself would have no more to give  
If Hell allow we should not wake from it!  
Dreaming, I saw beyond the curtained dream,—  
Half-conscious ever of the stubborn day  
Waiting to smite our turrets, high a-gleam,  
With armored siege of hurtling ray on ray.—  
What would you have, dear lady?—who for love  
Did ask the world that from its course it move?

## XL

Well, now they know! the world's malicious arms  
Like snakes stretch out, like pistons batter down.  
Toward us the missiles of a thousand harms  
Are sped; our names delight the leering town.  
Corrupt Don Juans of the midnight mart  
To their lean spouses mouth our infamy.  
Wantons,—whose sins, of flesh and not of heart,  
Leave them unscathed,—prove virtue, passing by.  
Ah, could we flee the world's whole vile intent!  
Might we but face it,—bid it do its worst!  
Yet vain the flight, and vain the argument.  
For the world's baseness are we made accursed.  
O love, bow down! Weep for the people's sin!  
The world, the flesh, the devil, always win!

## XLI

What Beatrice was, so much you are  
 To me now wandering with an exile's eyes  
 In regions whence no road to paradise  
 Mounts, and the solace glimmers of no star.  
 There stretch between us gulfs of many a war;  
 The ancient hills to sunder us arise.  
 And yet I crave, from Fate that all denies,  
 You near in dream, who are in truth so far. . . .  
 " Though all the powers that thwart your life and mine  
 Thereto consent, yet can I never be  
 Your Beatrice. I can never shine  
 Pale, starry in your heaven: nay, unto me  
 One lot alone my stormy Fates assign—  
 To leave you,—or to clasp you utterly! "

## XLII

What! shall all thwartings of malignant chance  
 Set any bar to this impassioned trust?  
 I will assail these gates of circumstance  
 And break their iron hinges to the dust.  
 Nay! are you pallid in the eye of the sun?  
 Do cold winds blow you from the midmost fire?  
 Or does the journey ere 'tis well begun  
 Speak with less eager lure to your desire?  
 Your look corrodes the metal of my heart.  
 Are we then tainted with a pallid cast  
 Of ghostly moonlight? All the foes that start  
 From ambush do not fright me as this last,  
 This sudden web of weakness round us grown. . . .  
 One gate we cannot storm. It is our own. . . .



## XLIII

Pale star whose light is dearer than all days,—  
Whose beam I can approach but to eclipse,—  
Whose glow I can but darken when your praise  
In half-unconscious singing stirs my lips,—  
Propitious do I deem the leagues of night  
That sunder me from regions where you are.  
Ere I would quench one glad ray of your light,  
I would that you were still my unknown star.  
When in the future days I draw not nigh  
And mar no more calm skies where you are set,  
Think not my night of memory has gone by;—  
And, silent star, let not your heart forget.—  
Let sometime, somewhere, one clear midnight be  
When you revisit this dark troubled sea.

## XLIV

When men no longer hear the sunrise-hail  
Of Cytherea from her sapphire bays,—  
When troubadour-romance grows ghastly pale  
In death, and love has come on doubtful days,—  
When harlots walk the streets enticing lust,  
And dull convenience seals the marriage bond,  
And love scarce knows itself from friendly trust,  
And restless hearts strain toward some fresh beyond,—  
In such an hour, vex not with idle blame  
The wreck of two, adrift where windy moods  
Trouble the deep. Look inward! let the flame  
Reveal if moths have spared your treasured goods.  
And he whose hopes are bright and sure, alone  
Let him take up the first accusing stone.

## XLV

A world of beauty and a reign of law—  
A glimpse of life's obscure authentic lord—  
A link from mote to planet,—these with awe  
The saint and lover crave, in deep accord.  
Yet must the lover ofttimes turn aside  
From where the saint, sure of his truth, would bound  
Powers that, beyond known confines circling wide,  
The unproved dominance of his dream confound.  
Sometimes across the vastness of free sky,  
Beyond the orbit of life's charted world,  
A wandering spectre of the dark goes by—  
A flaming comet out of chaos hurled:—  
And wise men doubt their wisdom, as that light  
Plunges unknown down chasms of boundless night. . . .

## XLVI

There is a love that bursts all hindering bars,  
And soars on pinions of authentic might  
To glad communion with its sister-stars,  
Needing no guidance save its own pure light.  
But ere it break the prison of its fears,  
Some kinship with the heavens must touch its soul,—  
Or, past the wreckage of the shattered years,  
It shall drift alien where calm splendors roll. . . .  
There is a love born of an exile's heart,—  
That shares not in love's universal breath,—  
That craves not all life's beauty, but one part  
From the rest sundered. And its way is death.  
Yet as through night its dying gleam sweeps by,  
It mocks the earth,—it, pilgrim of the sky.



## XLVII

Seldom the powers of heaven or hell declare  
To strangers, meeting, of their rank and name.  
The great archangel hosts no aureoles wear,  
And Satan's minions prance ungirt of flame.  
In vesture undemonstrative they come  
And stand like mighty shadows at the gate,  
Their eyes subdued, their eloquent voices dumb,  
Their hands concealed that hold such turns of fate.  
Greet thou the stranger! give him of thy best,  
As fits the pilgrim of an unknown day.  
Then when thy board is emptied of its guest,  
And o'er the hills that vast form stalks away,  
Evening, mayhap, across thy door shall fall  
Ere thou know sure what garments swept thy hall.

## XLVIII

The clouds that steal across the sun of June  
Are swift; and out of them the sun comes free.  
The mists that drift beneath the flying moon  
Reveal new brightness of her wizardry.  
Not so the shadows that on the spirit fall,  
Moving like torrents that wind the mountain-steep.  
Down from the slopes they bear beyond recall  
Earth and flowers; their pathway is graven deep.  
They wear the iron rock; they change the hills;  
The slopes are torn; the peaks fall; the vales flood wide.  
And when the waters cease, and sound of rills  
Remains, the battle's echo, down the mountain-side,  
Passers-by shall marvel, in far-off days—  
“Here lie forever the torrent's ancient ways!”

## XLIX

There is a sickness in my channelled blood,—  
 Not of the spirit or the mind alone,  
 Outlasting far the dominance of a mood,  
 Eating corrosive into flesh and bone.  
 And what shall medicine this mortal ill  
 I know not, nor the surgeons truly know.  
 They tap and peer and pry their foolish fill,—  
 But still the dizzy humors ebb and flow.  
 And yet I somehow feel that did you lay  
 Your hand upon my heart and bid it beat,  
 There might come back my youth's unwearied day,  
 And all the world-paths call my healèd feet.  
 For in a world where soul and body mesh,  
 Surely so much the spirit may mould the flesh?

## L

I needs must know that in the days to come  
 No child that from our Summer sprang shall be  
 To give our voices when the lips are dumb  
 That lingering breath of immortality.  
 Nay, all our longing compassed not such hope,  
 Nor did we, in our flame-shot passagings,  
 Push the horizon of our visions' scope  
 To regions of these far entangled things.  
 I knew not such desire. But now I know.—  
 O perfect body! O wild soul a-flower!  
 We, wholly kindled by life's whitest glow,  
 Turned barren from our life-commanding hour. . . .  
 Now while I dream, sweetness of that desire  
 Lies on my heart like veils of parching fire. . . .



## LI

What if some lover in a far-off Spring,  
Down the long passage of a hundred years,  
Should breathe his longing through the words I sing—  
And close the book, dazed by a woman's tears?  
Does it mean aught to you that such might be? . . . .  
Ah! we far-seekers! . . . Solely thus were proved  
From dream to deed the souls of you and me;—  
Thus only were it real that we had loved.  
Grey ghosts blown down the desolate moors of time!  
Poor wanderers, lost to any hope of rest!  
Joined by the measure of a faltering rhyme!  
Sundered by deep division of the breast!—  
Sundered by all wherein we both have part;  
Joined by the far-world seeking of each heart.

## LII

This is a record of what has not been,  
Is not, and never while time lasts can be.  
It is a tale of lights down rain-gusts seen,—  
Of midnight argent mad moon-archery.  
Ah, life that vexes all men plagued us most!  
And made us motes in winds that blew from far,—  
Credulous of the whispers of a ghost,—  
Fain of the light of some long-quenchèd star.  
What were you that I loved you? What was I  
That I perturbed you? Shapes of restless sleep!  
A shadow from a cloud that hurried by,—  
A ripple of great powers that stirred the deep.  
And we, too supple for life's storms to break,  
Writhed at a dream's touch, for a shadow's sake!

## LIII

There are strange shadows fostered of the moon,  
More numerous than the clear-cut shade of day. . . .  
Go forth, when all the leaves whisper of June,  
Into the dusk of swooping bats at play,—  
Or go into that late November dusk  
When hills take on the noble lines of death,  
And on the air the faint astringent musk  
Of rotting leaves pours vaguely troubling breath.—  
Then shall you see shadows whereof the sun  
Knows nothing,—aye, a thousand shadows there  
Shall leap and flicker and stir and stay and run,  
Like petrels of the changing foul or fair,—  
Like ghosts of twilight, of the moon, of him  
Whose homeland lies past each horizon's rim. . . .

## LIV

Across the shaken bastions of the year  
March drives his windy chariot-wheels of cold.  
Somewhere, they tell me, Spring is waiting near. . . .  
But all my heart is with things grey and old:—  
Reliques of other Aprils, that are blown  
Recklessly up and down the barren earth;  
Mine the dull grasses by the Winter mown,  
And the chill echoes of forgotten mirth.  
Spring comes, but not for me. I know the sign  
And feel it alien. I am of an age  
That passes. All the blossoms that were mine  
Lie trampled now beneath December's rage.  
Ye children of the Spring,—may life be sweet!  
For me, the world crumbles beneath my feet.



## LV

They brought me tidings; and I did not hear  
More than a fragment of the words they said.  
Their further speech died dull upon my ear;  
For my rapt spirit elsewhere had fled—  
Fled unto you in other times and places.  
Old memories winged about me in glad flight.  
I saw your lips of longing and delight,—  
Your grave glad eyes beyond their chattering faces.  
I saw a world where you have been to me  
More than the sun, more than the wakening wind.  
I saw a brightness that they could not see.  
And yet I seemed as smitten deaf and blind.  
I heard but fragments of the words they said.  
Life wanes. The sunlight darkens. You are dead.

## LVI

Out of the dusk into whose gloom you went,  
Answer me, tell me, why you chose to go?  
Why did you seek that far-strewn firmament?  
Was loneliness not keen enough below?  
Did some old wrong affright you? Some new ill?  
Did one more bloom that lured you turn to dust?  
What spur could goad that lovely weary will,  
What hopeless calm, what storm of shaken trust?  
Across the giant waste of this unknown  
Must I forever send my questionings?  
Had you no word to leave me for my own  
Before you went? Must my imaginings  
Deem you forgot?—Or did your heart foretell  
That time's whole later hush would speak farewell?

## LVII

Now from the living fountains of my thought  
Spring streams of comfort, crystalline and mild,  
To cool the wound the sudden stroke has wrought  
And bid my heart in peace be reconciled.  
My spirit whispers—"From this meteor flown,  
Draw knowledge of the stars, now all is done.  
Assign it station in some system known,  
Part of the ordered brightness round the sun."  
Good counsel!—reconcile, transmute, remould  
To earth's conglomerate mass this unconfined  
Pilgrim of sky,—or label it, grown cold,  
To edify a chaos-fearing mind? . . .  
Love, love, I keep memorial of you! Nay!—  
Unsolved, bright, lonely, till my Judgment Day!



# THE WORLD OF H. G. WELLS

VAN WYCK BROOKS

## III

### *The Philosophy of the New Republican*

IT is obvious that the socialism of Wells, touching as it does at every point the fabric of society, remains at bottom a personal and mystical conception of life. His typical socialist, or constructive man, or Samurai, or New Republican, or what you will, is as distinctly a poetic projection from life as Nietzsche's Superman, or Carlyle's Hero, or the Superior Man of Confucius. Like them, it implies a rule of conduct and a special religious attitude.

Nietzsche's Superman is a convenient figure by which for the moment to throw into relief the point I have in mind. Plainly a conception of this kind should never be intellectualized and defined. It is a living whole, as a human being is a living whole, and the only way to grasp it is to place oneself at the precise angle of the poet who conceived it. But the fixed intellect of man is not often capable of rising to the height of such an argument, nor do the run of critics and interpreters rise to such a height themselves. In the case of Nietzsche, particularly, they have confounded the confusion, urging precise definitions and at the same time disagreeing among themselves as to which definitions may be held valid. But indeed the Superman does not "mean" this or that: it can merely be approached from different points of view with different degrees of sympathy. And so it is with the New Republican of Wells.

I have mentioned the Superman because Wells himself has reached a conception of aristocracy similar in certain respects to that of Nietzsche but in others wholly antagonistic. In *The Food of the Gods* he certainly exhibits a sympathy with Nietzsche on the poetical and ideal side; for his giants are not simply grandchildren of Rabelais, they practise of necessity a morality at variance with that of the little men among whom they grow.

When Caddles comes to London he does not, and cannot, expect the little men to feed him; not intending evil and seeing merely that he must live, he sweeps the contents of a baker's shop into his mouth with just the unconcerned innocence of laws and prohibitions that a child would feel before a blackberry bush. The very existence of a larger, freer race implies a larger and freer morality, and the giants and the little folk alike see that the same world cannot for long contain them both. But perhaps one can mark the distinction by saying that, unlike the Supermen, they are not masters but servants of the cosmic process. They themselves are not the goal toward which the whole creation tends. Humanity is not a setting for their splendor, but something that wins through them its own significance.

In fact it fully proves how profound is the socialistic instinct in Wells, that though in English-wise and almost in the manner of Carlyle he has come to believe in the great ones of this world, he has never lost the invincible socialist conviction that a great man is only a figure of speech. In *The Discovery of the Future* he says: "I must confess that I believe that if by some juggling with space and time Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Edward IV, William the Conqueror, Lord Rosebery, and Robert Burns had all been changed at birth, it would not have produced any serious dislocation of the course of destiny. I believe that these great men of ours are no more than images and symbols and instruments taken, as it were, haphazard by the incessant and consistent forces behind them." The individual who stands on his achievement, the "lord of creation," is to him at best a little misinformed, at the worst blustering, dishonest, presuming, absurd,— "Byronic."

By an original instinct the Wells hero is an inconspicuous little person, fastidiously untheatrical, who cuts no figure personally and who, to adopt a phrase from one of his later books, "escapes from individuality in science and service." He abhors "personages." For the personage is one who, in some degree, stands on his achievement, and to Wells man, both in his love and his work, is experimental: he is an experiment toward an impersonal synthesis, the well-being of the species. It is true that this idea of man as an experiment does not con-



flict with a very full development of personality. It consists in that; but personality to Wells is attained purely through love and work, and thus it comes to an end the moment it becomes static, the moment one accepts the laurel wreath, the moment one verges on self-consequence.

The first published utterance of Wells was, I think, a paper in *The Fortnightly Review* for July, 1891, called *The Rediscovery of the Unique*. It was one of the earliest of those attacks on the logical approach to life, so characteristic of contemporary thought: it stamped him from the outset a pragmatist. The burden of his argument was that since the investigations of Darwin it is no longer possible to ignore the uniqueness of every individual thing in the universe and that "we only arrive at the idea of similar beings by an unconscious or deliberate disregard of an infinity of small differences"—that, in brief, the method of classification which is the soul of logic is untrue to the facts of life. "Human reason," he wrote, "in the light of what is being advanced, appears as a convenient organic process based on a fundamental happy misconception. . . . The *raison d'être* of a man's mind is to avoid danger and get food—so the naturalists tell us. His reasoning powers are about as much a truth-seeking tool as the snout of a pig, and he may as well try to get to the bottom of things by them as a mole might by burrowing."

I quote thus his rudely graphic early statement of the case, because he has not since substantially modified it and because it shows that he already related it to human realities: and indeed in the same paper he pointed out the relation that such an idea must bear to ordinary conduct: "Beings are unique, circumstances are unique, and therefore we cannot think of regulating our conduct by wholesale dicta. A strict regard for truth compels us to add that principles are wholesale dicta: they are substitutes of more than doubtful value for an individual study of cases." This conception of human reason as an altogether inadequate organ for getting at the truth of things he later expanded in his Oxford lecture, *Scepticism of the Instrument*; and, still further expanded, it forms the first or metaphysical book of his *First and Last Things*. It is unnecessary to discuss the

rights and wrongs of this primary point in a generation familiar with James and Bergson. It is an assumption of the purely personal, experimental nature of truth which has had a sufficient sanction of experience greatly to modify contemporary practice in ethics and sociology. And it should be noted that Wells evolved it in his own study of physical science (a study serious enough to result in text-books of Biology, Zoölogy, and Physiography) and that he presents it, in accordance with his own postulates, not as truth for everybody, but as his own personal contribution to the sum of experience. The study of science led him to see the limitations of the scientific attitude, outside the primary physical sciences which for practical purposes can afford to ignore individualities, in matters that approach the world of human motives and affairs.

I do not propose to discuss this question of logic. It is quite plain at least, as Wells observes, in the spirit of Professor James, that "all the great and important beliefs by which life is guided and determined are less of the nature of fact than of artistic expression." And therefore he is justified in proceeding as follows:

"I make my beliefs as I want them. I do not attempt to go to fact for them. I make them thus and not thus exactly as an artist makes a picture so and not so. . . . That does not mean that I make them wantonly and regardless of fact. . . . The artistic method in the field of beliefs, as in the field of visual renderings, is one of great freedom and initiative and great poverty of test, that is all, but of no wantonness; the conditions of rightness are none the less imperative because they are mysterious and indefinable. I adopt certain beliefs because I feel the need of them, because I feel an often quite unanalyzable rightness in them; because the alternative of chaotic life distresses me."

And this is the way in which he presents the gist of his beliefs:

"I see myself in life as part of a great physical being that strains and I believe grows toward Beauty, and of a great mental being that strains and I believe grows toward knowledge and power. In this persuasion that I am a gatherer of experience, a mere tentacle that arranges thought beside thought for this being



of the Species, this being that grows beautiful and powerful, in this persuasion I find the ruling idea of which I stand in need, the ruling idea that reconciles and adjudicates among my warring motives. In it I find both concentration of myself and escape from myself, in a word I find *Salvation*."

And again later:

"The race flows through us, the race is the drama and we are the incidents. This is not any sort of poetical statement: it is a statement of fact. In so far as we are individuals, so far as we seek to follow merely individual ends, we are accidental, disconnected, without significance, the sport of chance. In so far as we realize ourselves as experiments of the species for the species, just in so far do we escape from the accidental and the chaotic. We are episodes in an experience greater than ourselves. . . . Now none of this, if you read me aright, makes for the suppression of one's individual difference, but it does make for its correlation. We have to get everything we can out of ourselves for this very reason that we do not stand alone; we signify as parts of a universal and immortal development. Our separate selves are our charges, the talents of which much has to be made. It is because we are episodical in the great synthesis of life that we have to make the utmost of our individual lives and traits and possibilities."

Naturally then, just as he holds by the existing State as a rudimentary collective organ in public affairs, so also, in theory, he holds by the existing Church. His Church of the Future bears to the existing Church just the relation which the ultimate State of socialism bears to the existing State. "The theory of a religion," says Wells, "may propose the attainment of Nirvana or the propitiation of an irascible Deity or a dozen other things as its end and aim. The practical fact is that it draws together great multitudes of diverse individualized people in a common solemnity and self-subordination, however vague, and is so far like the State, and in a manner far more intimate and emotional and fundamental than the State, a synthetic power. And in particular the idea of the Catholic Church is charged with synthetic suggestion; it is in many ways an idea broader and finer than the constructive idea of any existing State."

All of which I take to be very much the position of Erasmus face to face with Luther and of Matthew Arnold face to face on the one hand with Nonconformity and on the other with Darwinism: that the Church is a social fact greater in importance than any dogmatic system it contains. To Wells any sort of voluntary self-isolation, any secession from anything really synthetic in society, is a form of "sin." And like many Catholics he justifies a certain Machiavellism in squaring one's personal doubts with the collective end. Thus he holds that test oaths and declarations of formal belief are of the same nature as the oath of allegiance a republican takes to the King, petty barriers that cannot weigh against the good that springs from placing oneself *en rapport* with the collective religious consciousness; at least in the case of national Churches, which profess to represent the whole spiritual life of a nation and which cannot therefore be regarded as exclusive to any affirmative religious man. The individual, he says, must examine his special case and weigh the element of treachery against the possibility of coöperation; as far as possible he must repress his private tendency toward social fragmentation, hold fast to the idea of the Church as essentially a larger fact than any specific religious beliefs, and work within it for the recognition of this fact. I have mentioned Catholic reasoning; Wells appears to be in general agreement with Newman as to the subordination of private intellectual scruples to the greater unity of faith.

But indeed I doubt if it is fair to take him too much at his word in specific matters of this kind. *First and Last Things* has that slightly official quality which goes with all Confessions of Faith out loud. If his intention has led him to square himself with lines of thought and conduct where, to speak the truth, he is an alien, his intention remains, and that is plain and fine.

The synthetic motive gains its very force through the close-knit of keenly-developed, proud, and valiant individualities. In Wells the synthetic motive and the individual motive qualify and buttress one another; and he is quite as much opposed to the over-predominance of the synthetic motive where the personal motive is deficient as he is to the self-indulgence of the purely personal life. Thus the Assembly in *A Modern Utopia*



is required to contain a certain number of men outside the Samurai class, because, as they explain, "there is a certain sort of wisdom that comes of sin and laxness, which is necessary to the perfect ruling of life," and their Canon contains a prayer "to save the world from unfermented men." So also in *First and Last Things* Wells remarks: "If I were a father confessor I should begin my catalogue of sins by asking, 'Are you a man of regular life?' and I would charge my penitent to go away forthwith and commit some practicable saving irregularity; to fast or get drunk or climb a mountain or sup on pork and beans or give up smoking or spend a month with publicans and sinners." Plainly his collective purpose is nothing unless it consists of will, will even to wilfulness, even to perversity.

And this leads one back to that early assertion of his that since beings and circumstances are unique, we must get rid of the idea that conduct should be regulated by general principles. Similarly, at the outset of *Mankind in the Making* he says it is necessary "to reject and set aside all abstract, refined, and intellectualized ideas as starting propositions, such ideas as Right, Liberty, Happiness, Duty, or Beauty, and to hold fast to the assertion of the fundamental nature of life as a tissue and succession of births." Goodness and Beauty, he says, cannot be considered apart from good and beautiful things and one's personal notions of the good and beautiful have to be determined by one's personal belief about the meaning of life. Thus to take an illustration from his novels, one of the most odious traits of such a father as Ann Veronica's or Mr. Pope in *Marriage* is that they wish to regulate their daughters, not by a study of what is and must be good in their eyes, but by a general sweeping view of what good daughters ought to be.

Now since his own idea of the purpose of life is the development of the collective consciousness of the race, his idea of the Good is that which contributes to this synthesis, and the Good Life is that which, as he says, "most richly gathers and winnows and prepares experience and renders it available for the race, that contributes most effectively to the collective growth." And as a corollary to this, Sin is essentially "the service of secret and personal ends." The conflict in one way or another between

this Good and this Evil forms the substance of each of the main group of his novels. Aside from the novels of shop-life, each of his principal men begins life with a passionate and disinterested ambition to gather and prepare experience and render it available for the race; each one falls from this ambition to the service of secret and personal ends. Lewisham, Capes, Ponderevo, Remington, Trafford are, each in his own way, human approximations, with all the discount of actual life, of the ethical standard of Wells himself as it is generalized in the New Republicans and the Samurai. They illustrate how fully the socialism of Wells is summed up in a conception of character.

But before turning to the actual men and women who form the substance of his novels, I must add something about those wraith-like beings, the Samurai of *A Modern Utopia*, which fully embody his ideal.

The name Samurai, to begin with, is not a random choice, for it is plain that the Japanese temper is akin to that of Wells. The career of the Japanese as a nation during the last fifty years perfectly illustrates his frequent contention that in modern warfare success falls to the nation that has most completely realized the socialistic, as distinguished from the individualistic, notion of society. "Behind her military capacity is the disciplined experience of a thousand years," says Lafcadio Hearn, who proceeds to show at what cost, in everything we are apt to regard as human, this disciplined power has been achieved—the cost of individual privacy in rights, property, and conduct.

But aside from social ideals and achievements one instinctively feels that Wells likes Japanese human nature. In one of his early essays, long since out of print, he remarks: "I like my art unadorned; thought and skill and the other strange quality that is added thereto to make things beautiful—and nothing more. A farthing's worth of paint and paper, and behold! a thing of beauty!—as they do in Japan. And if it should fall into the fire—well, it has gone like yesterday's sunset, and tomorrow there will be another." He contrasts this with the ordinary English view of art and property, mahogany furniture and "handsome" possessions. "The pretence that they were the accessories to human life was too transparent. *We* were



the accessories; we minded them for a little while, and then we passed away. They wore us out and cast us aside. We were the changing scenery; they were the actors who played on through the piece." *There is no Being but Becoming* is the special dictum of Wells, a dictum which does not consort with mahogany sideboards, but is tangibly expressed in Japanese architecture. And if Wells naturally likes Japanese art, its economy, delicacy, ephemerality, its catlike nicety, its paucity of color, its emphasis of design, its "starkness," it is plain also that many qualities of the Japanese character must also appeal irresistibly to him: the light hold they have on all those things into which one settles down, from stolid leather arm-chairs to comfortable private fortunes; their lack of self-consequence, their alertness, their athletic freedom from everything that encumbers, their remoteness from port-wine and *embonpoint*. These things exist in Well's notion of right human nature.

It is traits of this kind that enable the Samurai to be what they fully are. They are delegates of the species, experimenting and searching for new directions; they instinctively view themselves as explorers for the race, as disinterested agents. And their own self-development on this disinterested basis is not only the purpose of their own lives, but also the method by which the Life Impulse discovers and records itself and pushes on to ever wider and richer manifestations.

The socialism of Wells is merely a building out from this conception. He is persuaded that this kind of experimental exercise is not simply a happy indulgence for the few fortunately placed, but that it is actually virtue and the only virtue. And this notion of personal virtue—personal in quality, social in effect—once conceded, it follows that the moulding of life must proceed with reference to this.

#### IV

#### *Human Nature*

THERE is always a certain disadvantage in approaching human nature through a theory or in the light of an ideal. If I am doing that, it is my own fault and by no means the fault of Wells. He has himself abandoned so-

cialism, in the ordinary sense of the term, because it has too much of the *a priori* about it; he has abandoned economics because it deals with man as a mass-mind; he has come to rest in human nature itself and he has made his theories subject to human nature.

"All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story," says Thoreau. Most readers of the novels of Wells, I suppose, have no notion that a theory of life runs through them and unites them. And they are right. The force of a work of art does not reside in its "inner meanings." An admirable work of art will always no doubt possess "inner meanings" in plenty and the unhappy mind of man will always rout them out. But to separate the intellectual structure of anything from the thing itself is just like any other kind of vivisection: you expose the brain and you kill the dog. A work of art is a moving living whole that speaks to the moving living whole which is oneself. We are insensibly modified by reading as by other experience. We come to feel differently, see differently, act differently. Without doubt Wells has altered the air we breathe and has made a conscious fact in many minds the excellence that resides in certain types of men and modes of living and the odiousness that resides in others. Socialism, like everything else which changes the world, comes as a thief in the night.

Still, it is plain that Wells himself began with doctrine foremost; richness of experience has led him only after many years to get the horse before the cart. From the first he was aware of a point of view—it was the point of view, writ large, of his own self-made career, growing gradually more and more coherent. Throughout his romances, down to the very end, his chief interest was theoretical rather than human. Only this can account for the violent wrenching of life and character in them to suit the requirements of a predetermined idea. The Food of the Gods, for example, is so far the essential fact of the book that bears its name that the characters in this book are merely employed to give the Food a recognizable human setting. Throughout his romances, indeed, men exist for inventions, not inventions for men.

Yet the "human interest," as it is called, was there from the outset, side by side with this main theoretic interest in the scien-



tific and socialistic possibilities of life. The series of novels began almost as early as the series of romances. Two "streams of tendency" run side by side throughout the earlier writings of Wells—streams of tendency which meet fully for the first time in *Tono-Bungay*, and have formed a single main current in the novels subsequent to that. On the one hand was the stream of constructive theory, not yet brought into contact with human nature, on the other the stream of "human interest," not yet brought into contact with constructive theory. Mr. Hoopdriver, of *The Wheels of Chance*, and Kipps, are typical of this earlier fiction. Specimens of muddled humanity as such, one might say, quite unmitigated by the train of thought, the possibility of doing something *with* muddled humanity, which was growing more and more urgent in the romances.

In *Tono-Bungay*, as I have said, one sees the union of these two trains of interest, muddled humanity being represented in Uncle Ponderevo, constructive theory in George Ponderevo. And in all the subsequent novels this fusion continues. The background in each case is the static world of muddle from which Wells is always pushing off into the open sea of possibilities, the foreground being occupied by a series of men and women who represent this dynamic forward movement. In other words, the philosophy of Wells has finally come to port in human nature.

"Few modern socialists," he says somewhere, "present their faith as a complete panacea, and most are now setting to work in earnest upon those long-shirked preliminary problems of human interaction through which the vital problem of a collective head and brain can alone be approached." And elsewhere he says: "Our real perplexities are altogether psychological. There are no valid arguments against a great-spirited socialism but this, that people will not. Indolence, greed, meanness of spirit, the aggressiveness of authority, and above all jealousy, jealousy from pride and vanity, jealousy for what we esteem our possessions, jealousy for those upon whom we have set the heavy fetters of our love, a jealousy of criticism and association, these are the real obstacles to those brave large reconstructions, those profitable abnegations and brotherly feats of generosity that will

yet turn human life—of which our individual lives are but the momentary parts—into a glad, beautiful and triumphant coöperation all round this sunlit world.”

Inevitably then he sees the world as divided roughly into two worlds, and human nature as of two general kinds. There is the static world, the normal, ordinary world which is on the whole satisfied with itself, together with the great mass of men who compose and sanction it; and there is the ever-advancing better world, pushing through this outworn husk in the minds and wills of creative humanity. In one of his essays he has figured this opposition as between what he calls the Normal Social Life and the Great State. And in one of those *dégagé* touch-and-go sketches in which he so often sums up the history of humankind, he has presented the Normal Social Life as a “common atmosphere of cows, hens, dung, toil, ploughing, economy, and domestic intimacy,” an immemorial state of being which implies on the part of men and women a perpetual acquiescence—a satisfied or hopeless consent—to the end of time. But as against this normal conception of life he points out that modern circumstances have developed in men, through machinery, the division of labor, etc., a “surplus life” which does not fit into the Normal scheme at all, and that humanity has returned “from a closely tethered to a migratory existence.” And he observes: “The history of the immediate future will, I am convinced, be very largely the history of the conflict of the needs of this new population with the institutions, the boundaries, the laws, prejudices, and deep-rooted traditions established during the home-keeping, localized era of mankind’s career.”

Two conceptions of life, two general types of character, two ethical standards are here set in opposition, and this opposition is maintained throughout the novels of Wells. Thus on the title-page of *The New Machiavelli* appears the following quotation from Professor James: “It suffices for our immediate purpose that tender-minded and tough-minded people . . . do both exist.” In *A Modern Utopia* this division appears typically in the two men from our world who play off against one another, the botanist and the narrator of the story. The “tender-mindedness” of the botanist is exhibited in the fact that he cares



nothing for a better world if it is to deprive him of the muddled, inferior and sentimental attachments of his accustomed life, and prefers them to the austerer, braver prospect that is offered him. "Tough-mindedness," on the other hand, is above all the state of living, not in one's attachments, habits, possessions, not in the rut of least resistance, but in the sense of one's constructive and coöperative relationship to the whole sum of things, in having a function with regard to the sum of things, in being "a conscious part of that web of effort and perplexity which wraps about our globe." And indeed the constant theme of the novels of Wells might be described as tough-mindedness with lapses.

For the heroes of Wells do lapse: they pay that tribute to "human nature" and the overwhelming anti-social forces in the world and in man himself. They fall, as a rule, from "virtue" to the service of secret and personal ends. *Cherchez la femme*. Mr. Lewisham, insufficiently prepared and made to feel that society does not want him, has to give up his disinterested ambitions in science and scramble for money to support a wife whom instinct has urged him, however imprudently, to marry. George Ponderevo gives up science and is forced into abetting his uncle's patent medicine enterprise for the same reason. For the same reason, too, Capes takes to commercial play-writing to support Ann Veronica; and to stand behind the extravagance of Marjorie, Trafford, having discovered in his researches an immensely valuable method of making artificial india-rubber which he is going to make public for the use of society, is persuaded to compromise his honor as a scientist and monopolize his discovery for private gain. In *Tono-Bungay* the enterprise is a swindling patent medicine, which many business men would refuse to have anything to do with; but in *Marriage* the proposition belongs to what is called "legitimate business," and it may be well to quote a passage to show the subtlety and, at the same time, from this point of view, the very substantial nature of temptation and sin:

"Solomonson had consulted Trafford about this matter at Vevey, and had heard with infinite astonishment that Trafford

had already roughly prepared and was proposing to complete and publish, unpatented and absolutely unprotected, first a smashing demonstration of the unsoundness of Behren's claim and then a lucid exposition of just what had to be done and what could be done to make an india-rubber absolutely indistinguishable from the natural product. The business man could not believe his ears.

" 'My dear chap, positively—you mustn't!' Solomonson had screamed. . . . 'Don't you see all you are throwing away?'

" 'I suppose it's our quality to throw such things away,' said Trafford. . . . 'When men dropped that idea of concealing knowledge, alchemist gave place to chemist, and all that is worth having in modern life, all that makes it better and safer and more hopeful than the ancient life began.'

" 'My dear fellow,' said Solomonson, 'I know, I know. But to give away the synthesis of rubber! To just shove it out of the window into the street!' . . . Everything that had made Trafford up to the day of his marriage was antagonistic to such strategic reservations. The servant of science has as such no concern with personal consequences; his business is the steady relentless clarification of knowledge. The human affairs he changes, the wealth he makes or destroys, are no concern of his; once these things weigh with him, become primary, he has lost his honor as a scientific man.

" 'But you *must* think of consequences,' Solomonson had cried during those intermittent talks at Vevey. 'Here you are, shying this cheap synthetic rubber of yours into the world—for it's bound to be cheap! anyone can see that—like a bomb into a marketplace. What's the good of saying you don't care about the market-place, that *your* business is just to make bombs and drop them out of the window? You smash up things just the same. Why! you'll ruin hundreds and thousands of people, people living on rubber shares, people working in plantations, old, inadaptably workers in rubber works. . . .'

" 'I believe we can do the stuff at tenpence a pound,' said



Solomonson, leaning back in his chair at last. . . . 'So soon, that is, as we deal in quantity. Tenpence! We can lower the price and spread the market, sixpence by sixpence. In the end—there won't be any more plantations. Have to grow tea.' "

There we have Eve and the apple brought up to date, sin being the choice of a private and individual good at the expense of the general good. The honor of a doctor or a scientist consists in not concealing and monopolizing discoveries. But why should the line be drawn at doctors and scientists? There is the crux of socialist ethics.

By this type of compromise the actual New Republicans fall short of their Utopian selves, the Samurai. But compromise is well within the philosophy of Wells. "The individual case," he says in *First and Last Things*, "is almost always complicated by the fact that the existing social and economic system is based upon conditions that the growing collective intelligence condemns as unjust and undesirable, and that the constructive spirit in men now seeks to supersede. We have to live in a provisional state while we dream of and work for a better one." And elsewhere: "All Socialists everywhere are like expeditionary soldiers far ahead of the main advance. The organized State that should own and administer their possessions for the general good has not arrived to take them over; and in the meanwhile they must act like its anticipatory agents according to their lights and make things ready for its coming."

But if the New Republican is justified in compromising himself for the means of subsistence, how much more in the matter of love! "All for love, and the world well lost" might be written over several of Wells's novels. But, in reality, is the world lost at all under these conditions? On the contrary, it is gained, and the more unconsciously the better, in babies. Love belongs to the future and the species with more finality than the greatest constructive work of the present, and the heroines of Wells are inordinately fond of babies. When Schopenhauer analyzed the metaphysics of love he showed that natural selection is a quite inevitable thing seeking its own. In

Wells love is equally irresistible and direct. Whenever it appears in his books it makes itself unmistakably known, and, having done so, it cuts its way straight to its consummation, through every obstacle of sentiment, affection, custom, and conventionality. It is as ruthless as the Last Judgment, and like the Last Judgment it occurs only once.

Why then does it appear promiscuous? The answer to this question refers one back to the underlying contention of Wells that there are two kinds of human beings and two corresponding ethics, and that in the end the New Republican who has become aware of himself cannot consort with the Normal Social breed. But in actual life this standard becomes entangled with many complexities. Just as, in a world of commercial competition, it is the lot of most of those who try to give themselves wholeheartedly to disinterested work that they place themselves at such a disadvantage as ultimately to have to make a choice between work and love, so the pressure of society and the quality of human nature itself create entanglements of every kind. It is the nature of life that one grows only gradually to the secure sense of a personal aim, and that meanwhile day by day one has given hostages to fortune. To wake up and find oneself suddenly the master of a purpose is without doubt, in the majority of cases, to find oneself mortgaged beyond hope to the existing fact. The writer who sets out to make his way temporarily and as a stepping-stone by journalism finds himself in middle age with ample means to write what he wishes to write only to find also that he has become for good and all—a journalist! And so it is with lovers. Only in the degree to which free will remains a perpetual and present faith can “love and fine thinking” remain themselves; free of their attachments, free of their obligations, and mortgages, and discounts. That is the quality of a decent marriage, and the end of a marriage that is not decent.

It is no business of mine to justify the sexual ethics of Wells. But there is a difference between a fact and an intention, and what I have just said serves to explain the intention. Consider, in the light of it, a few of his characters, both in and out of marriage. Ann Veronica from the first frankly owns that she



is not in love with Manning, but every kind of social hypnotism is brought to motion to work on her ignorance of life and to confuse her sense of free-will. George Ponderevo simply outgrows Marion; but you cannot expect him not to grow, and who is responsible for the limited, furtive, second-hand world in which Marion has lived and which has irrevocably moulded her? Margaret's world too is a second-hand world, though on a socially higher plane: she lives in a pale dream of philanthropy and Italian art, shocked beyond any mutual understanding by everything that really belongs in the first-hand world of her husband. These characters meet and pass one another like moving scales, they never stand on quite the same plane. And then the inevitable always occurs. For, just as the Children of the Food cannot consort with the little folk they promise to supersede, so it appears to be a fixed part of the programme of Wells that New Republicans can only love other New Republicans with success.

He implies this indeed in *A Modern Utopia*:

“ ‘A man under the Rule who loves a woman who does not follow it, must either leave the Samurai to marry her, or induce her to accept what is called the Woman's Rule, which, while it excepts her from the severer qualifications and disciplines, brings her regimen into a working harmony with his.’

“ ‘Suppose she breaks the Rule afterwards?’

“ ‘He must leave either her or the order.’

“ ‘There is matter for a novel or so in that.’

“ ‘There has been matter for hundreds.’ ”

Wells has written six himself. *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, *Ann Veronica*, *Tono-Bungay*, *The New Machiavelli*, *Marriage*, *The Passionate Friends*, are all variations on this theme. In one of these alone life's double motive succeeds in establishing itself, and it is for this reason that *Marriage*, to my thinking the weakest of his novels from an artistic point of view, is the most important concrete presentation of the philosophy of Wells. It is an inferior book, but it gives one the sense of a problem solved. By passing through a necessary yet feasible discipline, Trafford and Marjorie bridge over the gap between haphazard

human nature and the better nature of socialism, and become Samurai in fact.

These entanglements of the actual world would be an overwhelming obstacle to a socialism less vigorous than that of Wells. But obstacles give edge to things, and for a man who loves order no one could have pictured disorder with more relish than Wells. Only a pure theorist could regret the artistic zest with which he portrays our muddled world. Running amuck was a constant theme in his early writings; his comets ran amuck, and so did Mr. Bessel, and there is no more relished wanton scene than that of the Invisible Man running amuck through the Surrey villages. Intentionally or not, this relish in disorder reinforces the prime fact about his view of order. He abhors the kind of order which is often ignorantly confounded with the socialist aim, the order which classifies and standardizes. He desires a collective consciousness only through the exercise of a universally unimpeded free will, and he would rather have no collectiveness at all than one that implies the sacrifice of this free will. He wishes to work only on the most genuine human stuff. This was the basis of his break with the Fabian Society; it is the basis of his dislike of bureaucratic methods which deprive people of beer when they want beer. It defines his notion of the true method of socialism as first of all an education of the human will toward voluntary right discipline.

His appeal, then, is a personal one. He has proved this indeed by his repudiation of all attempts to embody in practice his proposed order of voluntary nobility, the Samurai. Certain groups of young people actually organized themselves upon the Rule that he had outlined, and it was this that led him to see how entirely his ideal had been personal and artistic rather than practical. Anyone at all familiar with religious history and psychology will see how inevitably any such group would tend to emphasize the Rule and the organization rather than the socially constructive spirit for which the whole was framed, and how the organization would itself separate from the collective life of the world and become a new sect among the many sects. It was the same instinct that led Emerson, Transcendental com-



munist as he was, to look askance at Brook Farm. It has been the want of an equal tact in eminent religious minds that has made society a warfare of sect and opinion.

How can one suggest the nature of his appeal? There is a passage in one of his books where he sums up the ordinary mind of the world and the function which all socialism bears to this mind:

“It is like a very distended human mind; it is without a clear aim; it does not know except in the very vaguest terms what it wants to do; it has impulses, it has fancies; it begins and forgets. In addition it is afflicted with a division within itself that is strictly analogous to that strange mental disorder which is known to psychologists as multiple personality. It has no clear conception of the whole of itself, it goes about forgetting its proper name and address. Part of it thinks of itself as one great thing, as, let us say, Germany; another thinks of itself as Catholicism, another as the white race, or Judæa. At times one might deem the whole confusion not so much a mind as incurable dementia—a chaos of mental elements, haunted by invincible and mutually incoherent fixed ideas. . . . In its essence the socialistic movement amounts to this: it is an attempt in this warring chaos of a collective mind to pull itself together, to develop and establish a governing idea of itself. It is the development of the collective self-consciousness of humanity.”

Well, the road to this can only be through mutual understanding. The willing and unwilling servitudes of men, the institutions of society that place love and work in opposition to one another, the shibboleths of party, the aggressive jingoisms of separate peoples, the immemorial conspiracy by which men have upheld the existing fact, these things do spring from the want of imagination, the want of energetic faith, the want of mutual understanding. To this inner and personal problem Wells has applied himself. Can life be ventilated, can the mass of men be awakened to a sense of those laws of social gravitation and the transmutation of energy by which life is proved a myriad-minded organism, can the ever-growing sum of human experience and discovery clear up the dark places within society and within man? Among those who have set themselves to the secu-

lar solution of these questions—and I am aware of the limits of any secular solution—there are few as effective as Wells.

Consider him in relation to a single concrete issue, the issue of militarism: "Expenditure upon preparation for war falls, roughly, into two classes: there is expenditure upon things that have a diminishing value, things that grow old-fashioned and wear out, such as fortifications, ships, guns, and ammunition, and expenditure upon things that have a permanent and even growing value, such as organized technical research, military and naval experiment, and the education and increase of a highly trained class of war experts." And in *The Common Sense of Warfare* he urges a lavish expenditure on "education and training, upon laboratories and experimental stations, upon chemical and physical research and all that makes knowledge and leading." Separate the principle involved here from the issue it is involved in, get the intention clear of the fact, and you find that he is saying just the better sort of things that Matthew Arnold said. Militarism granted, are you going to do military things or are you going to make military things a stepping-stone toward the clarification of thought, the training of men, the development of race-imagination? Militarism has been to a large extent the impetus that has made the Germans and the Japanese the trained, synthetic peoples they are. And these very qualities are themselves in the end hostile to militarism. Militarism considered in this sense is precisely what the General Strike is in the idea of M. Georges Sorel: a myth, a thing that never comes to pass, but which trains the general will by presenting it with a concrete image toward which the will readily directs itself. Kipling, in the eyes of the New Machiavelli, at least made the nation aware of what comes

" All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,  
All along o' doing things rather more or less."

There is in this no defence of militarism. Granting the facts of society there is a way that accepts and secures them as they are and another way of turning them into the service of the future. A people that has trained itself with reference to a particular issue has virtually trained itself for all issues.



But no one, I think, has measured the difficulties of real progress more keenly than Wells has come to measure them. The further he has penetrated into human nature the more alive he has become to these difficulties. *The New Machiavelli* is a modern *Rasselas* that has no happy valley in the end, and Remington passes from party to party, penetrating inward from ideas to the better stuff of mankind, hoping to embody his "white passion of statecraft," and in the end demonstrating to himself the futility of all groups and parties alike.

And as with parties so with men. Consider that scene in *The Passionate Friends* where Stratton tries to explain in writing to his father what he has been experiencing and why he must go away. He writes page after page without expressing himself and at last, certain that he and his father cannot come into touch, sends off a perfunctory note and receives a perfunctory reply. "There are times," he adds, "when the inexpressiveness of life comes near to overwhelming me, when it seems to me we are all asleep or entranced, and but a little way above the still cows who stand munching slowly in a field. . . . Why couldn't we and why didn't we talk together!"

That is the burden of his latest novel. By this touchstone he has come to measure the possibility of that openness of mind, that mutual understanding, that ventilation of life and thought through which alone the Great State can exist.

[*To be continued*]

## CORRESPONDENCE

### *Criminal Injustice*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to congratulate and thank you for the editorial comments in the June issue of THE FORUM under the heading *Tried in the Newspapers*.

Our form of administering criminal justice is to my mind less scientific and more barbarous than in any other civilized country. In that connection perhaps you will permit me to call your attention to a letter written by me, published in *The New York World* of May 17, as illustrating the situation so far as concerns the trial of criminal cases in the newspapers.\*

This refers, however, to only one of the many phases of our lamentable situation.

In January, 1910, I had occasion to refer to other phases of the subject in an address before the American Academy of Political and Social Science. At that time I urged the appointment of a Public Defender. In order to minimize the cost of that office to the County, I suggest that the Appellate Division in each District prepare and furnish the Public Defender a list of the experienced trial lawyers in the District, and that each of them be required to defend one case each year as assigned Counsel, thus to some extent placing the defendant, so far as concerns equipment for his defence, as nearly as possible on a par with the Prosecuting Attorney. In the County of New York a list of 500 such lawyers could readily be named.

The burden of requiring a lawyer who is an officer of the court to accept one assignment each year is not a serious one. It seems to me a very moderate demand in return for the exclusive privileges that are accorded him. It is my opinion that the conviction of innocent men—especially poor and illiterate men—sometimes after trial and frequently upon pleas of guilty when they are not guilty, is far more frequent than is supposed.

Your influential publication is performing a high order of public service in this and in other States in exerting its influence to reform this situation.

SAMUEL UNTERMYER

NEW YORK.

[\* The letter referred to condemns the inexcusable custom of trying cases in the newspapers, instead of in the courts, and stigmatizes some of the tactics of the District Attorney's office, especially in connection with the Becker case.—EDITOR]



*The Press*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—*What is the Matter with the Press?* in your April number has just come to my attention, and I write to express appreciation of this good-natured, frank, logical analysis. The author at the same time complimented and challenged THE FORUM in submitting the article. But I am sure he makes the same discrimination as an increasing army of readers do between the kept daily press and the free, honest weekly and monthly press that is growing up—*The Masses*, *The New Review*, *The Public*, THE FORUM, and others. And he must recognize the pamphlets and books that are not mercenary or economically determined—really I think these are the remedy, and what he calls the remedy really the new estate of intellect which will be brought about by this remedy and his “remedy.”

I hope you will be able to get Dr. Talcott Williams to take up the gauntlet of your anonymous author. I think it is “up to him” as Dean.

WALTER E. KRUESI

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

*The Fourth Dimension*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—*À propos* of the articles referred to in the published correspondence of THE FORUM for May, 1914, may the present writer at this late date suggest that the author of the article on *The Fourth Dimension* (April, 1914) change the wording of his text, that it may read somewhat as follows: three perpendicular lines imagined from the opposite faces of a cube intersecting at a common point (O), its centre, will each be at right angles to the other two?

This would be in contradistinction to the very flagrant error in his statement that four diagonal lines imagined from the corners of the cube would each be at right angles to the other three, which is obviously not the case. As altered this definition would be found to be true of all figures of three dimensions.

Thus the cube could be shown to be the geometric centre of a larger imaginary one, which could actually be represented by the aid of building blocks to the number of 27 of the size of the original cube. Likewise, by proceeding *inwardly*, we can readily imagine a secondary central cube of relative size (the cube within a cube); and so on in infinite series. It should be noted, likewise, that the three intersecting lines can be prolonged

infinitely in the opposite direction, i. e., *outwardly*, thus making it possible to construct a third imaginary cube with the secondary cubes as a nucleus (this with the aid of 27 times 27) and so on *ad infinitum*.

It is this power of mind to construct such imaginary figures that is most suggestive of the Fourth Dimension.

In accordance with the definition of the late C. H. Hinton, this four dimensional direction would run "at right angles to any of the three space dimensions as the third space dimension runs at right angles to the two dimensions of a plane, and thus gives us the opportunity of generating a new kind of volume."

Our imaginary figures could be generated in the mind's eye at will along lines extending *outwardly* or *inwardly* along our imaginary perpendiculars to the centre (o).

It must be clearly borne in mind, however, that figures so constructed by the power of the imagination cannot be other than three dimensional, whereas imaginary four dimensional figures would follow the direction indicated by Hinton's definition, and would therefore transcend the geometry and mechanics of our known world of three dimensions.

If we can, with Mr. Shuddemagen, imagine a point in space where four intersecting lines meet, each forming an angle of 90 degrees, we shall have conceived of the locus of the fourth dimension.

In order to construct the figure of the fourth dimension, we shall have to advance beyond the limits of known three dimensional boundaries and imagine ourselves in a region where, instead of having points moving in one direction to produce lines, lines moving at right angles to produce plane surfaces, surfaces moving at right angles to produce cubical figures (solids), we have a realm where cubes themselves move at right angles to themselves to generate "a new kind of volume."

Would not this unknown direction be the Fourth Dimension, in accordance with the following definition: "a dimension of like character added to length, breadth, and thickness; in *math.*, an (assumed) unknown direction extending in two senses ('apo' and 'eiso'), from every particle of a cube, and such that the slightest infinitesimal motion of the cube in this direction would take it completely out of itself"?

May it not from this standpoint be easier to understand with Mr. Rudd how "Any solid can therefore be considered a cross section of its greater self"?

Or, as Mr. Shuddemagen states, may we not be better able "to see objects of the four-dimensional universe,—the objects of which our familiar three-dimensional objects are mere cross-sections"?

STUDENT

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



*The Truth about Canada*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—May I call your attention to the enclosed editorial, which appeared in the *Montreal Journal of Commerce*? I am sure you will be glad to give publicity to both sides in any controversy—but especially to the correct side.

CANADIAN

TORONTO.

[We reprint the editorial in full, with pleasure.—EDITOR]

## THE FRONTIER IN CANADIAN HISTORY

In a recent issue of THE FORUM of New York, there appeared an article on Canada's future, written by an American, a Mr. Smith. This gentleman spent some months in Western Canada, and found there evidences of hostility to England, of antipathy to Eastern Canada, and of a feeling of warm friendship and regard for the American people.

The great American journals have discovered Canada only in recent years and for some time back have been sending their emissaries here to take notes on our country and ourselves. We are, unfortunately, obliged to submit to the same misrepresentation and the same petty pin-pricking policy that the United States underwent at the hands of European, and especially of English, tourists. Outsiders, even with the best intentions, rarely get at the real spirit and aspirations of another people. They skim over the surface of things, touch the high spots, and then proceed to write as though they had the basic facts and figures and had, indeed, touched bottom. The result is an effusion that merits not merely the ridicule of the people maligned, but also their contempt.

Our loyalty to the motherland is beyond question, and above argument. Canadians do not ordinarily show their loyalty by feats of lung-power, much, apparently, to Mr. Smith's regret. But had Mr. Smith been in Canada during the South African war, he would have found that Canadians can shout loudly enough when the opportunity appears. As for waving the flag—well, we are considerable flag-wavers, too, on occasion, providing only that the occasion is big enough.

As for our friendliness to our American cousins, we are glad to know that Mr. Smith has found some signs of civilization here. But we are also friendly to the French, the Germans, the Jews, the Greeks, the Italians and the Slavs. We are learning that contempt for the foreign and the unknown is merely a mark of ignorance in ourselves. We are steadily developing a broader and more generous outlook toward other peoples and

other lands, as the years go by. This is necessary, because we are ourselves a cosmopolitan people.

But all the above is a small matter compared with the charge that there is a lack of sympathy between the East and the West in Canada. This charge is absolutely false and without foundation.

It is not denied that national problems may be studied from different angles in different parts of this vast nation. We may differ, and differ seriously, on important political and economic problems. That must be true in the nature of things. But on innumerable other questions we are in accord; and we never forget we are Canadians.

The frontier, the Far West, has always played a great rôle in Canada's history. It has ever been, as in the United States, the land of hope and promise. And no people has striven more or given more to build up a complete nation than has Canada of the East for Canada of the West.

The simple truth is that the West has dominated all our Canadian life. For, behind institutions, behind constitutional reforms and modifications lie the vital forces that call these organs into life and shape them to meet changing conditions. The peculiarity of Canadian institutions is the fact that they have been compelled to adapt themselves to the changes of an expanding people—to the changes involved in crossing a continent, in winning a wilderness, and in developing at each area of this progress, out of the primitive economic and political conditions of the frontier, all the complex forms of modern life. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of Canadian life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominating Canadian character. The true point of view in the history of this nation is that of the West. We feel it instinctively and we recognize it practically on innumerable occasions, as in our present sympathetic attitude to the West on the Asiatic immigration problem. We are, indeed, in harmony with the Western spirit; for it is that spirit which has given us the energy and the self-reliance to determine that in Canada shall be established a people with their own ideals and outlook, strong and independent and free.

### *Evolution*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Your very timely and interesting Symposium on Darwinism, in the June FORUM, would lead to the conclusion that, as a whole, Churchmen deny the truth of Evolution, and that the most prominent thinking college men admit it.

This impression is not satisfactory—hardly honest, (in effect, for I am not speaking of intention) unless we know what the writers mean by Evolution—I fancy they mean different things.



It should be made plain whether they are denying or affirming:

1ST. Such an evolution as will exclude the need of a Creator; or

2ND. Such an evolution as admits a Creator of matter and force, which then evolve by laws of the Creator, bringing life out of no life, and reason out of matter; or

3RD. Such an evolution as requires a special influx of super-material power from the Creator at the crucial points mentioned above.

If it were settled distinctively in what sense the word evolution is used, there would be a great drawing together of the men of Natural Science and those of Theology—and those who really differ would be manifest.

JOHN T. DURWARD

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

### *Piety*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The following appeal was recently circulated in Central Park, New York, and, no doubt, in hundreds of other places. It was issued by the Bible Truth Dépôt, St. Louis, Missouri, and was distributed, apparently, by well-meaning, sincere, and ignorant men.

It is a very stupid and disgusting production, and the officials responsible for it should be sent to an elementary school to learn the rudiments of reasoning and decency. Such self-constituted censors and misleaders of their fellow-men seem to flourish in every country and in every age. They always credit themselves with a peculiar piety, and they always assume that everyone who is not ignorant enough to agree with them must be condemned here and damned hereafter.

Now that men are beginning to speak the truth and to value the truth, and to despise shams and cowardice, it is time that the impostors who have posed as little tin gods should be told plainly that their so-called piety is not a virtue, but a degrading vice, rooted in ignorance and smug self-satisfaction. "An eternity of weeping and wailing"; "multitudes will be unprepared, and hence will be damned (*sic*) throughout eternity"; "by the fear of hell's eternal torment"; "that abyss at whose foot dash and roar the flaming waves of eternal judgment"—the criminal lunatics who can perpetrate such abominable rubbish, in the name of the God of Love, are not fit to be at large, scattering their poison through the community.

These blind fanatics have been tainting the minds of young and old for far too long. What right have they to preach damnable doctrines that they have taken merely on hearsay; which they have never investigated, and are incapable of investigating? It is this type which goes for its authority always to its Bible, without knowing in the least what its Bible is, or the varying values of different sections, or the pitfalls of mistrans-

lation and interpolation. But its Bible is infallible, just as it would have been infallible if it had contained ten more books, or ten less—if only it had received the sanction of custom and conventionality.

Here is the rigmarole which the Bible Truth Dépôt of St. Louis has sent out to corrupt the characters of the uninformed and unbalanced:

### CHRIST IS COMING

Don't fail to read every word, as it is an Appeal regarding your safety when that terrible day shall come.

#### WILL YOU BE READY?

"Sit Thou at My right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (Psa. cx:1). Thus spake the Father, as the Son entered heaven with the marks of the world's hatred upon His blessed person.

Nigh two thousand years have come and gone since then, and time, with lightning wing, is speeding us toward that awful moment when the Son will rise up in resistless might to fulfil the Father's decree. Christ is coming to make His enemies His Footstool. Art thou washed in His blood? If so, thou art His friend. If not, thou art Christ's enemy, and when He comes in power and great glory it will be to crush thee, as His enemy, beneath His feet (Matt. xxv:31-46; Rev. xix:11-21). Oh, the terrors of the Christless at that coming! The coming of the Man whom the world once crucified, whose love it has not ceased to scorn, and whose blood it has even treated with proud indifference. Men who never prayed before will then, in their soul's deep terror, cry to the rocks and to the mountains, "Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. vi:16, 17.) Vain prayer! The Lamb's arm of judgment shall then reach all who would not take salvation from His hand of love. Then will forever cease the gay song, the careless laugh and the mad whirl of gaiety, in which the poor victims of the devil are indulging, and an eternity of weeping and wailing take their place.

Then will forever be suspended the world's pleasures and business, with the allurements of the one, and the wear, hurry and bustle of the other, which so often shut out God, and leave men no time to think of their soul's deep need. Then will forever be arrested the world's boasted progress, and man in his mad career of proud indifference to the claims of God brought face to face with Him whom God has constituted Judge of quick and dead.

Reader, before this terrible day of judgment comes, Christ is coming to take to His bosom His blood-purchased Bride—which is every believer



in Him. If Christ were to come this moment, would you rise to meet Him? (1 Thess. iv:15-17.) Are you ready? Are you saved?

Christ is coming, and one of two things will happen to you when He comes: you will either be caught up to be forever with Him, or else left behind for judgment. Think of it—left behind for judgment. Jesus said: "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be in the days of the Son of man." How was it in the days of Noe? A world of sinners, heedless of God's warnings, and unprepared for His judgment, was in a moment swept away to eternal destruction by the terrible waters of wrath. So shall it be when Christ comes. Multitudes will be unprepared, because unwashed in His blood, and hence will be damned (*sic*) throughout eternity. Shall you be one of them?

There will be terrible crying and wailing in that day, reader, men and women crying out for mercy, and wailing because no mercy can be found. Will your voice be heard?

The myriads who have heard the gospel of God's grace, and turned carelessly away, will realize then that the day of grace is past, and that their doom is forever fixed. Shall you be one of them? Oh, mad lingerer on the brink of that abyss at whose foot dash and roar the flaming waves of eternal judgment, I warn you that Christ's coming is no mere fancy of a disordered mind. Already there are to be heard the mutterings of the approaching tempest. How darest thou trifle with the solemn question of thy soul's salvation! I adjure thee, by Christ's dread appearing, by the love that thou hast for thy soul, by the fear of hell's eternal torment, to fly this moment for refuge to that Saviour who still cries, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Yes, the Judge is coming, and yet there comes to us His voice, borne along the centuries of the distant past, still pleading with the sinner in the tones of the tenderest love, "Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest." "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." (Matt. xi:28; John vi:47.) But even as we listen the voice changes to a voice of sorrow, and we hear Him grieving, "And ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."

Reader, are those words of grief prophetic of the doom of thy Christless soul? Or wilt thou this instant hasten through the shadows of impending judgment that even now gather round thy path, to the feet of Him who died that thou mightest live, and who, in patient grace, still lingers to receive thee and forgive thee through the virtue of His blood?

\* \* \*

If this is Christianity, I hope to remain unconverted.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

NEW YORK

## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *Coarser Fibre*

**C**OMMENTING recently upon the business situation, *The Wall Street Journal* expressed the opinion that "A President of coarser fibre, but of sounder business experience, would have realized the mischievous effect of further regulative legislation long ere this, and would have found no difficulty in winning the support of Congress to the abandonment of such measures, for the present session at least. . . . Mr. Wilson is the only real obstacle. . . ."

Here we have the real aspirations of Wall Street adequately expressed. "A President of coarser fibre" is what the country needs; a man who would understand and appreciate the Wall Street type, Wall Street methods, and Wall Street unscrupulousness; a man who would not dream of incurring the resentment of Big Business, but would meekly take his orders and his profits from the duly constituted authorities; a man incapable of initiating a magnificent scheme of constructive legislation and carrying it to full completion in spite of the threats of financial gangsters, or the personal spleen of traitors to the party, or the jeremiads of all the pessimists who believe that the country is inevitably going to perdition because it has a Man at its head, and not a raucous windbag or a tainted dummy.

Yes, "Mr. Wilson is the only real obstacle"—the obstacle to the return of the palmy days when men of sufficiently coarse fibre to satisfy Wall Street dominated the political world, and the business world, and the world of chicanery and plunder. But behind Mr. Wilson, supporting that "obstacle" to the country's degradation, will be found a sufficient number of millions of the inhabitants of these United States to insure that the work he is doing shall not be undone; that the impress he will leave on the nation and the nation's standards of efficiency shall not be effaced; and that neither Wall Street nor Fourteenth Street, long so happily allied, shall be allowed to stand in future as the representative products of American evolution.



*"Purely Psychological"*

SOME gentle humorists, finding that their party preferences alienate them from the Administration and its policies, have been toying with the term "psychological." It seems that the President—simple, gentle man—has erred in his diagnosis of his patient country's slight indisposition; there is no "purely psychological depression" at all, but a profound and disquieting disorder. Indeed, it may be said that the nation has received many wounds, several of them mortal; and that its recovery can therefore not be confidently anticipated. It has been stabbed in the back; its spine has been removed; it has Hearstitis of the pericardium; it has acute inflammation in its Wall Street cavity; its railroad sections are suffering from malnutrition; its grafting ganglions are excessively irritated; the alimentary canal zone is levying heavy tolls on the whole system; there are clear indications of arterio-sclerosis; and a Mexican cancer has developed. On, then, with the obsequies!

And yet there are rumors from the Middle-West of a hale-ness that cannot be reconciled with these gloomy precursors of dissolution; rumors of a prodigality of harvest that may enable the anticipated corpse to dispense with the eager services of the undertakers and wear again the pleasant smile of health and wholesomeness. This will be painful for the undertakers: but they may find gratification in the lingering thought of that Great One who certainly did not deal in "psychological" refinements, but blessed his country with such indubitable signs of prosperity as the panic of 1907.

*Sing Sing*

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is reported to have said that Sing Sing is a disgrace to New York State, and that the best remedy would be to burn it down.

Ex-Warden Clancy is reported to have stated that Sing Sing is controlled by a gang of professional politicians, who reduce to a travesty the attempted administration of any competent War-

den, and exploit the prison and the prisoners in the traditional Tammany way.

Several New York newspapers have asked what we are going to do about it.

In the meantime, a shoemaker (or something equally remote from any conception of an expert penologist) has been appointed Warden, through the good offices of a clique of worthless politicians. And Sing Sing is openly controlled by Tammany—as nearly everything else in New York State, from the criminal to the judge, is controlled by Tammany.

What are we going to do about it? *C'est à rire*. Nothing, of course, except to keep up the egregious pretence that New York State is a commonwealth, governed by its own people—when, in reality, it is the private estate of Charles F. Murphy and all the grafting hypocrites who support him.

### *Ulster*

IF half the ingenuity that has been displayed in preparing for hostilities had been reserved for a genuine attempt to establish a peaceful understanding, the Ulster problem would be one of Sherlock Holmes's "It's perfectly simple, Watson" cases. But few of those who are intimately connected with the direction of affairs seem able to forecast and prepare for the future.

The immediate problem is tragic, yet ludicrous. Irishmen, who are proverbially credited with a sense of humor, are looking forward seriously to the spectacle of the British Government compelling Ulster by force of arms to refrain from being to Ireland what Ireland has long been to England. It would have been a better augury for the future prosperity of Ireland if Mr. Redmond had intimated that the new Irish Government preferred to take the solution of the question into its own hands, and fight its own fight or make its own peace. Certainly there would have been ample opportunity for the exercise of those gifts of statesmanship which are essential if the Home Rule Bill, with its manifold restrictions and reservations, is to be made the basis of a permanent and successful régime.



*Letters From the People*

AN interesting occupation—for a short time—is the study of the correspondence columns of the leading newspapers of a large city. Here, with unfailing persistence, the articulate and the semi-articulate seek refuge, fretting their souls till they find relief in the printed word. Certain names recur: they belong to the eccentric type which finds its *métier* in public letter writing, achieving some reputation, or even, in rare cases, a secure niche in the temple of notoriety. They have the versatility of a general information column and will range easily from the elucidation of Hibernian agrarian conditions before the Flood to tariff revision, grand opera, post-impressionists, and one-piece bathing suits at Coney Island. But, usually, they lack the polish and the *savoir faire* of the broad mind; they are a little irascible and dictatorial. For they sit, though insecurely, on the steps of the thrones of the mighty; they are helping to mould public opinion; and a little touch of acerbity indicates the consciousness of power and great wisdom. After all, why should those who differ from us presume to exist? The problem is perplexing.

But the great mass of the correspondence reflects—naturally—the great mass of the people. There are some sensible letters, generally brief. There are some satiric letters—would they were briefer! There are some foolish, petty, malevolent letters; and here and there one that gives you a glimpse of some commonplace tragedy of despair, with God out of His Heaven, and all wrong with the world. And there are the letters that the average man writes, and the average man understands: letters dealing with all manner of topics in the approved, prejudiced way: not seeking the truth, or considering arguments; but stating and enforcing a personal opinion colored by personal environment, and never doubted, tested or reconsidered.

An Irishman from Cork writes to protest against the appearance of an article describing conditions in Ulster, as they appear to an impartial outsider. An Irishwoman from Limerick (*via* Brooklyn) intimates that she will in future dispense with the enjoyment she has formerly derived from the journal; she refuses to

countenance the prejudiced nonsense contributed by the alleged impartial observer. An Irishman from Belfast (*via* Hoboken) congratulates the editor on the extraordinary ability and fidelity of the impartial observer, and delivers several side-thrusts at the bigotry of all Nationalists. And so on. Only occasionally is there any effort to escape from the shackles of childhood conditions and training, to put aside the things that are accidental and ephemeral, and come to grips with reality. Yet, to the credit of intelligent human nature, let it be recorded that such efforts are sometimes made; and the resulting letter, whether it be crudely or competently written, stands out on the page illustriously. "On earth peace, good will toward men." (Yes, we know all about the revised version.)

But there is no peace in the hearts of too many, and no good will toward man or God who dares to differ from the man or God rooted in the remembrances of early years. The accident of birth, the accidents of training and environment, color forever the views of the vast majority. They are citizens of no mean country, in their own estimation: but they cannot pass from the provincialism of their own individual limitations to the large freedom of reason and sincerity—the sincerity that can justify itself. So Greek and Serb and Bulgarian and Turk will dream of battle, murder and sudden death; and yet, to many of them, the convictions of their life are merely a result of their having been born a few miles on one side of a certain border instead of a few miles on the other. The analogy may profitably be extended to all sorts and conditions of men. How many in each million stand on their own feet, and talk whereof they know? And how many, counting themselves patriots and most commendable of wise men, are merely prejudiced little fools, strutting on stilts of conceit and ignorance?

### *Mr. Clancy's Optimism*

"IF there is ever a real investigation of conditions at Sing Sing, there will be a scandal that will shock the State," Mr. Clancy, ex-Warden of Sing Sing, declares.

He is unduly optimistic. A scandal of sufficient proportions



to shock New York State is inconceivable. After Murphy, nothing matters.

### *Eugenic Tests*

THE Medico-Psychological Association, in session at Baltimore, rejected resolutions suggesting that a clean bill of health and evidence of a normal mind should be required from all persons seeking marriage licenses.

The opposition was not due to any failure to realize the value of health and strength, with the increased possibilities of happiness in marriage; but, in the view of the Association, the direct and indirect results of legislation would be more disastrous than desirable: for instance, the consequent encouragement of illegitimate unions was discussed. Dr. William Mabon and Dr. C. F. Haviland, of New York, agreed that eugenics would become an increasing power for good, but that this would be attained by popular education rather than by legal enactments.

This is true: but popular education should by now have reached a stage that would demand a reasonable standard of physical health as a preliminary to marriage. Love is its own law; but now that the criminal conspiracy of silence has been broken, a temporary infatuation will not be so readily accepted as a warrant for years of misery.

### *Votes for Viragoes*

Do the militants in England really desire votes for women, or are they deliberately trying to make a settlement impossible, in order that they may have continued opportunities for personal advertisement and notoriety? The most fanatical enemy of the cause could not have devised more suitable measures to alienate the public and bring the very name of the movement into contempt.

A sorry, squalid business.

### *Eheu fugaces . . .*

"THE relentless years," observed the New York *Evening Sun* in a recent editorial, "go labunturing along . . ."

Even so.

# THE FORUM

FOR SEPTEMBER 1914

## BETTER THAN DEMOCRACY

SYLVESTER BAXTER

*Tumultuously void of a clean scheme  
Whereon to build, whereon to formulate,  
The legion life that riots in mankind  
Goes ever plunging upward, up and down,  
Most like some crazy regiment at arms,  
Undisciplined of aught but Ignorance,  
And ever led resourcelessly along  
To brainless carnage by drunk trumpeters.*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

A SOCIETY of professional men had asked the writer to tell them something about Mexico. In the course of a very informal talk he remarked that the Mexicans were unfit for democracy and it was doubtful if they ever would be fit; but perhaps they might some time be fit for something better than democracy. Whereupon a unanimous gasp suggested incredulity, if nothing more. The circumstance that there was little time for elaborating upon a statement susceptible of no little qualification accounts in some measure for what follows here.

On another occasion the writer was asked if he favored votes for women. He replied that he believed in less voting rather than more; indeed, suffrage, as at present exercised, seemed to him a most unsatisfactory instrument for the achievement of free self-government. This for the reason that, while all persons who actually know their business can be depended



upon to look after it, the prevailing misconception of democracy makes it every man's business to concern himself with matters as to which, as a rule, he knows little or nothing.

Some of the writer's radical friends regard him as ultra-conservative; some of his conservative friends deem him unduly radical. In truth he believes in holding fast to the good that has been achieved while pressing confidently onward to realize the larger good that must come with the shaping of better implements for dealing with new conditions. He would not cling to things outworn because once serviceable; neither would he cut and slash at everything in sight with the first new edged tool that comes into unskilled hands. Furthermore, he earnestly holds to equality among men and women as to the rights, privileges and duties inherent to a common humanity; he has no sympathy with social, political or religious prejudices of any sort, whether based upon differences in class, race or other distinctions. So perhaps he is both conservative and radical.

Somehow the glib saying that "the remedy for the ills of democracy is more democracy" suggests the charlatan who declared that the remedy for fits was more fits. But put just a little differently it all becomes clear and true: *The remedy for the ills of democracy is a better democracy*. Not the sort of democracy which to-day is getting all the world into trouble and menaces civilization; whose symptoms have become as acute in China, in Persia, in India, in Turkey, as in our distinctively western world; which has transformed Mexico from a land kept in order by despotism for nearly a generation into almost hopeless anarchy—a forecast of Russia's fate; not that sort of democracy which incites Cuba to go the way of Haiti. And as to our own nation, after accomplishing wonders for orderly progress in the Philippines, just as in Cuba, in Puerto Rico, and at Panama—by keeping affairs out of the hands of incompetent politicians and acting directly for administrative efficiency—the same illusion has brought us to the verge of deliberately casting our wards adrift to go the inevitable way of Mexico.

Furthermore, we ourselves are, strand by strand, now severing the ancient moorings that from the beginning have held secure our ship of state and are splicing in new cables whose

untested fibres are twisted from every political nostrum that may suit the popular whim of the moment. It is true that the old moorings are outworn; made for conditions now obsolete, their replacement is called for. They have held us well to ground where we have waxed great in the ways of freedom and enlightenment. But administrative machinery devised for the days of handicraft, of animal traction, of the sailing-packet, is simple in comparison with the complex requirements of an era of power-production, of railways, electric transmission, motor-vehicles; an age that finds in the air a superior ocean, navigable as the waters. To meet these radically altered conditions, progressive changes more radical and revolutionary than anything hitherto conceived are inevitable. Yet these changes cannot be made untested, or heedless of precedent, without peril of economic and social disaster.

Science and discovery are the main factors in the world's wonderful advance. Man is more and more achieving the creative faculties that mark his essential divinity. The vast fund of human knowledge already accumulated can be but a tiny fraction of what coming centuries must bring out of a wise application of the learning we have gained. Yet we still keep ignorance at the helm. The proverbial marvel at the little wisdom with which the world is governed did not relate to the non-political ordering of its affairs. But in the affairs of supreme control we are even now running the world according to the discredited usages and standards, the obsolete procedures, the short-sighted aims, of the ages when individual and national covetousness supplied the paramount motives. Yet the potential abundance of the new era, with its limitless possibilities for production, leaves no rational ground for coveting things that should be had almost for the asking. In fact, the attempt to run the world's affairs of to-day according to those old-time standards is as fatuous as it would be to seek to regulate the mighty motive powers of to-day with the governing mechanisms of the primitive steam engine. Modern machinery thus regulated would straightway "run wild." Is not an analogous regulation, applied to the complex affairs of the modern state, the fundamental



reason why things political are already running wild the world over?

What may all this have to do with democracy? Everything. In saying "better than democracy" reference is had only to what so generally passes current as democracy, but which in fact is not democracy at all. In reality it is only a pseudo-democracy. The democracy of the politicians is no more the democracy of man's ideal than the Christianity of the theologians is the Christianity of our Lord and Saviour. We might properly say *a better democracy*, something genuinely what it purports to be.

Democracy as commonly practised is the democracy of the politicians. Actually it is far from the democracy of the accepted definitions, such as "government by the people," or "that form of government in which the power resides ultimately in the whole people." It is not genuine democracy, largely for the reason that the efforts of those in whose hands the power practically resides are earnestly bent upon preventing it from really becoming truly democratic.

The will of the individual unit underlies, of course, the only practicable application of the democratic principle. It cannot be modified according to individual capacity or individual intelligence. Genuine democracy, however, implies the intelligent exertion of the individual will. When not so exerted it ceases to be democratic; it then expresses not the individual will of the elector, but that of some other individual, exerted through undue influence of some sort.

In the truly democratic sense the ballot is not an individual right—a possession to be bartered for some individual advantage; its exercise is a duty, governed by public and social obligations. The difference between pseudo-democracy and genuine democracy largely resides here. A genuine democracy must appeal to the individual judgment in ways that counteract inequalities in intelligence and capacity. When a voter acts upon matters as to which he is either ignorant or indifferent the outcome is no more democratic than it would be to confer the function upon dumb cattle, to be exercised by their owners for them. Nearly every large American city has some ward or district where the will of some individual is as absolute as that of an

oriental potentate. His authority is extra-legal. But it could hardly be stronger were his powers expressly delegated to him by the State. It rests upon the social and economic conditions of his environment. The forces there at work produce the local boss of the American city just as they do the cacique of the Spanish community. Under existing conditions this is as inevitable and unerring as the shaping of growth in plant or animal by vital forces that operate according to the law of its species. If one man were not the boss somebody else would be. The boss's power is achieved largely by organized benefaction: helping the poor and the unfortunate and granting political favors, nicely graded for services rendered. The public sentiment thus generated is so strong, so universally pervasive, that none but the foolhardy would venture to disregard it. Selfish advantage, not good will, is the basic motive.

The effects might be beneficent were the workings only local. But under these conditions the mass of voters express their preferences as to things of general concern that may be of vital moment, but about which they know little or nothing and care not at all. One man thereby enjoys the tremendous power of practically casting a thousand ballots, or more, in one block—a power that often nullifies the wills of thousands of other voters who, deeply concerned in the results, may act intelligently on these questions.

The foregoing is only one of many instances that might be cited as to the essentially undemocratic nature of what so commonly passes as democracy. In consequence the administration of government is practically monopolized by a powerful class: the professional politicians—schooled by training and tutelage that, unhappily, develop no commensurate capacity in the exercise of their powers. Here in the United States the undesirable aspects of this institution are aggravated by the localism in representation that rigidly obtains from bottom to top in our political structure.

The chief end of government, "the hand of the people," should be administrative efficiency. The final test of excellence in any function is efficiency. In so far as governmental processes operate inequitably, or not according to truly democratic prin-



ciples, they are correspondingly inefficient even though not extravagant or dishonest. But government by the politician class is essentially inefficient. The politician's besetting sin to-day is not so much corruption, or dishonesty in conventional affairs, as it is the essential incompetence bred by lack of genuine convictions. Now and then the politician is actually a statesman. But as a rule his conduct is guided by expediency. Popularity being the test of expediency, the politician ever has his ear to the ground listening for what may most sound like the voice of the people.

The tendency toward "government by newspaper" is a dangerous factor in our pseudo-democracy. Rational discussion of public affairs with corresponding effects upon public opinion is wholly desirable. But the powerful influence once exerted by editorial comment is on the wane. The public is distrustful as to motive. Instances are numerous wherein the electorate has contemptuously disregarded the entire weight of editorial influence unanimously exerted by the press of a community in behalf of certain measures or men. On the other hand a more strenuous phase of the power resident in "the fourth estate" has come to the front. It has given us a new version of a familiar proverb: *Give me the headlines in the papers and I care not who makes the laws.*

This new terrorism appeals to passion and prejudice. The yellow press—is the term not oral, rather than ocular, in genesis: *Yell-oh?* Vociferocity is certainly the most distinctive aspect of the institution: the Shriek in all its phases—accusation, denunciation, vilification. Stampeding tactics govern its activities. The politician couchant harks to the newspaper rampant and accepts as *vox populi* the clamor of the mob.

What is government? Is it anything other than the ordering, the regulation, the administration, of human affairs; the conduct of the common business for the common good? Governments within governments, for units within units, are progressively intensive in their operations as they diminish in jurisdiction: national or federal, provincial or state, county, municipality, and even lesser subdivisions. We differentiate these phases of government as "political" with commonly unhappy

results. Yet they comprise but a small portion of the actually governmental activities whereby the affairs of the world are conducted. Just as various sets of atoms may coextensively fill a given space, each substance occupying it with its own medium while making room for all the others without crowding, so the functions of almost innumerable varieties of government are administered within the same community. They commingle and blend in endless diversity, each in its own way serving its own particular constituency: ecclesiastical governments, governments for educational institutions, for business corporations and associations. The corporation is often an extension of political government and is endowed with delegated powers to such ends. For instance: the Trinity House Corporation of Great Britain, looking after the lighthouses, and the dock-boards of Liverpool and other cities—all levying charges upon shipping to meet the costs of their vast operations; also the railway corporations of a country. In fact, every purpose for which men come together to act systematically for common ends is served by some manner of organization, each with its own form of government shaped with regard to its own particular ends. Each organization-unit, each special group of related units, has its own constitution, its own laws, its own form of taxation levied upon its members, its benefits and its penalties.

Furthermore, in the great public-service corporations—the railways, for instance—every branch of the service, every department, is affiliated through special organization with corresponding branches and departments in all the other public-service corporations of like nature throughout the country, and perhaps beyond in adjacent countries. Again these federated departmental activities of the corporations may be subdivided into district associations to meet particular sectional needs. The railways of the country are thus departmentally federated; national traffic associations, for instance—one for the passenger business, the other for freight—make possible the necessary uniformity in traffic regulation without which commerce in general would be absolutely demoralized. In like fashion the organization of the freight-claims departments of the railways into a national association serves the interests of shippers and consignees as well as



it does the railways themselves. Only thus have the uniform methods been made practicable that have expedited procedures once attended by peculiarly irritating and costly delays. These uniform methods have promoted equitable adjustments. Millions are saved yearly to the patrons of the railways and indirectly for the public at large; the railways themselves profit by the consequent improvement in traffic conditions, the saving in litigation and the prevention of fraudulent claims—with resultant better feeling all round. These instances illustrate how in countless ways the administration of immensely important governmental functions through voluntary association permeates the organization of modern civilized society.

In our fabric of non-political government the vocational organizations are of immense importance: trade unions, professional associations—medical, legal, scientific; all both local and general in scope. In their international aspects these organizations are gradually developing a universal solidarity for mankind. Thereby we have various significant features for a structure of world-government that in its growth keeps pace with the tendency toward a political world-government represented in treaties, alliances, compacts, federations and unions for mutual advantage among nations, and the consequent formulation of a body of international law. Of commensurate import is the growth of commercial organization: local boards of trade, merchants' and producers' associations—all federated in national and international bodies.

Extraordinarily significant is the way in which the ancient institution of the guild—once immensely influential in public affairs and in its recognized participation in the work of government, particularly in local government—is now achieving renaissance in modern vocational organization after becoming practically defunct when industrial life was revolutionized by the replacement of handicraft production with power production.

Vocational interests are thus becoming not only most powerful factors in modern society; their influence in political affairs has become so potent as apparently to presage the time when vocational organization will be a prime factor—perhaps the basic factor—in political government. Evil as it is, recent na-

tional class legislation conferring inequitable privileges upon labor and agricultural organizations may ultimately find compensation in making it clear that unless commensurate obligations are assumed by the recipients of privileges, our whole national fabric becomes a travesty upon democracy. In the trade unions of to-day we seem actually to be witnessing a sort of recrudescence of the craft-guilds of old, while in commercial organizations we have a like revival of the spirit that animated the mercantile or trade guilds.

These diverse forms of social organization constitute an ordering of multiform human activities which actually conducts what is by far the major part of the work of governing human affairs. In fact, each function, each particular institution, has a specialized mode of regulation and administration that in no essential respect differs from the processes of what we regard as government *par excellence*: territorial, or political, government. These innumerable activities, infinitely complex and intricately interrelated, are practically as automatic in operation as are the vital processes of the human body.

In one prime respect these functions of political and non-political government radically differentiate themselves. Political government, as a rule, is lamentably inefficient; non-political government, as a rule, is strikingly efficient. Deficiencies in the latter respect may usually be traced to inefficiencies in the former. In responsiveness to the demands upon it, the world's non-political organism is proving itself more and more equal to the colossal and illimitable tasks created for it without end in the swift evolution of human society under the stimulus of science and discovery. Only in one respect have we an element of weakness that impedes a progress otherwise irresistible and threatens even to arrest what should be an advance of fairly endless continuity. This element of weakness lies in our as yet feeble sense of solidarity made evident in the inefficiency of the functions that finally bind the entire fabric of society in one coherent whole.

In its superior aspects governmental organization needs to express in most adequate fashion the requirements of the public which it serves. We have seen that our social and industrial



organization is of an ever-waxing complexity. This entails a commensurate complexity in political functions. Our political structures, however, being both cumbersome and weak, are little designed to sustain the stresses to which they are necessarily subject under the changed conditions of the present. The public seems conscious of this in a way, or perhaps at least subconscious. But just now it seems disposed, as a rule, to seek its remedies in an arrestment of centripetal activity, thereby giving a consequently dangerous play to those centrifugal forces which make for progress while under judicious control, but tend to chaos when weakly restrained. Tampered with in this fashion the old-time mechanism cannot properly respond to the load which new and unprecedented conditions are placing upon it. That mechanism, fashioned in ways now largely obsolete, is indeed antiquated. Still it is all we yet have to serve us, and in its necessary reconstruction we can hardly do otherwise than was done with the old jack-knife, renewed while remaining itself: new blades and new handle supplied one after the other. But if dissatisfaction with cumbersome operations prompts us to dispense all of a sudden with the old checks and balances before installing new ones of better pattern, or unduly to weaken the structure with expeditive tinkering, the machinery will be imperilled under the strain of added new functions. We have been putting upon our obsolescent scheme of democracy—still rigidly held in fetich-like reverence, with all its eighteenth century conceptions, limitations and interpretations—a load of twentieth century activities for which it is absolutely unsuited. Our political concepts are kept at odds with our social and economic concepts. They cannot be reconciled unless the former be revised to agree with the things and the conditions that as a matter of course have revised themselves. Even our dictionaries would be wholly inadequate to our language were they not revised every twenty years or so.

Practically every other phase of activity in the ordering of human affairs proceeds along business lines—its operations conducted mainly with reference to achieving effectively the purposes sought. In the culminating activities, those which coördinate and bind together all the others and which therefore constitute the

supreme business of all, it is correspondingly important that efficiency should be the dominating motive. But right here we find the normal order reversed; the main function is subordinated to an extraneous purpose; the welfare of the served is made subordinate to the interests of the servers. We are told that in the very nature of things efficiency must here be out of place; the central business of the community is essentially political; for some unintelligible reason it is maintained that politics is not business. The actual reason, of course, lies in the fundamental fact that, in the application of what we term democratic principles to that particular phase of collective business which concerns each and every member of the community, the conduct of it is intrusted to incompetent hands. At the same time the non-political business of the community is correspondingly hampered by political interference: unintelligent direction from political sources, and for divers political motives, of many of the conditions that affect or control the operations of industry and of business in general.

There are, to be sure, hopeful tendencies; much real progress has been made in recent years toward a more efficient conduct of public affairs. The building of the Panama Canal offers a supreme example of the possibilities of efficiency in governmental methods; its epochal achievements in sanitation indicate what mighty ends may be possible in governmental operations along lines hardly practicable under private auspices. Most significantly, all this is due to the fortunate fact that the meddlesome hands of the politicians were kept out of the job. Equally significant is it, however, that when it came to putting the canal into use the politicians followed their natural bent and straightway "messed in" not only with the imposition of unintelligently and inequitably conceived enactments that can but impair immensely the results of operation, but also with the soiling of national honor by the violation of solemn international obligations.

Again, on the credit side of the ledger should be placed the highly desirable pure-food legislation laws due to an enlightened public opinion which forced the politicians to respond. Furthermore should be noted the better tendencies in what has long exhibited our most inefficient examples of the conduct of col-



lective business: municipal government. An epidemic demand for "government by commission" arose out of premature appreciation of results in various cities where the idea had not been given time to reveal the inherent defects due to the predominance of pseudo-democratic principles in formulating the scheme. In the nature of things the electorate could not pass intelligently upon the fitness of elected officials for specialized tasks—engineering, finance, etc.—that demanded expert training. But now we have the genuinely democratic advance that intrusts the central responsibility to a "municipal general manager" technically trained for the task and chosen purely with reference to fitness, not by the voters at large—with whom extrinsic considerations like popularity, personal magnetism, etc., would inevitably rank superior to expert qualifications—but by a small representative city council without executive responsibilities, similar to the board of directors in a business corporation.

Many other advances indicate true progress toward a better democracy; advances that largely offset the pseudo-democratic tendencies toward hair-trigger activities exerted by an impulsive public opinion, mercurially inclined and correspondingly unstable. The main problem is to give effective predominance to genuinely democratic tendencies.

The present epoch is distinctively industrial. Advances in industry underlie the progress of our civilization to higher planes. Industrial considerations, thus shaping our social structure, must correspondingly shape our political structure. The democracy of the future must be specifically an industrial democracy. Hence come the tendencies of trade unions, of labor organizations in general, to realize their vast potencies for influencing the conduct of public affairs and to exercise more and more a controlling voice therein. This is all quite in the order of things. The immediate outcome, to be sure, appears in what looks like a new tyranny imposed upon society at large by one of its elements, disclaiming responsibilities while exerting all the powers it can make its own. Still the ends toward which these courses are working seem altogether desirable.

At present the organized workers, as a rule, aim to secure

the largest possible immediate compensation for the individual member as such, with little regard either for the sources whence such compensation is derived, or even for the lasting welfare of the collective membership. The railway brotherhoods, for instance, tend to exert their mastery in transportation affairs in ways that assure to their members so large a share in the receipts from operation as to leave to the stockholders little or nothing in the way of returns. Railway securities are thus made correspondingly unprofitable, absolutely necessary transportation improvements are arrested and the possibilities of extended employment are correspondingly restricted.

While the public at large suffers from impaired service do not the employés likewise suffer? Being a part of the public they must proportionately share in its misfortunes. Under the adverse conditions thus induced there is no longer work enough to go round. A considerable proportion of the normal number of employés has to be laid off. The unions have meant to work for the welfare of their members. But how about those who for the time being have ceased to be engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors, machinists? They are no longer active railway men and perhaps never again may be. But they may be fully as much in need of employment as those who stay on at the high wages which their organizations had succeeded in obtaining. The range of prosperity thus becomes exceedingly circumscribed when realized under conditions that soon drive many former workers either into the ranks of the unemployed or into less desirable occupations.

But suppose the organizations took this position: Once of the Union always of the Union—at least until better fortunes may have carried a man to yet higher conditions. The whole membership would share on equal terms the benefits of employment through all conditions, whether of prosperity or adversity. For instance, when business slackened, by reason of hard times, seasonal circumstances, or from other causes, instead of laying off a portion of the men and entailing corresponding hardships for them through loss of wages and of employment for perhaps a long period, the entire body of workers would remain in employment but at the lower compensation and re-



duced hours of work called for by the diminished traffic and the lessened revenues available for wages. The demand for increased employment incidental to growth in traffic could be met by selecting competent men trained as cadets or apprentices or by promotions from lower grades, as of firemen to engineers, or brakemen to conductors—all under a system mutually agreed upon between the unions and the employing corporations. Under such conditions an incorporation of the organized workers should be as beneficial to the workers themselves as to the employing interests and the public in general. Thus endowed with great powers as well as responsibilities, the organized vocations should become most important and desirable factors in the body politic as in the body economic. The chances for a continued prosperity with ever improving conditions of employment should thus be vastly greater when a sense of common advantage gave all parties at interest a strong incentive to work for it, than under the jug-handled conditions now prevailing.

Here and there, the world over, may be found various instances of remarkable industrial and economic advances achieved through organization. A highly significant example of the possibilities of industrial solidarity comes from Italy. Thousands of Italian workmen, combining in groups large and small and representing all trades, successfully take contracts to build highways, railways and carry out other important constructions of all kinds. The contracts undertaken by these organizations are capitalized through coöperative banks, the latter advancing the funds necessary to carry them out, making the payments required for work and material as the enterprise advances. By a federation of the various trades, large and complex undertakings are thus made as possible for the organized workers as for great contracting concerns. The extensive scope possible to this form of organization is indicated by the colossal undertaking that the Milan Federation of Coöperatives of Production and Labor has now in hand: a contract for railway construction and terminal development involving an outlay of \$40,000,000 and covering a period of ten years. The problems of craftsmanship thus dealt with include elaborate and magnificent engineering and architectural features.

Inspiring examples of this sort, demonstrating a working-class competency to enter upon the highest order of constructive undertakings and industrial organization, must be other than sporadic. Do they not herald the higher economic and political order of an industrial State that shall combine the flexibility and the efficiency of voluntary association with a pervasively unifying structural organization—all without the rigidity of bureaucratic control and its tendency toward arrested development? Indeed, in certain ways the felicitous outcome of our American operations at Panama indicates such potentialities.

The present unsatisfactory relations of organized labor to society at large cannot be abiding. The sense of power now realized must lead to a sense of responsibility in its exercise. The political activity of labor organizations is strikingly on the increase. This is one of various indications that in the reorganization of our political structure already under way the industrial State will gradually shape itself. The many radical departures already made will permit no retracement. But the new features are out of consonance with the old framework. It follows that the specifically political organization of public affairs which has always prevailed can hardly sustain itself upon anything like the old conditions. For one thing, we have an irresistible tendency to impose many new burdens upon the community—all ultimately in behalf of the common welfare, but more immediately operating to the particular benefit of certain classes. This threatens an unbearable strain upon our existing economic structure. It seems impossible for modern society to endure the burden of taxation imposed by these new servitudes. The propositions for minimum wages, for old-age pensions, the new Massachusetts legislation for the public support of children of dependent mothers—all are most humane in intention and seem correspondingly desirable. But the burdens upon industry and upon taxation which they entail cannot well be borne without corresponding readjustments of industrial conditions and reconstructions of the political fabric.

Vocational organizations can hardly go on exercising an ever stronger influence in public affairs without achieving commensurate representation in the political bodies that directly



control those activities: executive, administrative, legislative. This tendency seems to imply the ultimate displacement of territorial or local representation in favor of strictly vocational representation. Might not this be the logical consummation, the capstone for the completed edifice of an industrial democracy?

The locality as a basis of representation has been simply a convenience. Local considerations are of minor import in an era that eliminates distance as a barrier to human intercourse. Concerns of mutual interest are what mainly draw men together. Vocational organizations of all sorts therefore form the natural basis for political representation, rather than the arbitrary distinctions based upon political bounds that often are not even geographical in the normal sense.

Organizations of that sort, as we have seen, already underlie practically the entire ordering of human affairs, other than political, which comprises all but a minor part of the world's actually governmental functions. To extend this basis for representation to cover the requirements of political organization therefore seems quite the logical and normal thing to do. When we watch the activities of the class that in our American sense we know as "politicians," we must be impressed with the fact that for the participants politics is mainly a grab game carried on by self-seeking persons for the sake of personal power and gain under a pretence of seeking the public welfare. It has been that way from the beginning and must continue that way hereafter so long as the basis remains as it is.

What would be the consequence of transferring the control of public affairs from the untrained and the correspondingly incompetent directly to the hands of those whose interests are actually at stake? Trained to their tasks, would not the latter naturally be most competent to deal with them both advisorily and directive? Could the change fail to make for the efficiency which in this wonderful industrial epoch means social salvation?

The legislative ordering of public affairs is chiefly a matter of vocational concern. The various elements in the community are thereby affected according as their callings are involved. Through many years the writer has had frequent

occasion to follow the complex course of legislation in a part of the American Union where more than ordinary efforts are made to give the general public full opportunity to make its views felt, its wishes considered, concerning the numerous questions under discussion. The procedures involved are cumbersome, their operations superficial, the results too often unsatisfactory. The legislature delegates to various committees the task of securing detailed knowledge of the numerous subjects to come before it. These committees are quite likely to be in the main honest and earnest, of at least fair intelligence, with a good portion of their membership sincerely desiring the best possible information about a given subject. But they are likely to be overworked and correspondingly listless. Almost invariably certain members make it a rule to consume all the time they can in asking fool questions, while others insist upon beclouding the issue and in taking up in disputes and arguments the time properly belonging to citizens seeking to be heard and who furthermore are likely to be barred from voicing their ideas by the obtrusiveness of various chronic attendants—cranks and bores—who insist upon going the length of their long-windedness until the committee is in a mood to pay no attention to anybody. Finally when a committee may have very carefully informed itself upon a matter, it reports to a House which may be not in the least informed and which may have little opportunity to inform itself. Meanwhile underground activities may be at work, prejudiced influences may be given an easy upper hand, and the subject may be one concerning which an artificial public sentiment can be readily manufactured and the legislature stampeded accordingly.

The foregoing is but a partial summary of actual legislative conditions. It seems remarkable that so much real progress can after all be accomplished. But with an increasingly complex social organization our public activities are becoming correspondingly involved, intricate and interrelated, and the chances for congestion, for obstruction, for inadequate conclusions, in like degree menacing. Witness the very recent tendency for the Congress at Washington to keep in perpetual session and perhaps devote itself only to two or three subjects.



A vocational basis of representation should change all this. Upon practically all questions we should have the benefit of competent expert judgment at first hand: engineers for engineering questions, physicians and chemists for hygienic affairs, mechanics for matters of moment in their direction, and so on—a high court of collective intelligence; a sane collective judgment formulated accordingly.

Various rudiments in a vocational ordering of public affairs have long been in evidence here and there: university representation in the British parliament; life senatorships in certain continental parliaments conferred upon a basis of scholarly and scientific rank; official functions delegated to certain incorporated vocational bodies by American legislation, as in making the National Academy of Sciences an adviser to the federal Government; in giving certain educational, artistic or scientific institutions a voice in the selection of specified public bodies, such as the Boston Art Commission; in making vocational qualifications paramount in selecting the membership of certain executive or administrative bodies—specifying lawyers, engineers, architects, merchants, mechanics, as the case may be. Invaluable assistance in the activities of political government is often thus obtained. The proportion of such activities, however, is so infinitesimal that no valid deductions as to the importance of vocational representation as a controlling principle can be made.

A genuine radical like the late Henry D. Lloyd, at once so pronounced and so suggestive in his discussion of social conditions, once remarked that the exercise of the suffrage in its present shape appeared to him as but a transitory phase in political evolution: that in our advance to higher planes of civilization we should arrive at *government by selection* in place of government by election. Thereby we should achieve government by the fit. Does not the transition to vocational representation, toward which a dominantly industrial reorganization of society seems to be carrying us, imply something of that sort? Does it not mean that the suffrage would be exercised from the basis of a genuine democracy when the ultimate unit in government, the individual, would intelligently, and perhaps almost automatically, perform his duty by virtue of its vocational appeal? Can the

average voter ever be rightly informed concerning the persons, conditions and questions that under present circumstances he is expected to pass upon? A person naturally holds in light esteem a possession he does not know how to use. It has no value, sacred or otherwise, other than commercial. Herein lies the crux of all that has been said or written concerning the venality of electorates. The poor man who knows nothing and cares nothing as to the purpose underlying his right of suffrage very naturally avails himself of the opportunity to capitalize it and draws his regular dividends by selling it either for cash or in return for value received in the way of favors or benefits of some sort. The latter form of consideration, though non-penalized, is morally just as bad in vendor or in purchaser. And so long as votes have no value in the voters' estimation other than commercial, so long will votes be bought and sold in some way or other. But under vocational representation the average voter would know his own business. And in attending to it he would thereby look after the public's business.

All sorts of conjectures, surmises, and no doubt various objections as to the things here discussed, will naturally occur to the reader. How can such ends be realized? That is beyond saying. Gradually, of course; and doubtless with false steps to be retraced. As with many an innovation, we may have practically the thing itself in its main essentials before it becomes a recognized institution.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since the greatest of utopian romances, Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, was published. Confessedly fanciful in its details, it was keenly logical in its economical conceptions. Society has already made no slight advances toward realizing some of its ideals of organization and efficiency. The story of the work at Panama might well be an omitted chapter from *Looking Backward* or from its sequel, *Equality*. It is not without significance that what Edward Bellamy depicted as the future social order was based upon a flexible organization of the vocations.



## INTERIM

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

**T**HE room is full of you!—As I came in  
And closed the door behind me, all at once  
A something in the air, intangible,  
Yet stiff with meaning, struck my senses sick!——

Sharp, unfamiliar odors have destroyed  
Each other room's dear personality.  
The heavy scent of damp, funereal flowers,——  
The very essence, hush-distilled, of Death——  
Has strangled that habitual breath of home  
Whose expiration leaves all houses dead;  
And wheresoe'er I look is hideous change.  
Save here. Here 'twas as if a weed-choked gate  
Had opened at my touch, and I had stepped  
Into some long-forgot, enchanted, strange,  
Sweet garden of a thousand years ago  
And suddenly thought, "I have been here before!"  
You are not here. I know that you are gone,  
And will not ever enter here again.  
And yet it seems to me, if I should speak,  
Your silent step must wake across the hall;  
If I should turn my head, that your sweet eyes  
Would kiss me from the door.——So short a time  
To teach my life its transposition to  
This difficult and unaccustomed key!——

The room is as you left it; your last touch——  
A thoughtless pressure, knowing not itself  
As saintly——hallows now each simple thing;  
Hallows and glorifies, and glows between  
The dust's grey fingers like a shielded light.

There is your book, just as you laid it down,  
Face to the table,——I cannot believe

That you are gone!——Just then it seemed to me  
You must be here. I almost laughed to think  
How like reality the dream had been;  
Yet knew before I laughed, and so was still.  
That book, outspread, just as you laid it down!  
Perhaps you thought, “I wonder what comes next,  
And whether this or this will be the end”;  
So rose, and left it, thinking to return.

Perhaps that chair, when you arose and passed  
Out of the room, rocked silently a while  
Ere it again was still. When you were gone  
Forever from the room, perhaps that chair,  
Stirred by your movement, rocked a little while,  
Silently, to and fro . . . . .

And here are the last words your fingers wrote,  
Scrawled in broad characters across a page  
In this brown book I gave you. Here your hand,  
Guiding your rapid pen, moved up and down.  
Here with a looping knot you crossed a “t,”  
And here another like it, just beyond  
These two eccentric “e’s.” You were so small,  
And wrote so brave a hand!

How strange it seems  
That of all words these are the words you chose!  
And yet a simple choice; you did not know  
You would not write again. If you had known——  
But then, it does not matter,——and indeed  
If you had known there was so little time  
You would have dropped your pen and come to me  
And this page would be empty, and some phrase  
Other than this would hold my wonder now.  
Yet, since you could not know, and it befell  
That these are the last words your fingers wrote,  
There is a dignity some might not see  
In this, “I picked the first sweet-pea to-day.”



To-day! Was there an opening bud beside it  
You left until to-morrow?—O my love,  
The things that withered,——and you came not back!  
That day you filled this circle of my arms  
That now is empty. (O my empty life!)  
That day——that day you picked the first sweet-pea,——  
And brought it in to show me! I recall  
With terrible distinctness how the smell  
Of your cool gardens drifted in with you.  
I know, you held it up for me to see  
And flushed because I looked not at the flower,  
But at your face; and when behind my look  
You saw such unmistakable intent  
You laughed and brushed your flower against my lips.  
(You were the fairest thing God ever made,  
I think.) And then your hands above my heart  
Drew down its stem into a fastening,  
And while your head was bent I kissed your hair.  
I wonder if you knew. (Beloved hands!  
Somehow I cannot seem to see them still.  
Somehow I cannot seem to see the dust  
In your bright hair.) What is the need of Heaven  
When earth can be so sweet?——If only God  
Had let us love,——and show the world the way!  
Strange cancellings must ink th' eternal books  
When love-crossed-out will bring the answer right!

That first sweet-pea! I wonder where it is.  
It seems to me I laid it down somewhere,  
And yet,—I am not sure. I am not sure,  
Even, if it was white or pink; for then  
'Twas much like any other flower to me,  
Save that it was the first. I did not know,  
Then, that it was the last. If I had known——  
But then, it does not matter. Strange how few,  
After all's said and done, the things that are  
Of moment.

Few indeed! When I can make  
Of ten small words a rope to hang the world!

"I had you and I have you now no more."

There, there it dangles,——where's the little truth  
That can for long keep footing under that  
When its slack syllables tighten to a thought?  
Here, let me write it down! I wish to see  
Just how a thing like that will look on paper!

*"I had you and I have you now no more."*

O little words, how can you run so straight  
Across the page, beneath the weight you bear?  
How can you fall apart, whom such a theme  
Has bound together, and hereafter aid  
In trivial expression, that have been  
So hideously dignified?—Would God  
That tearing you apart would tear the thread  
I strung you on! Would God——O God, my mind  
Stretches asunder on this merciless rack  
Of imagery! O, let me sleep a while!

Would I could sleep, and wake to find me back  
In that sweet summer afternoon with you.  
Summer? 'Tis summer still by the calendar!  
How easily could God, if He so willed,  
Set back the world a little turn or two!  
Correct its griefs, and bring its joys again!

We were so wholly one I had not thought  
That we could die apart. I had not thought  
That I could move,—and you be stiff and still!  
That I could speak,—and you perforce be dumb!  
I think our heart-strings were, like warp and woof  
In some firm fabric, woven in and out;  
Your golden filaments in fair design  
Across my duller fibre. And to-day  
The shining strip is rent; the exquisite  
Fine pattern is destroyed; part of your heart  
Aches in my breast; part of my heart lies chilled  
In the damp earth with you. I have been torn  
In two, and suffer for the rest of me.



What is my life to me? And what am I  
To life,—a ship whose star has guttered out?  
A Fear that in the deep night starts awake  
Perpetually, to find its senses strained  
Against the taut strings of the quivering air,  
Awaiting the return of some dread chord?

Dark, Dark, is all I find for metaphor;  
All else were contrast,—save that contrast's wall  
Is down, and all opposed things flow together  
Into a vast monotony, where night  
And day, and frost and thaw, and death and life,  
Are synonyms. What now——what now to me  
Are all the jabbering birds and foolish flowers  
That clutter up the world? You were my song!  
Now, now let discord scream! You were my flower!  
Now let the world grow weeds! For I shall not  
Plant things above your grave—(the common balm  
Of the conventional woe for its own wound!)  
Amid sensations rendered negative  
By your elimination stands to-day,  
Certain, unmixed, the element of grief;  
I sorrow; and I shall not mock my truth  
With travesties of suffering, nor seek  
To effigy its incorporeal bulk  
In little wry-faced images of woe.

I cannot call you back; and I desire  
No utterance of my immaterial voice.  
I cannot even turn my face this way  
Or that, and say, "My face is turned to you";  
I know not where you are, I do not know  
If Heaven hold you or if earth transmute,  
Body and soul, you into earth again;  
But this I know:—not for one second's space  
Shall I insult my sight with visionings  
Such as the credulous crowd so eager-eyed  
Beholds, self-conjured, in the empty air.

Let the world wail! Let drip its easy tears!  
My sorrow shall be dumb!

——What do I say?

God! God!——God pity me! Am I gone mad  
That I should spit upon a rosary?  
Am I become so shrunken? Would to God  
I too might feel that frenzied faith whose touch  
Makes temporal the most enduring grief;  
Though it must walk a while, as is its wont,  
With wild lamenting! Would I too might weep  
Where weeps the world and hangs its piteous wreaths  
For its new dead! Not Truth, but Faith, it is  
That keeps the world alive. If all at once  
Faith were to slacken,—— that unconscious faith  
Which must, I know, yet be the corner-stone  
Of all believing,—birds now flying fearless  
Across would drop in terror to the earth;  
Fishes would drown; and the all-governing reins  
Would tangle in the frantic hands of God  
And the worlds gallop headlong to destruction!

O God, I see it now, and my sick brain  
Staggers and swoons! How often over me  
Flashes this breathlessness of sudden sight  
In which I see the universe unrolled  
Before me like a scroll and read thereon  
Chaos and Doom, where helpless planets whirl  
Dizzily round and round and round and round,  
Like tops across a table, gathering speed  
With every spin, to waver on the edge  
One instant——looking over—and the next  
To shudder and lurch forward out of sight——

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, I am worn out——I am wearied out——  
It is too much——I am but flesh and blood,  
And I must sleep. Though you were dead again,  
I am but flesh and blood and I must sleep.



## WHISTLER

### *Artist and Bantam*

FRANK HARRIS

*"Opposition makes the wise man mad.—BLAKE*

IT was the report of the trial with Ruskin which first made me familiar with the name of Whistler. His answers under cross-examination pleased me mightily; proved he was a man of courage and capacity. The condemnation of his work by popular painters convinced me that he would not have been attacked so bitterly by the mediocrities had he not been a man of genius. Ruskin's preposterous fling and its success, and the favor shown him by the crowd, filled me with contempt for the critic whom till then I had admired to a certain extent for his beautiful prose.

When I first settled in London in the early eighties I was eager to meet Whistler: though I didn't dream at that time that he was a genius in the high sense of the word, the English leader of a new artistic renaissance. With the bias of the writer I thought the intellectual leaders should be men of letters and should handle the greatest medium, words, and not merely color and form.

Naturally, therefore, I first came to know Whistler through his literary talent and wit, and without this ladder would probably not have reached comprehension for a long time; but even at first my opinion of him was far higher than the opinions I heard about me. He was always quarrelling, I was told; a peculiar little fellow, inordinately conceited, and bitter beyond reason—"a tongue like a whiplash, and very American," was the usual summary verdict.

At first sight I was struck, as I imagine everyone was struck, by his appearance: an alert, wiry little person of five feet four or five; using a single eyeglass and very neatly dressed, though always with something singular in his attire—the artist's self-conscious protest—which gave him a certain exotic flavor and

individuality. He wore his abundant curly black hair rather long, and just over the forehead a little lock of quite white hairs like a plume; in the street a French top hat—a stove pipe, as it is called—with a straight brim which shouted: “I’m French, and proud of it!” at the passers by.

The second or third time I met him I noticed that his features were well-shaped; both chin and forehead broad; the eyes remarkable, piercing, and aggressive: a greying black moustache, inclined to curl tightly, added a note of defiance. Though they were not really alike, the expression of his face reminded me of Edmond de Goncourt and Tourgenief’s description of his eyes: “*luisants et sombres et pas bons du tout*” (shining, sombre eyes, anything but kindly). Whistler’s eyes were grey-blue and gimlet-keen—“anything but kindly”—and the moustache and carriage intensified the cocky challenge of the fighter: Whistler always reminded me of a bantam.

In every assembly he always stood apart, with a certain perky distinction; an unsparing, frank critic: one talked to him, drew him out, expecting incisive caustic comment.

One day he asked me to breakfast: I accepted, for he piqued my curiosity; I wanted to know more of him, felt certain he had something new to say; and I was eager to hear. At the breakfast I met five or six society people—notably Lady ———, a very enthusiastic admirer of the master. In the course of the breakfast, some one asked Whistler what he thought of Frank Holl, the English portrait painter who had had some vogue, it appeared, a little earlier.

“A talent, not a genius, Holl; content with the colored photograph kind of thing that all the old fellows did, and some of ’em did better; art’s not imitation, that’s clear, don’t ye know?” and his eyes probed.

The wilfulness and quickness of the man were at odds with the drawling American accent; he puzzled me a little, but even then I was ready to go with him a good way: art, I thought, was interpretation, not merely imitation, and I said so.

“That’s it,” Whistler took me up abruptly; “a personal interpretation or impression, blessed with beauty and brevity, eh?” and again his eyes bored in.



His talk was suggestive, but a little shrill, I thought, not realizing then fully how much greater in art the half is than the whole.

Somewhat later I asked him a little maliciously what he thought of Oscar Wilde.

"I have his scalp," he laughed, "but am not proud of it: Oscar is imitator, not artist."

"He may outgrow that," I remarked.

"The sponge is always sponging," was Whistler's quick retort.

He was taken away by Lady ———, who wanted to tell him how much she admired the portrait of a girl in his studio. He took us to see it, frankly interested, without a trace of pose or self-consciousness, though he showed a marked deference to the great lady which amused me. As soon as he knew you a little, he couldn't help telling you that he had been a student at West Point, a military cadet; he took the romantic, chivalric view of things by preference; yet he spoke of his work with curious detachment, in jerked-out phrases, astoundingly sincere in their simplicity, and astoundingly veracious as well.

"One wants the spirit, the aroma, don't ye know?" and he glanced away from the picture to see if we understood. As no one answered, he insisted: "If you paint a young girl, youth should scent the room: a thinker, thoughts should be in the air; an aroma of the personality. . . . And with all that, it should be a picture, a pattern, a harmony only a painter could conceive. . . . I sometimes say an arrangement in black and white, or blue and gold, don't ye know?" The eyes gimletted one. "Do they understand?" they seemed to ask, "the dullards,—do they even know that each art has its own grammar and its own aim?"

This first meeting showed me that Whistler was an original artist, a force to be reckoned with, and at the same time, he was sympathetic to me; his courage and quickness were obvious; his conceit justified, his vanity natural, even his frankness seemed to argue a kindly nature.

His famous *Ten o'clock* lecture confirmed my judgment, and put him definitively on a pedestal: he talked with the sincerity

and authority of a great artist. The perky figure on the platform; the exquisitely appropriate speech—now quick bitter sentences darting like rapier-thrusts, now the linking melody of rhythmic phrases—all alike excellent. The inimitable cheeky delivery of his attacks made him delightfully real and vital; the insight and authority of his message held one; a modern master, I said to myself, human to the heart and yet a master.

Again and again his humor flashed; the Experts “sombre of mien and wise with the wisdom of books . . . speculating in much writing upon the great worth of bad work. . . .”: the Critic who “never sees the masterpiece at all”; and finally the Preacher “appointed!” . . . “Sage of the Universities . . . learned in many matters, and of much experience in all, save his subject . . . bringing powers of persuasion and polish of language to prove—nothing. . . .”

The most brilliant *persiflage* of English weaknesses ever written, and written by a painter!

And when he spoke of his art and of the artist as the high-priest of the mysteries of Beauty, a grave emotion colored his words, and the sentences arranged themselves cunningly, evoking unforgettable pictures.

“The artist,” he said, “does not confine himself to purposeless copying, without thought, each blade of grass, as commended by the inconsequent, but, in the long curve of the narrow leaf, corrected by the straight tall stem, he learns how grace is wedded to dignity, how strength enhances sweetness, that elegance shall be the result. . . .”

“Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out. . . .”

“Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection all that they have contrived in what is called Nature; and the Gods stand by and marvel, and perceive how far more beautiful is the Venus of Melos than was their own Eve.”

That lecture won me to complete sympathy: the comments of the audience and the press exasperated me: no one seemed to see that the speech was the greatest ever heard in London.



Even Oscar Wilde pooh-poohed my praise of it as exaggerated; but it had made one convert.

Whistler's fiery combativeness even now excited in me nothing but approval. He's had a pretty hard time, I thought, as all great men are sure to have everywhere, and most of all in England, where the pillory is specially reserved for great artists. He's evidently one of "the wicked animals" of the French proverb, "who defends himself when he's attacked," and he has been attacked so often, and his courage is so high, that he's always ready to take the offensive. In the *Ten o'clock* he gave his own portrait: "The Artist has always cause to be merry at the 'pompous pretension and solemn silliness' that surrounds him, for Art and Joy go together with bold openness, and high head and ready hand—fearing naught."

One evening he dined with me and talked with extraordinary animation and eloquence about his Art. I noticed that he was a different man when dining almost alone and when there was a large party. By himself he was without affectation or aggressiveness, but as soon as there was an audience he wanted to hold the floor and monopolize the conversation.

On another occasion there were half a dozen of us, and Whistler held forth about his discovery of the Thames, as he called it. A personage at the table rather resented the suggestion that no one had ever seen the beauty in mists and fog because it had not been painted before, and the little difference grew somewhat acrid. At length the great man remarked that "conceit was no proof of ability." Whistler took him up sharply:

"Quite right, but what you call conceit may be only self-respect, don't ye know?"

"It's the excessive egotism I dislike," grumbled the great person, turning away and beginning pointedly to speak to the host.

Some one said something encouraging to Whistler, who remarked in the air:

"Yes, yes, he forgot himself; but then he is quite right to forget what isn't worth remembering."

Whistler was certainly "a first-rate fighting man." He often

attacked without justification. I may be allowed to give one characteristic example when I could give twenty. Everyone knows the bare facts about Swinburne's famous article on his works which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* for June, 1888.

Whistler's biographers, the Pennells, have decided that "it cannot be denied that he had every reason for seeing a challenge in Swinburne's article. He was stung to the quick, but even in his anger he couldn't forget the friendship of the past."

The truth is, and there can be no breach of confidence now in publishing the fact, that Whistler asked for the article. Mr. Theodore Watts was approached and told that Whistler would be very glad indeed if Swinburne, who had known his work for years, would say what he thought about it. It was pointed out that Whistler hadn't the position that his great talent deserved, and that it would be an act of kindness on Swinburne's part to help him to wider recognition. Swinburne was kind enough to do what was asked of him.

Immediately after the article appeared, came Whistler's contemptuous note in *The World*, in which, criticising Swinburne, he spoke of the "scientific irrelevancies and solemn popularities of a serious and ungrateful Sage, whose mind was not narrowed by knowledge."

The last paragraph of his letter ran:

"Thank you, my dear! I have lost a *confrère*; but then, I have found an acquaintance—one Algernon Swinburne—'outsider'—Putney."

It was an outrageous response to an act of kindness and naturally enough Swinburne was very much annoyed.

At the time only a few knew of the dignified great letter Whistler wrote to Swinburne before publishing his sneer in *The World*, the letter published in *The Gentle Art* under the title *Et tu, Brute*, in which he talks to Swinburne in the proper spirit:

"Who are you, deserting your Muse, that you should insult my Goddess with familiarity and the manners of approach common to the reasoners in the market place? . . . Shall I be brought to the bar by my own blood, and be borne false witness against before the plebeian people?"



He requested Swinburne to stick to his poetry and not "stray about blindly in his brother's flower beds and bruise himself."

But good as this private letter is, it still seems to me not to be justified, for Whistler had asked for the article and should have been content with it.

After all, Swinburne praised Whistler's painting warmly as far as he could understand it, and at the time Swinburne as a poet stood far higher in popular esteem than Whistler as a painter. Swinburne's paper unquestionably did Whistler a very considerable service, and his good intent was ill rewarded by that contemptuous bitter letter in *The World* which was all the public knew of the matter.

I didn't overestimate the importance of the affair, but when next I met Whistler, which happened to be at a friend's table, I suppose he must have felt that I was not so enthusiastically cordial as I had been; for he attacked me with a spice of malevolence. He waited, I remember, till the dinner was finished and the ladies had retired. When the host came up to our end of the table he had Whistler on his right just opposite me. Suddenly Whistler took up something I had said:

"Your appointment as editor of *The Fortnightly* set everyone guessing," he began: "is he by any chance a man of genius, or just another of the able editors, don't ye know, always to be found by the dozen in merry England? Well, we all wondered for a little while."

The guests were all eyes and ears, Whistler's reputation being established.

"Of course everyone knew how a genius would edit such a review after Mr. John Morley. First of all would come a most astonishing number; a reckless criticism of some great painter by a poet; then a poem by a painter, something novel, don't ye know, the caricature of a bishop by Carlo Pelligrini, something unexpected—amazing . . .

"All the world would rush to buy the next month's number; but there would be none to be found; the editor would be resting or in Monte Carlo. The month after, another gorgeous surprise! But no! you've not done it in the brilliant erratic way of genius: every month the review appears regularly, just what one

looks for, a work of high-class English mediocrity: lamentable, you know, quite lamentable."

Everyone laughed as the master repeated again and again mournfully, "high-class mediocrity."

For some time I tried to parry the attack, covering myself with my youth and inexperience; but Whistler only laughed triumphantly, repeating "honest mediocrity, well-meaning, don't ye know, industrious and all that; but—" and the forefinger pointed the barb.

At length anger gave me bitter counsel.

"Strange," I said, "how your views of art, Master, are echoed in Paris. I was talking with Degas the other day; you know he too is a great painter with a tongue like a whip. I asked him what he thought of English painters, and he made fun of them all: he wouldn't hear of Leighton, or Millais, or any of them, and at last I said, 'But what do you think of Whistler: Whistler surely is a master?'

"'Vistlaire?' he repeated; 'connais pas: jamais entendu ce nom-là. Que fait-il?'

"Of course, I tried to explain how great you were, Master; described your marvellous color-schemes, amazing arrangements: impressions like Hokusai; but Degas only shrugged his shoulders: 'Connais pas—Vistlaire—connais pas du tout!'

"So at last in despair I told him that you, too, were a wit, as he was, with a bitter tongue, an extraordinary talent of speech, the wittiest talker in England.

"'Dommage,' Degas broke in, 'he should paint with his tongue, then he might do a work of genius.'"

Everyone laughed, delighted to see the biter bit; but it was some time before the cordial relations between Whistler and myself were restored. It seemed to me that he attacked his friends as eagerly as his enemies, and I avoided him, not wishing to quarrel with a man of genius, whose work I could not help admiring.

A year or so later, however, we met again casually, and I asked him to lunch, and he accepted smilingly, without a trace of bitterness, *en bon escrimeur*.

If he were inclined to sacrifice friendship too cheaply for a biting jest or witty word, he was very quick to appreciate ability



even in his enemies. Wherever he found good work, whether art or literature, he praised it wholeheartedly. It was hardly to be expected that his dainty and exquisite Muse should admire the cruel realism of Degas, or the bronze made flesh of Rodin; but Whistler welcomed nearly every high artistic quality, however different from his own striving. He praised Manet and Puvis de Chavannes enthusiastically, and seemed utterly devoid of jealousy. Through his admiration of Chinese pottery and bronzes and Japanese prints and pictures Whistler led the way to that wider understanding of art which is a characteristic of our day. And some of the younger men like Beardsley owed him the frankest and most generous recognition.

Alexander Harrison, the painter, has given the most understanding appreciation of Whistler's real nature:

"I have never known a man of more sincere and genuine impulse even in ordinary human relations, and I am convinced that no man ever existed who could have been more easily controlled on lines of response to a 'fair and square' appreciation of his genuine qualities. When off his guard, he was often a pathetic kid, and I have spotted him in bashful moods, although it would be hard to convince the bourgeois of this. Wit, pathos, gentleness, affection, audacity, acridity, tenacity, were brought instantly to the sensitive surface like a flash, by rough contact."

I think perhaps Whistler's pettiest fault was that he had a poor memory for kindness done. But after all, ingratitude is the mark of all the tribes of man, and I daresay he was no more forgetful of benefits than the rest of us.

For a good many years I saw him from time to time casually. Now he lunched with me; now dined: once or twice I dined with him. But our relations were never intimate. We belonged to different generations, and I couldn't be a disciple and sit at the feet of any Gamaliel.

One day when he was lunching with me, he told me that the Glasgow Corporation was trying to buy his portrait of Carlyle. I was exceedingly glad to hear it, and said so: it was the right thing for them to do. He went on to confess with contemptuous bitterness that they were haggling with him over

the price. I asked him how much he wanted, and he replied a thousand guineas. I begged him not to take less; assured him I could find some one who would give him a thousand guineas for the picture, if the tradesmen refused it. He was very anxious, pathetically anxious I thought, to know whether he could rely on the money. He seemed a little dispirited. I told him he could make his mind easy on the matter: the money would be forthcoming. On this he brightened up remarkably, and declared that the fillip was all he needed; he knew they wanted the picture and were only bargaining; and a couple of days later he came and told me that the canny Scots had agreed to pay the thousand, and all was settled. He was kind enough to say that it was my assurance which had encouraged him to hold out and so obtain the price.

The next talk with Whistler that I can remember was in Paris, when I went to call on him in his house in the Rue du Bac. The house has been described by others; the exquisite yet effective simplicity of the decoration, and the charming garden, impressed everyone. At length the master was properly lodged, and might be expected to do some great picture.

I found him in a state of dancing excitement over *Trilby*. I couldn't understand his rage with Du Maurier, even when he told me that Du Maurier had formerly been a friend. The quarrel seemed to me altogether trivial. I felt it unworthy of a great man like Whistler to allow himself to be plagued and maddened at the buzzing of such a bluebottle. But I had to listen to the whole story from A to Z, and how it ended with the apology of the publishers, and with Du Maurier's changing his sketch of Whistler into some bald-headed gentleman called Antony, and Whistler's characteristic quip:

"I wired to them over in America, 'Compliments and complete approval of author's new and obscure friend, Bald Antony.'"

He had evidently wasted an unconscionable amount of time and energy over this unworthy attack. Men had treated him contemptuously for so many years, life had been so unjust to him that his temper had got raw: every touch smarted, and he was up in arms and eager to fight to the death for a casual rub.



When I next called on him in the Rue du Bac, I found him in the throes of another combat; the quarrel with Sir William Eden over his wife's portrait. All the world knows the details: how George Moore introduced the Baronet to Whistler to paint the portrait of Lady Eden; and how Sir William Eden took upon himself to pay the price he thought fixed, without consulting the artist, who had done, not a pastel, as was first arranged, but a very charming portrait in oil of Lady Eden, an arrangement in brown and gold.

It would have been more dignified of Whistler to have paid no attention to the Baronet, and his attempt to slip his valentine of a hundred guineas into the artist's pocket; but once again Whistler's combativeness came into play: he persisted in seeing intentional insult in everything, and in spite of all one could do, fought on to the bitter end: he couldn't speak of the Baronet without mentioning his "brown boots." At length he went so far as to destroy his own work, and the result of the sittings which Lady Eden, who certainly was an innocent person, had granted him: painted out her face, and went into court after court over the matter, only to be condemned at the end as in the beginning.

He begged me, I remember, to write on the matter, and to please him I did write an article in *The Saturday Review*, taking his side, which from a high point of view was perhaps not justified, and was certainly unwise, for thereby I made myself bitter enemies without affirming Whistler's unstable friendship.

My last meeting with Whistler was destined to be unpleasant. I had again and again heard him speak of Mr. Walter Sickert with liking, and even appreciation, as a capable craftsman. Accordingly, when Mr. Sickert came to me with an article about lithographs, setting forth that Whistler's lithographs were made on paper, and should not be called lithographs, I looked upon it as the trivial correction of a friend, and didn't dream that Whistler would feel hurt, much less insulted.

Forthwith, he or Mr. Pennell brought an action against me as editor of *The Saturday Review*. I could scarcely believe that the matter was serious, but I soon found that Whistler was prosecuting the affair with his usual energy.

One day meeting Mr. Heinemann, with whom Whistler hap-

pened to be living at the time, I told him how silly the whole matter was, and how unpleasant: said that I regretted it all, and would not for the world have hurt Whistler in any way.

Mr. Heinemann said he would try to settle the quarrel, and a little later very kindly invited me to meet Whistler at dinner. I went, and took the occasion to tell Whistler just what I had told Mr. Heinemann, that the whole dispute was trivial, that I wouldn't willingly have done anything to hurt him, and that if I had suspected any malice in the matter, I should never have published the article. He told me I must get Sickert to apologize. I replied that I couldn't ask Sickert to apologize; he would be sure to refuse; and showed him that in his desire to hit Sickert he was really hitting me, who after all had been a friend.

"It can't be helped," he said perkily; "it'll have to go on, then; it'll have to go on."

I shrugged my shoulders; wilful man must have his way.

The trial was full of amusing incidents. Mr. Alfred Gilbert showed such virulence of personal enmity to me that the judge ordered him to stand down; and Whistler had as his chief witness Mr. Sidney Colvin, of the British Museum, who aforetime had been his butt, and was always coupled by him with 'Arry. The jury, after being out two hours, brought in a verdict of £50 and Whistler won his first law case, this time against one who had always been a friend and admirer. He didn't damage Sickert in any way, but if his crowing over the result was any consolation to him, I am glad he had it.

I must find room here for a gibe of Whistler's which, so far as I know, has never been published and yet is both characteristic and witty. When Mr. Theodore Watts, Swinburne's friend and housemate, took the name of Dunton, Whistler wrote him simply: "Theodore, what's Dunton?"

I have set down these acerbities and put them so far as I could in a fair light, not because I have the faintest wish to accentuate the little faults of a great spirit, but simply because Whistler's prickliness illustrates a truth too generally ignored. If ever there was a talent which should have been immediately appreciated in England, it was the talent of Jimmy Whistler. No people love beauty as the English love it. Here was a man of



genius whose sole aim and striving was the beautiful. He had no feeling for even greater things, none for sublimity, none for the tragic fates which often overwhelm the innocent, none for the great revolt which is the essence of all the higher spiritual life. But beauty he loved with a passionate and exclusive devotion; the English should, therefore, have welcomed him with open arms. Yet instead of admiring the man who was a genius after their own heart, they treated him for thirty odd years with such indifference and contempt, that at length they bred bitterness in him, and high disdain to balance their foolish neglect.

Toward the end of his life, when his powers were at their best, this great artist and man of genius wasted his time and talent in unworthy and absurd quarrellings. He neglected his art and allowed his gift to humanity to be diminished, in order to gratify his vanity and temper: he had come to "his own and his own received him not," and he preferred to punish rather than to forgive. I have no quarrel with him on this account. The idea that the artist should accept insult and injury in the guise of criticism with slavish submission is worse than absurd. The wrong only begins to be righted when revolt shows the aggressor that his wrong-doing is apt to recoil on his own head: it is the duty of the artist or man of letters to teach the critics and professors that reverence for their betters is the proper attitude. No one finds fault with Dante for distributing his enemies over the deeper circles in hell; why should one condemn a Whistler for pillorying 'Arry or S-C? And if the artist has been so baited and insulted that at length he wastes too much energy on his unworthy assailants, who shall blame him?

Whatever heat is engendered by the passage of a star to its ordained orbit should be attributed to the resistance of the medium through which it passes. It would be wiser, of course, for the Master to climb to Spakespeare's level and learn never to

". . . . prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger."

But it is only the very greatest who are able to take "the buffets and rewards" of life "with equal thanks," and after all

in this world-old quarrel between the genius-teacher and his hearers the chief fault is always with the hearers.

The British public would do well now to consider their ways while it may yet be time and begin to treat their artists and writers, the modern seers and prophets, a little better.

At heart, Englishmen are all Robinson Crusoes, adventurers and colonizers. They are full of admiration for the man of action and of respect for the athletic virtues, and especially for obstinate courage. But they have no inkling of the qualities necessary to make an artist, and they treat the greatest of the sons of men with a contemptuous pity that is really a measure of their own blind insensitiveness and want of imagination. They read of an explorer's struggling to reach the Pole with breathless enthusiasm and mourn his death in tears thrilling with admiration, but they read of Ruskin's brainless and insulting attack on Whistler with delighted amusement, and when the crowd of academic nonentities ran together in the law-courts to bait the man of genius their sympathy was all given to the crowd of envious dullards.

*They know not what they do.*

Let us try for a moment to look at the matter from the standpoint of the artist. Almost the first thing that struck one in Whistler's attitude was the fact that though he was of Anglo-Saxon race and had lived by preference in London, he missed no opportunity of gibing at English estimates and English standards of value. He was painfully conscious that his artistic ideal was at variance with English conceptions of art, and the conventional English view of painting as a sort of colored photograph of some beautiful scene or person excited in him nothing but pity and contempt. And this disagreement spread into all departments of life. He despised the materialism of the race, the courage that was usually self-interested and all too seldom chivalric, and above all, the honors showered on respectable greedy mediocrities. He illustrated Shakespeare's wonderful phrase in the *Timon*:

"'Tis well with every land to be at odds."

He was at odds with both England and America, was indeed



an exile and pariah everywhere in this world, lonely and despised as the great artist seems fated to be.

In later life Whistler concentrated his affections on his wife, and when she was taken from him his chief interest in living died. He was too keen-sighted to have any illusions about a life beyond the grave: the undiscovered country to him was blank annihilation, and this black background cast a shadow over the world and intensified the misery of personal loss. A daring spirit, set to sadness and despair, the main spring in him was always a high resolve to do the best with his extraordinary endowment.

No hero, no leader of men has ever displayed a more intense devotion to the ideal, or a more desperate resolve to do his uttermost at all costs. Whistler may stand as a type of the great artist for many a year to come. A man has no foes so obstinate as those within him, and more than other men the artist is plagued with those infernal adversaries: he is filled to the mouth with greeds, and vanities, and passions. The ordinary man wants comforts and security in life; the artist wants these and all the luxuries as well, bronzes, ivories, enamels, paintings, armors, tapestries, prints—everything curious and beautiful, and he wants them as aids to his own striving. Where another would be rich, he is poor. And while borne in this way hellward toward self-gratification, by an urging which is intertwined with what is noblest in him, he must resist at all costs the devil; and more than other men give himself to the ideal in order to bring himself as near perfection as possible.

Take the conflict at its simplest. Whistler saw that the more personal his art was, the better it became, and with the intuitive certainty of the great artist he began with a master's economy to simplify the symbol. At once the academicians burst out at him: "he can't draw"; just as Reynolds talked of Blake. It was Whistler the innovator, Whistler at his best that was most hated. It is hard when at variance with everyone to persevere in a desperate undertaking. It needs a Columbus to go on unperturbed in spite of sneers and insults on this side, hatred and contempt on that. And at the same time the artist must possess a nobler temper than is required of the explorer. He must not only believe in himself absolutely and go on working, in spite of

insult and hatred, but he must work joyously, for if once he falls to anger or bitterness with his surroundings his work will suffer.

Let us try to see Whistler's character in the proper light in connection with his work, and let us take the extremest example of his so-called conceit. One remembers the story of the lady who coupled him with Velasquez, assuring him that the only two sacred names to her in the whole history of art were Whistler and Velasquez.

"True, true, dear lady," remarked Whistler sadly; "but why drag in Velasquez?"

Everyone laughs at this and sneers at the conceit; but there is nothing conceited in it. *Why drag in Velasquez?* is merited reproof. "Velasquez is dead; his work done; gone beyond our praise or blame for ever; but I, Whistler, am here doing the modern work: why couple me with the dead? Why drag in Velasquez?"

Whistler's power of self-criticism was at least as vigorous as his conceit. The other day a letter of his was sold at Sotheby's, a letter to Way, his printer, about some lithographs of his portrait of Count Robert de Montesquieu. Here is his judgment of his own work:

"The portrait is damnable! I don't mean the printing, which is even as good as the thing to be printed was bad: and that is saying a lot. No, my drawing or sketch or whatever you choose, is damnable, and no more like the superb original than if it had been done by my worst and most incompetent enemy. I hope to heaven that no one has seen it. Now wipe off the stone at once, at once sending me one proof on the commonest of paper of its destroyed state, and also every trial proof you may have taken, that I may myself burn all. There must be no record of this abomination! It is neither for catalogue nor posterity, and is the folly of proposing to produce the same masterpiece twice over. Why should one? Ridiculous! Now on the other hand, the last little draped figure is delightful, and beautifully printed of course."

What do you think, reader, of the passionate complete self-condemnation? And even now you don't understand perhaps



the greatness of it. Whistler needed money to live and work: here is a banknote, so to speak.

"Tear it up," he cries, "the work is not my best: I'll not live by it; tear it up, let no replica of it be seen: I'll go hungry rather than give anything less than my best."

No adventurer, no Columbus ever needed such high resolve, such noble courage. Let us come to a final test.

At fifty the English law made a world-wide benefactor a bankrupt, and Whistler's home was sold up; his pictures given away for a song: his household goods all dispersed and lost. His mother was weak and needed the comforts of money. He took her to a good home in a watering-place, and then, paint-box in hand, sallied forth to Venice, when past middle age, to build up another home and incidentally a new fame. And the artist's courage is not that desperate unhappy dour resolution that a Carlyle looked on as the ideal: it is a smiling joyous happy valiance. Whistler knew that happiness was needed for his art, and he kept his joyous wit undisturbed. The story of it is one of the great stories of the world. Nothing finer, nothing more heroic has been told of man. His creditors had put a man in possession of his house in Tite Street, Chelsea. Whistler clothed him decently and used him as a servant. At the end of the week the man came to him to be paid.

"I have nothing," said Whistler; "I thought the creditors paid you. At the moment I can't pay you."

"What am I to do?" cried the man; "my family are hard up, they want the money."

"Very terrible," exclaimed Whistler, "terrible. I'm sorry. I'll get you the money by next Saturday: I'll paint something."

"But that won't do," said the man. "I must have some help now."

"I can think of nothing," said Jimmy, resolved to pawn something rather than not help: then the quick intelligence rippled into a smile; "I can think of nothing, but why not put a man in possession, then you'll be able to get along."

That's how the artist has to face life: the wit is exceptional, but the heroism is common enough. Just consider it.

The pains of motherhood are often excruciating; but suppose

the mother were told that she must conceive in joy and bring forth not with groans but with smiles and witty stories, and at the same time use every endeavor to make each child fairer than the previous one; what should we think of her trial? There is no courage in the world to be compared with that of the artist.

To me Whistler is the perfect type of the great creative artist. I think of him as essentially modest. Asked by a foolish Attorney-General how he came to put £200 on a picture he could paint in a day, he replied: "Because it took me a lifetime to win to that mastery." The barrister who often got more for doing nothing found fault with the answer. He and the foolish judge both agreed that the picture was not worth the money: this very picture condemned by Ruskin and jeered at by barrister, judge and jury, has had an eventful history. The picture then belonged to Mr. Graham. A few years after at his sale at Christie's it was knocked down amid hisses to a Mr. Harrison for sixty pounds. A little later still, at the close of the London Whistler Memorial Exhibition, it was bought for two thousand guineas by the National Arts Collection Fund, presented to the nation, and now hangs in the National Gallery. Surely, when they come to understanding, the English will begin to honor the great creative artists and not the gnat critics and penguin professors.\*

\* This sketch will be included in Mr. Harris's new book, *Contemporary Portraits*, which will be published in November.



## LOVE THE PILGRIM

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

**T**OBIAS TREWIDDEN was dying. The young doctor who had just bought the practice in Venvin heard of the man for the first time from a carrier who had brought him a stock of bottles and a note from the invalid, asking him to call as soon as he could.

"They say he do look like a living corpse," said the man.

"Has he no relations?" asked Dr. Bligh.

The carrier laughed. "He don't belong to we at all," he said, "though his misdoings hang fast on him here as well as twenty mile off."

"No friends?" queried the doctor. Roger Uren tossed his head.

"He's ill whisht, sure enough," he answered, "and a power of evil follows wherever his shadow do fall. Everyone be scared of he."

"If he's ill surely some one must see to him," said Dr. Bligh.

The carrier shielded his pipe with one hand as he lighted it.

"No neighbor for miles round would come nigh him living or dying," he said, "for fear of hell letting loose more than could be captured again. He'm ready made for the place and only needs a push and he'll be home."

"I shall go to him at once," said Dr. Bligh. "Where does he live?"

"On the moors beyond the Giant's Crag, sir. He be far from human habitation and makes use of spells and such. I'd sooner carry goods for a twelvemonth for nothing than minister to he for diamond studs and a fortune."

Ernest Bligh was interested. His medical career, short as it had been, had proved to him that the complexities of human nature defied the hard and fast dictates of either science or religion. That same afternoon he cycled over to Tobias Trewidden's little cottage and knocked at the door. As there was no answer he lifted the latch. A tall thin man was asleep in a chair and his head was down in his folded arms which were

spread out on the big wooden table. A small black cat was asleep across his neck. Dr. Bligh shut the door softly. By the open fireless grate were empty cages and bottles. The doctor had no time to examine further, for suddenly the man raised his head and the cat arched herself and sprang to the ground.

"Good-morning," said the doctor. Tobias Trewidden stood up and the quick eyes of Ernest Bligh saw that the man was doomed.

"I came as soon as possible after you wrote."

Tobias held out an almost fleshless hand. "Thank you, sir, you're welcome, I'm sure," he said, and he pointed to a chair. As Dr. Bligh sat down the cat jumped on his lap. Tobias smiled. "They'm forthy," he said. "I've taught 'em to fear nothin', and it's generations of 'em I've trained in the way of the spirit."

"Good gracious," said Dr. Bligh, critically eyeing Tobias. His short sojourning in the west had already convinced him that mysticism was not always akin to madness and that superstition had a substratum of scientific truth. But when Tobias Trewidden talked about his cat as if it were a mortal possessing a soul he began to observe him more keenly. Perhaps the enemies of this invalid were right. Poisons in the blood made fantastic havoc in a sensitive brain and the eyes proved that this man was not the average type. It might be a case worth noting. As he stroked the cat on his knees he said thoughtfully: "Human beings are in the rough as yet but you can't prove to me, for instance, that the kindness of a dog could be so trained that he'd spare a rat."

"Iss! I can!" cried Tobias. "I've taught a terrier pup to play with rats same as I've made cats and dogs friends as well as birds and reptiles. It 'ave occupied me for years and I've put down in a book there," pointing to a shelf where a few odd things were lying, "what I've seen in the way of friendliness between they as be reckoned enemies. It 'ave occupied me most of my time lately, but I've put them to sleep for fear they falls later into human hands."

Dr. Bligh instinctively glanced at the long tapering fingers



of the cat's owner as he stroked her head. Tobias caught the look.

"Mine be mostly claws now," he said, "and so be safer, in a manner of speaking. Animals be real gentry," he added thoughtfully.

Dr. Bligh looked into the mystical eyes of the man standing over him.

"Is this cat all that is left?" he asked. As answer Tobias pointed to a little white box lined with soft wool. The doctor lifted an interrogative finger first at the cat and then toward the box.

"Iss!" he said. "I can't risk it no longer. If I pass and she be left to human society may be a bull-terrier would finish she or some one might mix her up with me and act according to."

"Good heavens!" said Dr. Bligh. "Have you no one you could trust to kill a cat?"

"Not in a seemly way," said Tobias. "A cat be like a witch and knows the secrets. Fur be no barrier to me. I sees as she sees and the adders 'ave made the Bible an open book to me. It was through the Scriptures I charmed them into safety and friendliness."

"What was the charm?" asked Dr. Bligh, as he put his fingers on the man's wrist.

Tobias grew very grave as he spoke solemnly.

"The charm would be broken by telling," he said. "If so I lived to catch another adder it would sting, for some things be unforgivable even with reptiles."

Dr. Bligh, with an expressionless face, took his fingers from his patient's wrist and undid the button of the flannel shirt as the man stroked his cat.

"I'm scarcely fit for burial," he said. "It's a cage of bones I've been for long enough."

"How many years has this been coming?" asked the doctor in his most professional voice.

"A matter of eight," Tobias said. He looked straight into the doctor's eyes. "How many days now?"

For a perceptible moment the two men looked eye to eye. Ernest Bligh hesitated. His habit with his patients held him

silent and perplexed; but something in the keen blue eyes made him blurt out, "Not many, are you nervous?"

The expectant blue eyes had grown almost merry.

"We'm all in hell, sir," he said, "and they"—pointing to the cat—"might have the worst of it."

"Your lease is nearly run," said Dr. Bligh.

"Thanks be," said Tobias devoutly. "I've not sought it nor yet hurried it, but if the lawful hour be come it's a real savor to my spirit."

Dr. Bligh stood up and pushed Tobias into a low chair. He took out his stethoscope and put it inside the open shirt.

"Ninety-nine," said Tobias smiling. "I learnt that at the hospital years ago."

"Thank you," said Dr. Bligh, after he had finished his examination; "you must go to bed at once and be nursed." The cat was licking the thin hand as she stood on her hind legs and leaned against her master.

"They've all done that since they was three weeks old," said Tobias. "It's a comfortable and kindly practice."

"Shall I destroy her?" asked Dr. Bligh, kindly, "or will you give her to me, when—when——"

"Thank you kindly, sir," Tobias said. "You mean well, but it's best as I puts she to sleep as nature, by and by, will put me." He pointed to the empty bottles and cages. "Them captives I've had in there be released afore me for the same reason as I'm going to put the cat to rest. Adders and toads and rats and all them things I used to reckon only as vermin have ministered greatly to my faith. They'm comradely when you understand their ways and full of dignity and a great courage. It's become a habit to me to try and live as they live, and to struggle to die as they belong to die. They'm likely here for a purpose and it seemly gets frustrated by them as be full of lustful pride because they don't wear fur nor feathers."

Dr. Bligh turned toward the door.

"Have you taken any physic?" he asked. "Your cough must be very trying."

Tobias smiled.

"Physic," he answered, "to my mind be a passil of nonsense."



A man's thoughts be his best physic, and when he comes to die the state of his gut will tell what manner of life he's led in mind and body. My dead beasts have shewn me that. The mothers head the class as they give most of theirselves away."

"I will call again to-morrow," said Dr. Bligh laughing, "and you shall tell me more."

"Thank you, sir," said Tobias. "I've allus a little leeky broth ready for warming or a cup of tea, if you'd not take it as an insult."

"Only glad," said Dr. Bligh, smiling at the man's offer as he cycled off. He rode to the vicarage, hidden among lovely trees in the large garden.

"Passon be out but missis be in," said the old cook-general who opened the door.

"May I see her?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"Iss! surely!" said Wilmot. "Come forward please."

When inside the library Dr. Bligh suddenly turned to the servant. "Do you know a man called Tobias Trewidden?" he asked.

"Lordy! Lordy!" cried Wilmot. "Do you mean the Wizard of the Crag?"

"Why such a title?" asked the doctor laughing.

Wilmot's face was very solemn. "His house reeks with witchcraft," she said, "and they do say that the Devil himself 'ave been seen peering out of his chimley more nor once."

"He's ill," said Dr. Bligh. "He's dying. Some one must nurse him."

"Let 'im rot," said Wilmot. "It's tit for tat at last, anyway." With this cryptic sentence she left the room to find her mistress.

Mrs. Hewett came in and greeted the new doctor with a smile.

"I've just been hearing your praises sung," she said. "Old Nancy Nancleda declared you've cut a bit out of her headpiece and altered her brains so that she can add up and write a long letter to her son in America."

Dr. Bligh laughed. "If I live here long I shall have to open my own headpiece," he said, "in order to make space for

all the wisdom I pick up as I go along. I've come to ask you if you know anything of a man called Tobias Trewidden?"

Mrs. Hewett sat down and so did her visitor.

"That man," she said, "is the problem of this village. My husband says it is a clear case of possession and he forbids me to go near him."

"Goodness!" cried Dr. Bligh. "He seems the most harmless consumptive I've ever seen. He's near the end, anyway, very near, and I don't think it possible he can live more than a few hours."

"Nothing, according to report, is impossible to Tobias Trewidden," said Mrs. Hewett. "It almost seems as if evil doing, as well as good, could work miracles."

"But what has he done," asked Dr. Bligh, "that everyone seems against him?"

"Everything," said Mrs. Hewett, "according to report. It appears he was always unlike anyone else from a small boy."

"Name the worst," said the doctor smiling. "I'll promise not to jump out of my chair."

It was some time before Mrs. Hewett spoke. She wiped her thin lips once or twice with her handkerchief and took off her ruby ring and put it on again.

"They say he practises black magic," she said at last. She spoke in a whisper, looking toward the door.

"It was about a baby first," she said, "and there have been strange rumors about a woman. We don't know the real truth, but the evidence seems against him."

"But the law," gasped the doctor. "Surely no one can do such things with impunity. I feel convinced it's a great deal scandal."

"Where there's——"

"Excuse me, dear Mrs. Hewett," said Dr. Bligh; "in my limited experience there's more often flame without any smoke, and if I can trust my intuition at all I believe this is a case in point. I want a nurse for this man at once. Can you tell me where I can get one?"

Mrs. Hewett wrinkled her brow. "This is a Christian village," she said gently.



"So I understand," said Dr. Bligh.

"You won't find a God-fearing man or woman in it to stay alone with Tobias Trewidden," she said.

"Good God!" cried Dr. Bligh. "Not one?"

"Yes, perhaps one," said Mrs. Hewett, suddenly. "There's Biddy Beaver, the netmender. She's very deaf and it might have been too tedious a job for the neighbors to have told her all that is said about Tobias Trewidden. Here is her address; but she lives out beyond the cemetery."

Dr. Bligh took the piece of paper, thanked Mrs. Hewett and went away. He did not go direct to Biddy. Instead he went to a widow he had treated free of charge for a serious tumor and whose gratitude had been expressed many times by saying that if she could not pay him in hake she would in herring.

"Now," he said to himself, "I'll claim the herring."

Widow Rasselas was washing. As the doctor entered the back gate, her elbows in the wash-tray were covered with soap-suds. She wiped her arms and led the way into her cottage.

"It's lonesome sometimes, doctor," she said, "and I washes for washing's sake, to keep me company."

"I've got a cure for loneliness," said Dr. Bligh. "I've a patient sick, dying, in fact. Will you nurse him for me?"

"Iss!" said Widow Rasselas. "I dearly love the sick and feeble."

"It's Tobias Trewidden," he said. The widow fell back against the cottage wall.

"He?" she cried in a high interrogative. "My blessed Father in Heaven!"

"Are you afraid of death?" asked the doctor.

"Death!" she echoed; "not me! I'm more used to corpses, in a manner of speaking, than gentry, but I'd never venture near he."

"I should have thought a good mother, like you, could venture anywhere," said Dr. Bligh.

"He've been a woman tamer, I've heard," said Widow Rasselas with wide open eyes, "and be as bitter as lemon rind over all of we. My man, afore he died, said as only men among theirselves could say what a passil of women he must have

ruined when he was young and afore he came here to live or the talk would never be so fierce against him."

"He's dying," said Dr. Bligh.

"Well," said Widow Rasselas, "he can't never get to heaven."

"Why not?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"Heaven," said the widow emphatically, "be a prepared place for prepared people. Tobias Trewidden will be in hell and safe from all of we, and we from him."

Dr. Bligh looked into the woman's face. "He's there here," he said.

"It's his own fault," she snapped. "What about they wives they do say be in the county asylums same as he've snakes in pickle? It's them tales as 'ave scared even youngsters."

"Rubbish!" said Dr. Bligh. "The man's face gives the lie to all these idiotic tales."

"Thanks be," said Widow Rasselas, "I've never looked upon his countenance but once, and then not to know exactly whether he was pockmarked or had even a beard. Yes—come to think of it though, he had a beard when he first come. Liz-zie Annie, what be buried these five years now, made her father laugh some hearty when he was lying in bed ill with the miners' complaint. 'There's a man come to live in Tommy Widden's cottage that have got fur all over his face,' she said." Widow Rasselas came closer to the doctor and ended in a whisper. "I'd not be frightened but what he's got the hoof too and the stump of a tail. Sin be forgivable but witchcraft must be shunned same as poison."

"How many chapels are there in this village?" asked Dr. Bligh irrelevantly.

"Three," said Widow Rasselas: "so we know of the doctrine."

"Good-bye," said Dr. Bligh. "I'm going home herring-less. I came to ask you for the one you promised me long ago."

Widow Rasselas laughed happily.

"So I did," she said. "But as it happens I've a bit of newly caught hake in the larder so please accept of it."

With self-satisfaction written all over her sunburnt face she



brought a small parcel from her scullery and put it in the basket which was tied to his bicycle. As he rode away he called out gaily, "If it makes me sick, Mrs. Rasselas, I won't put it down to witchcraft."

"You can't touch dung and remain undefiled," she murmured as she went into her cottage again. She was sure she had come across that in the Scriptures, and, she added, "everyone must see to it that they keep their own petticoats clear of mud."

Dr. Bligh made his way to Biddy Beaver. She was mending a big pilchard net outside her cottage door. The doctor made signs and she got up and curtsied. She handed him paper and a pencil. He saw hope for his cause in the kindly wrinkled face with the clear brown eyes, which seemed to be listening for what the ears could not hear. He wrote down what he wanted and watched her reading it. She shook her head.

"He 'ave the evil eye they do say," she said. "Bein' unable to hear I'd be afraid, so though wanting money, I won't undertake the job."

"Three shillings a day," wrote Dr. Bligh.

She read it, smiled, licked her lips slowly and then said eagerly: "For double I'll favor you."

"To-night," he wrote, "at seven I'll be there and write down all you have to do. It's so simple, and if he can't talk, so much the better as he is very weak."

She nodded as he left the cottage.

Dr. Bligh happened to have an unusually busy day when, tired out, about six o'clock he entered Tobias Trewidden's cottage.

"To bed at once," he said as he realized what his patient had been doing. The box with the wool inside had gone and a spade was lying on the floor.

"I never thought I could care badly about anything again," said the man. "She licked my hand to the last. I put her to sleep same as the doctor put me when I'd the head fever. I'd kept the stuff in case I'd ever need to stop the violent pain again. She'm comfortable now." The man's eyes were alight with pas-

sionate eagerness. "No one won't be able to maul she when I'm gone."

"You really must go to bed," said Dr. Bligh. Suddenly a thought struck him. "I'll heat up some of that leeky broth for you," he said.

Tobias staggered to a cupboard and took out a large jug, and drew a saucepan from a shelf near by. He lighted a small oil stove. "You needn't trouble," he said; "the leeks are all cooked and it will be ready to oncest. I've made use of them for gargles and supper and general maintenance for weeks with a crust of bread and milk."

When he had poured out the strong smelling broth into a basin the doctor pointed to the staircase.

"While this is cooling," he said, "slip into bed. I've brought you a draught and we'll have you rubbed by some one soon."

In less than ten minutes Dr. Bligh went upstairs.

"Sir," said Tobias, "it be a sweet savor to me that you ain't afraid of me and will minister to me like this 'ere."

There was a knock at the door.

"That's Biddy Beaver come to sit up with you all night," said Dr. Bligh.

Tobias leaned forward suddenly.

"A woman!" he cried. "In God's name, what next?"

Dr. Bligh went downstairs, but it was not Biddy. As he opened the door a small boy handed him a piece of paper. On it was written: "A little thing would cap size Biddy. The money would be ill got. No." The boy touched his cap and ran off. Dr. Bligh hesitated before going upstairs. He sprang up at last like a boy.

"I didn't like the look of that nurse," he said smiling, "so she's packed off. I'm going home to do some dispensing and then I will return till the morning. Sleep till I come."

Tobias felt over the bed clothes and then lay back.

"The cat be allus a standby at twilight," he said. "She'm well on the journey by now and knows the great secrets."

Dr. Bligh held out his hand. Tobias took it and said in a whisper. "You might be one of they dumb lot you're so gentle, sir, but maybe you've not heard the talk."



"Damn talk," said Dr. Bligh.

Tobias laughed.

"It's Genesis to Revelation for disaster," said Tobias. "I'm careless of it now, but I'd dearly love to know you're a match for it, sir."

"Take this," said Dr. Bligh, handing Tobias a cachet, "and sleep till I come. I'll leave the door on the latch."

The moon was rising and one star was in the sky as a witness. The big fuchsia tree in the little garden did service as a yew tree over the newly turned patch where Tobias had buried his cat. The fuchsia bells swayed in the soft south-west wind. Dr. Bligh stopped a moment to listen to the swish swash of the sea in the distance. When he returned he found Tobias Trevidden still asleep. He put his fingers softly on the man's pulse and smiled. Tobias stirred, turned his head and looked at his new friend.

"That was balm to my spirit," said Tobias. "And the sign was in the dream."

"What sign?" said Dr. Bligh.

"Of a new daybreak," he said, "and of spirits made manifest."

Dr. Bligh poured out some liquid food and handed it to Tobias.

"You've had a rough time," he said. "No wonder you don't dread the end."

Tobias smiled. "What sweetmeats be to children," he said, "and kisses to maidens, death be to me."

"What began this?" asked Dr. Bligh, pointing to his patient's chest. Tobias coughed.

"Worritin' afore I'd made use of the ways of the spirit," he answered. "It sent me into a sleepless decline with wrestlin' night and day with misfortunes."

"Don't talk if it tires you," said Dr. Bligh.

Tobias leaned on his elbow. "It would be an easement," he said. "I miss they dumb things. They knew it all without condemnation."

"Was it a woman?"

"Seemly, a passil of them," said Tobias, "and battalions seemed to be whisperin' and interferin' too."

The doctor eyed Tobias a little sternly.

"Wild oats?" he queried.

Tobias coughed till he could scarcely speak and then went on slowly. "It fair chokes me with the laughableness of that there," he said. "Excuse me, sir."

Dr. Bligh was curious and puzzled.

"I'm in my thirty-one," said Tobias, "and when I were twenty I were as gay as a robin on the bough. I began as a shepherd boy and then went as a milkman to my cousin as was a farmer and it was then disaster overcame me." He looked keenly at the doctor. "If I eases my chest of all this you won't mouth it in the place, will you? The truth would maze 'em worse than the lies they've built up."

"Not a word to a soul," said Dr. Bligh. "It may help you to—to——"

"Pass," said Tobias gently. "So it will."

"If you've anything on your mind or remorse about something," suggested the doctor, "just speak out as if to a confessor."

After another fit of coughing Tobias went on. "There's nothin' in that line, sir. The only remorse I've got is that I've made too much use of the Gospels and so got more kicks than halfpennies. As a minister once said in chapel, 'It didn't do to make use of Christ's words as he meant 'em but according to.' The human heart in me 'ave often quailed before the outbreaks as 'ave come by livin' the word instead of listenin' to the doctrine."

"That's not so," said Dr. Bligh. "The big man dies for the truth, though the little one only stones him to death."

"When I was shepherding," said Tobias, "everything seemed of a piece. It was all wonder and glory and the lambs and the clouds and the hills and even dewdrops in the early morning fell in line with the Scriptures. When a maid gave me her heart it was just the same. It was compassed in what I'd learnt o' nights from the moon and the stars. Even when the first disaster fell it was like the sleet and the thunder and a power of things I'd grown to see the meanin' of in winter and spring."



"Poets pay their price, it is said," interrupted Dr. Bligh, as he laid the man back on his pillows.

"I've learnt the secrets though," said Tobias, "and they pan out wonderful near to what nobody 'ave ever taught me but the dumb beasts and the flowers."

"You never married?" asked Dr. Bligh.

Tobias smoothed the sheet with his thin hand.

"Only in a manner of speaking," said Tobias.

Dr. Bligh stroked his moustache to hide a smile.

"You see," went on Tobias, "it was a slip and miss job altogether. We was plighted on St. Patrick's day, but before the next one came round ruin was on us. Perhaps it 'ave all been for the best. When I was shepherding it was the darkest nights when the stars was brightest."

Dr. Bligh wiped the perspiration from the tired face as the man went on slowly and with more and more difficulty.

"Love 'ave never been a pastime with me," he said, "but a world of meanin' same as the Gospel itself. The maid I never married was the one I'd known as a lad and kissed as a youngster and she be still the woman of my dreams. She was best off to leave me be. What else could she do? The thought of her sweet manners comes over me like a flood when I'm alone with the dumb ones."

"She left you?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"They all did," said Tobias simply. "There was seemly nothing else to do. I nearly left myself same as mad folks do. I don't fancy I'd reckoned with the make of the world nor of them in it. I'd lived in fancies and make-believe."

"What pulled you out?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"A baby," said Tobias.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Bligh. "Are you a father then?"

"Only in a manner of speaking," said Tobias. "It was like everything else about me, a half and half thing and a betwixt and between. The baby was a dead one when I had it to see to. All the tribulation and trials over it 'ave allus made me feel a bit as if it was my own. That, and having its mother to tend same as a child."

Dr. Bligh propped the invalid up with his pillows.

"Don't trouble to recall it," he said as he moistened the purple lips; "it may hurt you too much."

"I'd like you to know, sir. Oh! it's just fine havin' this handshake afore I goes round land. You see, how could any-one do anything but shun me? It's no blame to them as can't see in the darkness like a cat."

"Tell me all about it," said Dr. Bligh. Tobias sat up and leaned toward his new friend.

"I was delivering milk one morning," he said, "when a woman came out in a terrible fluster and begged me to stay in the house while she ran to tell a neighbor to fetch the doctor. No sooner was she gone than the maidservant called me from upstairs and asked me for the love of God to go to her. I never thought nothin' but just tied the pony to the gate and ran up and it was all done afore you could say Christmas. 'Tobias,' she said, for we'd been to school together, 'go to that box and take out a parcel and bury it or drown it 'afore night-time. It's my dead baby. Be quick or I'll be a ruined woman!' I trembled like a willow in the wind. I couldn't move. 'They'll hang me if you don't,' she said. I was like one in a trance, but I was in the cart before I knew where I was, with the little dead worm beside me, and Mrs. Sandow back in the cottage. That morning I gave the customers all wrong measures and change and entered things forth and back, for the thought of the little baby confused my mind. I felt the parcel again and again but I'd no stomach to open it."

The doctor handed a cup of milk to Tobias. "The police should have dealt with it," he said.

"So they did, later," said Tobias. "That night I tried to bury it in the garden when it was dark but I smelt a neighbor's tobacco smoke over the hedge and felt he was taking notes. At last I got on the mare as drawed the milk cart and galloped to Tommy's Pond which lies dark and low amongst a lot of tall trees. I threw the parcel in at last. I heard a splash near by and a dog was after it. I jumped in, scarcely knowin' whether I was in my reasonable senses. Sandy, the ratting terrier, had followed me. I fought him in the water but it was no use. He



swam to shore with the thing in his mouth and I after him. The moon had got up by then and we were met by two constables on the bank. It appears they'd been on the look out all day."

"What an infernal mix up," said Dr. Bligh. "Surely you could prove your innocence?"

Tobias laughed.

"Seemly, that's the last thing as anybody who be in the right can do," he said. "It's what folks thinks you, not what you really be what makes or mars you seemly. They told me my best plan was to be silent. It appears they fathered the child on me and the girl wouldn't deny it seein' as the real father were a family man with an honest name to support. There was nothin' but talk and fuss for days. All the neighbors believed I was the murderer and I only escaped in the end because the doctor said as the little lungs of the baby had never had no air in them and it must have been born dead. If it had been born alive they would 'ave brought it in as manslaughter. That saved me the rope. The minister and the magistrate and the clergyman talked it over, it seems, and they said if I'd marry the girl and make her honest they'd dismiss me with a warning. I said I was bespoke to another girl. This dragged her dear name in it all and she were fetched."

The purple lips were so parched, Dr. Bligh moistened them and raised his fingers.

"Wait a bit," he said. "Hearing this is painful enough; the telling is enough to kill any man."

Tobias went on in a whisper.

"If I could have spared her I'd have sold my soul to the devil, but somehow they got me fast when they wanted me to leave she and take another. When I could bring myself to look upon she, I saw she was scared and tormented like a rabbit with the dogs right on it. When they asked she if I was her sweetheart she looked like to drop."

"She said yes, I hope," said Dr. Bligh. "The worst woman comes out true blue at these times."

"I'm sure she would have if it had been any way possible," said Tobias softly, "but I gave her no real chance. Women

surely be like the ewes in a storm, ready to rush to any shelter if the gale be too fierce. Afore she'd time to answer I called out what came into my head like a swear word. 'The child be mine and I'm willin' to marry the mother!' After I'd said it I could have cut my tongue out. It was just my sweetheart's eyes full of terror and dislike as she looked upon me, as did it. But the balm of the Holy Spirit fell on me and I knew I had given she the fullest of love's tokens. I had died, in a manner of speaking, that she could live. Even if she never knew the truth something of the meanin' of the great love we'd spoken of in the shepherding days would lighten her heart. I never saw her no more after that. They carried her away, for she fainted with terror and sorrow."

Dr. Bligh blew his nose as he said almost gaily, "You're a fine sporting chap, Trewidden. So you married?"

"Iss!" said Tobias, "but it were never nothin' but tendin' of my lawful wife night as well as day. Her nerves were destroyed, they said. She upbraided me for my part in it and talked continual of the dead baby. She told the neighbors I beat her and kept her short of victuals." Tobias laughed softly. "She were right with that last sure enough. It were hard work to even make cinder tea or skim milk sops, for I lost my job. At last I came here because they said the sea salts would cure her and I happened to fall in with a vet at Pinover who boarded out extra cats and dogs he'd no room for with us. Their cries were often put down by the neighbors to me beatin' of my wife. The old story got out with more put to it and a nest of adders would have had more reasonable chance than we had of a peaceful life. She died at last of a long-named chronic pain in her head, and her death was unholy and tempestuous. I've no call for remorse, sir, for I tended she as if she'd been the other woman."

"Since then," said Dr. Bligh, "you and the animals have been the best of friends."

A light broke over the dying man's face.

"They and the holy spirits," he said. "When the world have been most darkened for me strange lights came as if from



the stars and the moon and the rainbows. It's been a great home-sickness, that's all."

Dr. Bligh bent over the dying man.

"You'll be at peace soon now, Tobias Trewidden," he said. "Give me that woman's name and address and let me tell her the truth at last."

Tobias tried to raise himself but fell back.

"The truth must surely be in her heart," he said, "and will keep till the Judgment day. The lies as 'ave festered in them as be my enemies don't count, but love never harbored a lie. She loved me true and it would only wound her to know what it's all spelt to me. She were wonderful tender, you know."

Dr. Bligh bit his lips.

"It must have been a living death," he said.

"Not with love to support me," said Tobias, "and I did dearly love she." The tired eyes closed. "Don't fret she. She've been married these nine years and has four children."

Dr. Bligh felt the man's pulse and whispered: "Trewidden, leave me free about this matter."

A faint smile accompanied the whispered answer:

"Sir, I do trust you as if you was four-footed."

The distant bark of a dog was the only sound as Tobias Trewidden passed into a rigid peace. Dr. Bligh opened the window wide and waited a moment. A robin and a thrush were on the little grass plot. The robin hopped on the bushes close by. It suddenly sang as the doctor closed the door and left the cottage.

A few days after Dr. Bligh, partly from curiosity and partly from a desire to do justice to the dead, went to the address Tobias had given him. He found a row of villas and "The Laurels" was in the middle. A few straggling chrysanthemums did duty for laurels and two terra cotta dogs with open mouths and lolling tongues guarded the grained door on which the doctor knocked. It was opened by a dowdy maidservant with loose red hair and a cap supported chiefly by her left ear.

"Is your mistress at home?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"Yes," said the girl. "Step in."

Dr. Bligh was ushered into a little best parlor and left there

to ruminate for some time. He heard voices upstairs and much shuffling of feet. The ships of blown glass on the mantelpiece, the stuffed birds under a case and a stuffed squirrel on a stand were the largest ornaments in a room given over to knick-knacks of every sort and kind. A small piano, whose top was covered with photographs of men and women in stiff clothes who were smiling in their hearty way, stood in the corner. The door suddenly opened and the woman of Tobias Trewidden's dreams entered. She was full busted, tall, and with a double, if not treble chin. Her self-satisfied eyes looked a little puzzled as she came toward her visitor.

"Forgive my intrusion," he said, "but I'm a doctor." He bowed. "Dr. Bligh of Venvin. A week ago I was at the death-bed of Tobias Trewidden." He paused. She put a plump hand to her forehead. He noticed how deeply the wedding ring was embedded in her flesh.

"I thought you would like to know his end," said Dr. Bligh.

A giggle was the answer.

"This is The Laurels," she said, "and I'm Mrs. Albert Tremayne."

Dr. Bligh coughed.

"I know," he said. "Once, I believe, you were to have married Tobias Trewidden."

She paled and her plump hand clasped the other in agitation.

"I'd fair forgotten for the moment," she said anxiously. "Bert, that's my husband, can't abide any of that mentioned. He says he must have been a blackguard from birth and he don't even allow me to speak of him, that's why"—she spoke apologetically—"I didn't fall on the name all at once."

"Did it never strike you," asked Dr. Bligh, "that he was faithful in spirit to you and innocent of all the crimes laid to his charge?"

The woman laughed.

"Go on," she said, familiarly. "It was all proved. And even if it wasn't it was a poor enough job anyway. When Ma and me come to look into things we found he'd saved nothin' at all and he'd always have been a worrit. His face spelt dreaminess and crotchety. 'Mary, my Handsome,' Ma have said



to me many a time, 'it's just been God's Providence that you've wedded a man as can drive a hard bargain and who doesn't grumble at his victuals.' The woman tossed her head and smiled. "Bert be some dapper, I can tell you, and the four children takes after him."

Her face beamed with pride.

"He's saved a pile already besides bein' insured in four clubs. He can wear a gold watch chain with the best and he's a scholard, too."

"Listen," said Dr. Bligh, leaning forward and looking keenly at Mrs. Tremayne. "Tobias Trewidden was a fine scholar, too!"

She tossed her head.

"As far as I can remember," she said, "he never even wrote me a single love letter. Bert began, I own, with ruled lines, but he ended like a gentleman born and never made use of crosses for kisses. Tobias was dust and ashes by the side of Bert."

Dr. Bligh got up to go.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Tremayne," he said. "There was nothing like that when I saw Trewidden last. Just flame—all flame."

He raised his hat as he went out of the little garden.

Mrs. Tremayne hurriedly called her maid into the parlor and the two peered behind the long muslin curtains.

"Sarah," she said, "that surely must be a madman, like one I knew years ago. Don't tell Master he've been here and if he comes again say I'm dead and buried."

It might have been the truth judging by the open mouth of the horrified drudge.

## AT THE FLOWING OF THE TIDE\*

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

*"Wise hearts are full of ashes: better flame!"*

ARTHUR UPSON

[*Prefatory Note:* Art, when it comes into creative contact with a dream which is true, most often tends to project its images in the form of concentric and ever-widening circles, tokening in their outward journey the aspirations of the soul; and I believe that if we are permitted to turn these aspirations intensely inward, as Raftery was permitted to do for the many wandering years of his life, we shall come at last through the narrowing borders of sorrow to the deep-burning core of beauty which is timeless in its joy. The essence of such a journey is sameness, expressing itself in a tidal recurrence of ebb and flow, the stress of which is to be reflected in the cadence of the phrase.

Now since the moment of life in which this mystery exists is poised between memory and desire, it lives outside the bounds of time and space, when it lives at all, in a land where there is no shadow and no history, and where every beautiful dream comes true. In life, tradition tells us that Raftery did not find happiness, and so I have violated history to win for him the fruit of his desire. Whether the poet wove through the years this golden nest for his love I cannot tell, nor whether the beauty of Mary Hynes lived only in his song. But this I know, that the symbol of beauty for which she lives to-day in the soul of Ireland has been woven into just such a golden nest by many wanderers since Raftery died, and it is this spiritual truth only that I wish to claim for my dream.

I am gratefully indebted to Lady Gregory and Dr. Douglas Hyde for their English renderings of Raftery's two songs.]

\* All rights reserved by the author, including rights of production, translation and adaptation.



PERSONS: A Blind Minstrel  
An Old Woman

TIME: Christmas Eve many years ago

SCENE: A village in the West of Ireland

*[A poor cottage lit only by the turf-flame, which flickers, save at moments when attention is tensely directed toward the speakers. Then it should not distract the interest of the audience. It should be just bright enough to define clearly the face of an old woman sitting before it with a rosary in her hands. She is feeble and life has not gone softly with her, but her features have the grace of lost beauty, and her voice is soft and musical. Opposite her is a vacant chair drawn close to the fireplace, which is on the right. In the rear to the left a practicable door, opening inward. Rough table and chairs centre. The silence of the room is vaguely troubled by the low murmur of the woman's prayers. At last she lets her hands fall upon her lap, and looks far off into the firelight. Presently she speaks, bending over the glow]*

OLD WOMAN: Yes, it's a sure word and a true word he said to me the day I was a girl in my father's house. Sight do be a fine thing surely, and the Lord gives it to some and to others not, but it is youth in the heart that he would put on us and we would but take it. What way now should I be and I a young girl with the face of beauty would lay a spell on poets and on all those who are wandering the grey roads of the world?

*[Turning and sitting back in the chair with her hands joined that she may look gently within her heart]*

I mind well the time in the spring, I to be a girl with great praises on me that would put a shining light round the woman of Greece, rising up early in the day. And there was a grey mist thin on the hills and away far off on the sky the kindle of the dawn. It was on a flat rock that I knelt there then, alone as I am now—no one by but the presences, and in them as in me was silence,—silence only.

*[She pauses]*

It is lonely with the happiness I was then, and myself rejoicing

till I felt the joy of God on His throne of glory with the song that was put on me by Raftery,—he who is gone wandering these long years on the highways of the north.

[*Absently playing with her rosary*]

And it is lonely *now* I am, as the Lord do be sending loneliness on the old, and I sitting here now, and waiting—waiting for the dawn. Little I knew of him then, he who was always calling me, but now I wait for the song of him who put song on *me*. I'll be going soon now, please God, and then we may praise Him together—two of His creatures. Poor and broken I am, and there's little beauty on me now or in the day of my death, but maybe He'll have pity that He'll lay it round me after in the day of judgment to meet my praiser there and he knowing me then by his song.

[*Faint knock at the door. Wrapped in her dream, she does not hear*]

Fine he was with the springing step on him that was knowing the roads, and his two legs the eyes he had to guide him and his song over the dark places in all times. Indeed it was the whole world who said it, he to be the great poet and a seeing man.

[*Knock once more less faint. She hears, pauses to listen, then rises slowly, and totters feebly to the door*]

[*To herself*]

Who is it now would be knocking at my door this night of the year? Some poor stranger, 'tis like, would be as lonely as myself, and it is the hard Christmas we'd have then,—nothing for it but prayers, and they too going for naught.

[*Knock a third time*]

Whisht now, stranger, I'm coming surely, and let you not be perishing in the cold.

[*She opens the door*]

A VOICE OUT OF THE DARKNESS [*faintly*]: The blessing of God on this house and on all who are in it this Christmas eve.

OLD WOMAN: And on yourself, stranger, that it may be a joy to you to-night and all the days of your life. What is it now you'd be wanting out of the dark of the night-time?

VOICE [*gently*]: I am a poet seeking shelter.

OLD WOMAN: Oh, the poor singing man! Come in now out of



the chill. God knows it is the little I have, and that poor and broken like myself, but it is yours surely and you destroyed with the travel, I'm thinking, this night.

*[An old minstrel enters, travelled and weary, carrying feebly and with great effort two long boards and a fiddle. He seems very ill, and talks slowly and in soft tones as if living in a dream. The old woman gently leads him over toward the hearth and seats him in her chair by the fire]*

MINSTREL [*feebly*]: May Heaven reward you and have pity on the old!

OLD WOMAN [*as they pass the table*]: Let you lay these boards down on the table and your fiddle beside them, and I'll be making you a sup of tea the while you are resting by the fire.

MINSTREL [*clutching the boards and fiddle tightly*]: It'd be a wrong thing surely and I with my work to do yet before my going.

OLD WOMAN: Well, then, let you sit down here and be taking your ease, for I do be thinking it is a hard thing indeed you to be an aged man wandering the roads even with your fiddle itself to be a kind of company in the chill of the night-time.

*[Busying herself about his tea, she sees his face for the first time in the glow of the firelight. It is worn and seamed, and he is sightless]*

God save us, stranger, and is it dark you are?

MINSTREL [*with sudden intensity*]: Dark, is it you're saying? Ah! no, but if you could be seeing the light of my eyes, you would know the shining flower of the world and the song the holy angels do be singing all times before the golden chair of Mary in the heavens above.

OLD WOMAN: Well now, let you take it kindly, and here's the sup of tea will be warming you maybe, and you seeing stars by the fire.

MINSTREL: If you are blind itself, it is you are the kindly maiden, and maybe you'd be after knowing the end of my search. Tell me now, young woman, for there's grace in your voice, is it near I am or far to the place called Baile-Laoi where lives the one I'm wishful to find, and indeed it was

hoping I was I would be after seeing her before this night of my life?

OLD WOMAN [*puzzled, but secretly pleased at his mistake, and anxious to humor him*]: Not far indeed, for I'm thinking it's yourself should know it is in Baile-Laoi you would be this blessed moment, and [*with a shade of wistfulness in her voice*] no one in it I wouldn't be knowing as well as my own face in the glass.

MINSTREL [*rising quickly*]: And where is she to be found? Tell me quickly now, for I must be going. Young she is and fair of feature, virgin bright of the gold-mist hair. . . .

OLD WOMAN: Whisht, now, rest you here awhile, and not excite yourself, and maybe she would soon be coming in if she's real at all.

[*She pulls the chair over to him, and he sinks back in weakness and seems to forget*]

MINSTREL: Ah, it's forgetful I am and I an old man, but maybe I dreamed of her only, she the bright flame of my darkness. I was thinking there was none living or dead under the arch of the rounded sky who came near her for beauty, and the soul of her to be in me from the crown of my head to the soles of my journeying feet. . . .

[*Pause*]

I mind an old song now, that I heard long, long ago before the dark days of time. It's a strange thing that. . . . Whisper now, and tell me did I hear it after, or was it a deep forgotten story on the day when I was born?

[*He commences to sing in a trembling voice snatches of a song to the accompaniment of his fiddle*]

There was no part of Ireland I did not travel:

From the rivers to the tops of the mountains,  
To the edge of Lough Greine, whose mouth is hidden;  
But I saw no beauty but was behind hers.

Her hair was shining, and her brows were shining too;  
Her face was like herself, her mouth pleasant and sweet.

Mary Hynes is the pride, and I give her the branch.  
She is the shining flower of Baile-Laoi.

[*At the first note the old woman has started and shows strong signs of emotion, which however she represses that she may*



*hear the rest of the song. When he pauses for a moment, she can contain herself no longer]*

OLD WOMAN: Was it from him you learned that, stranger? Oh, isn't it the pitiful thing to be waiting, waiting all times and nothing in it at all but the echo of a song!

MINSTREL: Echoes only. You speak truth, young woman. It must be an old song that I heard far away when I was young. The years are a drifting thing to put mists round a man. . . . It was a chilly road.

OLD WOMAN: It was feeling red warmth then I was, and you singing starry praises, the way it would be a flaming angel of the Lord bringing down news to me from the skies above.

MINSTREL: And did no one ever put praises on you so, for it's the golden voice you have and you going softly on your two feet over the floor?

OLD WOMAN [*intensely*]: Praises I had would lay dumbness on the lips of poets and I a young girl. [*With a change in her voice*] But there's forgetfulness now and he leaving his song behind like the tread of a heel on a dusty road.

MINSTREL: That was a bitter and a cruel thing, and what way was it if I might be asking? I had it in my mind there was the like of that hiding somewhere in the dark places of my heart . . . or was it the light itself? Young she was and fair of feature, virgin bright of the gold-mist hair, and his name, they used to say, was Raftery. Ah, well, I must be going forth soon this night, and my work to do yet before me. I'd thank you kindly, maiden, if you'd be getting me nails now and a hammer for the planks that I have with me.

OLD WOMAN [*to herself*]: Is it fey he is, the poor man? Sure now where could he have heard the praises of me, and he whispering them, no doubt, walking lonely across the red winds of the west? [*To the minstrel*] I'd run out and get them surely, stranger, you to keep singing the forgotten beauty of the world by my fire.

[*She throws a shawl over her shoulders and, after reassuring herself as to his comfort, goes out into the night. The minstrel meanwhile has carefully laid down his fiddle beside the chair and is measuring the two planks by one another with fumbling*

*fingers. Presently he lays them down again as if satisfied, and drops back into his dream]*

MINSTREL [*out of the past*]: A cold hard road it was, though I am thinking it is the end of it now. . . . I was fearing it somehow, not knowing the way. Times I would be walking the wet shore of the north, and nothing in it that you would meet or hear but salt tides ever washing dark edges of the world, and maybe the moaning of black winds of night that would be sweeping all hills and valleys, until you would be after feeling there was maybe no life in us at all but the ebb and flow of great winds and waters.

*[Little by little he forgets himself in the hush and the warmth of the firelight. There is continued silence in the room. Presently Mary Hynes enters with hammer and nails, and softly lays them on the table. At the sound he rouses suddenly]*

MINSTREL: Oh, is it yourself at last, Mary acushla, come to be warming me now with the flame of your soul?

MARY HYNES [*with startled, smouldering hope, ready to burst into flame*]: In the name of God, stranger, who is it that you are to be calling me by my name?

MINSTREL [*sluggishly*]: . . . Dreams, only. I was forgetting that I do be old. But I'll be singing my name to you gladly, for it is yourself is the reverent, courteous maiden. [*With a flash of memory*] I am minding it now, though a while since I was thinking I had lost it on the road.

*[He rises and feebly adjusts his fiddle. As he sings he moves slowly toward the table in the centre of the room]*

I am Raftery the poet,—  
Full of hope and love, . . .  
With eyes that have no light,  
With gentleness that has no misery.

Going west upon my journey—  
By the light of my heart. . . .  
Feeble and tired  
To the end of my road. . . .

*[As the truth slowly dawns upon Mary Hynes in all its certainty, she trembles as a reed shaken by the wind. When Raftery pauses before the second stanza, she essays utterance, but he continues his song, and her wonder is content to speak in*



*silence. A fiddlestring snaps, and at the close of the song Raftery sinks into a chair by the table, and buries his face in his hands. Mary Hynes leans forward across the table, clutching it for support]*

MARY HYNES [*profoundly*]: Is it yourself who is Raftery, stranger? I had it in my mind that I knew him long ago.

RAFTERY: Raftery? I was knowing that name, but they were after saying Death to have come for him one night in the chill of the year. . . . Death, you were saying? Yes, I have met Him on the road. He is a pleasant, soft-spoken Man. He was telling me just now that if I'd knock here, I'd be finding that which I'd been seeking all the days of my life. I'm thinking He was a herd from the voice of Him. It was He came with me and led me to your door.

MARY HYNES: For what are you wanting the hammer and the nails?

RAFTERY: We stopped a while down below at the house of a carpenter. He bought me these boards, and said I'd be wanting them here in this house. I'll be after making it now.

*[He goes feebly toward the fire, and slowly returns dragging the boards, which he lifts with difficulty upon the table]*

MARY HYNES [*fascinated*]: What is it that you would be after making with these boards?

RAFTERY: A smooth tasty box it would be that would laugh at the wind and the rain.

*[He becomes absorbed in his task, and Mary Hynes watches him fearfully. He lays the boards across one another, so that they assume the rough shape of a cross; and, as he speaks, one by one he drives three nails into the boards]*

RAFTERY: I met a Shepherd on the hills to-night, and in the light of Him I could see His Face all shining with the sad glory of bursting stars, till the hot tears fell from my eyes. I asked Him the way I'd be going home, and He took me by the hand, till I had come to this door of grace. "Knock at the door," He bade me, "and when it shall be opened to you, wait there for Me within until the hour of My coming." I am thinking now it is time, and I'll be waiting at the door to meet Him.

*[He rises and stumbles toward the door, with the heavy burden of the cross upon his shoulder. Halfway he pauses and listens as if for a sound. Reassured by what he hears, he lays down his cross on the floor in such a way that it points from the table to the door. Mary Hynes has crossed over to the hearth, and after a pause advances slowly toward him. They are parted by the cross]*

MARY HYNES: Is it here He will be finding us now? I am fearing the wonder of His footstep, it to cross over the threshold.

RAFTERY: Listen now, and you'll be after knowing His music, for I am hearing it come upon the winds of dawn. Shivering the world is at the beauty of it, like a naked child born in the snow and the cold, with great rushing in the stars beyond. Weeping light I am hearing and it close to my ear, the way it would give us great fear to think of it singing in the ears of men and maidens the like of us. Look now and you'll be feeling the stir of it and the deep shining heart I love in it praising in tune with all singing worlds.

*[Groping toward her with the awe and wonder of his vision]*  
 But what woman of God is it that you are, this to be coming to us both—the rushing torrent of day itself, and it weaving all beautiful things that do be in life into a golden nest for its Love? Meshy it is with the dew and the coolness of the wheeling planets, the way you'd be knowing all starry worlds to be turning into music. A singing flood I feel, and it coming steady and free for the One behind it, and ringing the way before, a messenger to us. And the burning angels of the living song coming to whisper low for the fear and the trembling that is in us two, to be warning our hearts to have joy, for, as sure as there is life and beauty in the world, God in His glory is on the wing this night.

*[As he speaks, there is a rushing in the winds beyond, distant at first, but drawing nearer and nearer until the close of his speech. Raftery's voice rises exultantly on the emotional flood, but is always gentle, measured, and controlled. Mary Hynes slowly sinks to her knees as her soul is borne on the tide. At the silence of his voice, the door opens to the winds beyond.]*



*All at once they cease and there is a great silence. Waves of naked light stream through the door upon the kneeling figure of Mary Hynes, until her face shines in idealized beauty. There is a conscious Presence in the room with them, and Raftery adores. Raising his eyes, he is young again, and life is at the flood. He sees Mary Hynes in the beauty of her youth, and, when his voice comes, it trembles on the silence]*

RAFTERY: It is on the steep of life I am finding you, Mary, Mary, my heart. Bright wonder trembling on the lips of God. It is that I am seeing in the young eyes of you, Mary, and you with the lovelight in them of the Holy Virgin's eyes, and waiting maybe for the day of peace when you will be holding God in your arms, and crooning low songs to Him in the courts of Heaven.

MARY HYNES [*smiling in rich exultation*]: Songs I am hearing, to be sure, and you to have taught them, the way they would be flowing out on the silence and the little Jesus smiling to hear them. Bright wonder indeed! But it is on you, too, I am seeing it, so soft it is I am knowing great wings of angels to be hiding you in their warmth.

RAFTERY [*wonderingly*]: What beauty is it has come on you the day? Beautiful as the stars you were, long, long ago in the world, but it is only now I am seeing your face to be the top step itself of the Throne.

MARY HYNES: And I to be seeing the white soul of you, and it to come streaming forth a river of light, flowing over the dark places in my heart. And far out on the hills they are seeing it, and lilies blowing in the cold.

RAFTERY: It is little and poor I am to set beside the like of you, the way I should be only a low trembling little flame before the holy altar of your heart.

MARY HYNES: Sun-radiant is your soul with the love in it, and the mantle and shadow of Christ about and above you.

RAFTERY: It is feeling I am that the wing of Mary, breast of the Son and Mother of the world, do be fluttering above us two, poised and trembling fresh from the quiet Heart of God.

[*Mary hears only the voice of her own soul*]

[*After a pause*]

MARY HYNES: Beneath the twilight of the Fruit of thy womb,  
Holy Mary, I place his beautiful soul.

RAFTERY [*without hearing*]: It should be a bright crucifixion  
for me this day, now I am seeing a great wonder of the won-  
ders on high, knowing that in the young heart of you the Son  
has hidden the three palmfuls of the Secret Three.

MARY HYNES [*awaking to their common wonder*]: It is the  
silences are mantling us now, and in them I am knowing  
of God that now on this day when the world is born again,  
the Soles of His holy Feet have reached down to the earth.

[*The rushing now little by little fills the room, and is borne in  
upon them both, till they float upon its waves. And so, know-  
ing that the hour is nigh, they wait, kneeling for the birth  
which shall announce to them their own. There is silence in  
their hearts, and the world is waiting. At last, the faint voice  
of a trumpet, far off on the lonely hills*]

RAFTERY: The stars pour forth their wine.

MARY HYNES: And the earth casts its bread upon the waters.

RAFTERY: I see the beautiful soul of you, poised in a drop of  
naked light.

MARY HYNES: I see the beautiful soul of you, a drop of naked  
light it is and my soul in it only. Trembling we are with the  
love of it on the edge of eternity. . . . When shall we be  
falling?

RAFTERY: It is soon we shall drop together when Eternity comes  
to Time.

[*They live in the silences*]

MARY HYNES [*finally, very low*]: Let us offer our bread and  
wine. . . . To the bosom of the Father, to the bosom of  
the Son, to the bosom of the Holy Ghost, on high, near, and  
eternal, with the ebb and the flow, as it was, as it is, as it ever  
shall be, with the ebb and the flow. . . .

[*The trumpet calls a second time, near at hand*]

RAFTERY: The bread of our hands and the wine of the stars—  
they are laid before the throne. See: there is silence in the  
hosts of heaven. . . .

[*They await the sacrifice in the pregnant silence. All at once,*



*the trumpet sounds for the third and last time, terribly near, but soft, by the open door]*

MARY HYNES: I breathe the Blossom of the living God.

RAFTERY: Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter into my house: say but the Word, and my soul shall be healed.

MARY HYNES: May our two souls, O Lord, rest on Thy Arms outstretched on the cross for us.

RAFTERY: Behold, the handmaid of the Lord.

MARY HYNES: Be it done unto me according to Thy Word.

RAFTERY: And the Word was made Flesh.

MARY HYNES: And dwelt among us.

*[They are silent, rapt in adoration. The world is transfigured. Raftery raises his eyes happily, and meets those of Mary Hynes. With joy in his heart for dread of the new wonder, he hardly dares to whisper]*

RAFTERY: Unto us a Child is given. Come, let us adore.

MARY HYNES *[with a smile of knowledge]*: Now shall we be going to Him together across the edge of the world. I heard a poet who had travelled far beyond the water to the land of the north sing from his heart in this place one day of the days: "The end of all meetings, parting; the end of all partings, peace." The spirit of the elements close over us, ever, eternally. Amen.

*[As the curtain slowly falls, Raftery rises with his fiddle, and, raising Mary Hynes, who has signed to him, they fare forth together through the door of light into the land of Happiness. As they disappear, the Light shines steadily on the cross]*

## ATALANTA AND MELEAGER

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

UP Broadway, asphalt quivered in the sun; Columbus Circle was a maze of midsummer light. Above the cubical massed buildings to northward, above the angle of greenery marking the entrance to Central Park, the June sky shimmered like a canopy of bright blue China silk.

Professor Trevenor, coming out into the Circle from the southward side, found a crowd gathered around the *Maine* monument that he had made the trip up from his hotel to see. With his attention fixed on certain material entities that might run him down, he tacked across the plaza and added his tall, austere figure to the outskirts of the crowd. A young woman was making a speech from the highest of the three stone steps that ran up to the fountain at the monument's base; she was outlined against a granite likeness of the prow of an old Greek warship extending out into the fountain basin beside her.

Professor Trevenor cupped a hand behind one ear, for the years that had whitened his beard had touched his hearing also, and made out that she was demanding votes for women.

"Well, well!" he murmured. "Modernity—O modernity! A suffragette!"

She was tall and straight, athletic, clean-cut, vigorous of speech and movement. A toque of brown straw, with a single brown feather along one side, sat her head in helmet-like simplicity. Her brown tailor-made suit followed the lines of her slim figure; but for the feather and a white touch of lace at her throat she was little more decorated than a man would have been if concerned with the same business.

Professor Trevenor started to move past, for standing tired him and he had not rested well in his Broadway hotel room the night before.

"Surely work, responsibility, is the soil the best fruit springs from!" cried the girl, with fervor that pierced his lethargy of limbs and hearing. "We demand a larger share in the world's work—more responsibility—and more reward!"



He wandered on into the Park.

"The past and the present," he muttered: "a girl talking for women's rights—demanding to vote, to take her place with men—against the stem of a trireme!"

Light June breezes fanned his beard, motor-cars whirred past him, swaying on delicate springs. He sat down to rest on a park bench, idly turning over scraps of old myth, poetry and philosophy in his plenished brain.

An indefinite time later he was struck by something familiar in the figure and carriage of a girl approaching along the sidewalk. His thoughts had wandered far afield by that time, but before she reached him he recognized her as the speaker of the fountain.

A young man walked beside her; as they passed Professor Trevenor they looked at each other, and the glance that passed between them was like a throb.

"Now I wonder," murmured the old man, watching them with far-off tolerance and friendliness, "what *he* thinks of her advanced ideas?"

Nevertheless, the interruption had annoyed him. He arose and walked, flicking at the sunshine-mottled sidewalk with his cane. Presently he came to a dim little bypath that led up, through a copse of dogwood and barberry bushes, along a ridge of rocks; he took the path and came out on an open knoll. A wide green meadow lay below him, and a little lake, all shimmering in the sunshine.

A bit further on was a bench; there he would be undisturbed.

He sat down in the shade of the oak trees overhanging the bench, and closed his eyes. His mind revolved a tragedy of Euripides, one of the lost tragedies; but the story of it had been preserved, and a few fragments full of beauty and philosophy.

"Perhaps I decided hastily," he murmured. "Perhaps it is all old, old—there is nothing modern—and nothing incongruous——"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Greece, a part of the little wooded peninsula-principality once called Calydon, a sun-steeped hillside of the Golden Age

of the most golden land. The midsummer air was faintly limpid-golden, and richly fragrant, like honey: goldener for the gleaming blue of the sky, the gleaming white of a few large clouds, a distant flash of the ever-present deep blue Ægean Sea.

On a little open knoll of the hillside two boar-hunters, coming from the June richness of the underwood on either hand, met and saluted each other with lifted palms.

"This is good fortune, Atalanta!" said the one.

"Would Prince Meleager hunt with a woman?" asked the other.

The young man called Meleager grounded his short boar-spear, laying the blade of beaten bronze along his right shoulder. His close-fitting, sleeved tunic was of woven wool, dyed dark green like the underwood in shadow. His leggings were of soft brown leather, looped around with white thongs; his strong brown knees were bare. On his feet were buskins of heavier leather, tied with thongs and soled, like a sandal, with doubled bull's hide.

He stood silent for a little time, looking at Atalanta with love as frank as the outpour of the sunshine. His eager brown eyes swam with delight in her; his clean-chiselled sun-browned face glowed with a light as warming as that which played over the crisp brown ringlets of his bare head.

Atalanta made restless movements with her hands, and glanced out toward the copse behind him as if she would go; but nevertheless she remained.

"The men hunters have all chosen different paths, on the other side of the hill," she said, sharpening her words with a little scorn. "Would Prince Meleager hunt with a woman?"

"I would hunt with Atalanta!" said Meleager.

As she stood, in calmness and pride, before him, her head was on a level with his own, even though his was borne higher than most men's; and she looked over his shoulder into the woods beyond. On her face was the poignant beauty of Helen's lineage, made firm and vigorous beyond the wont of Greek maidens, even of the maidens of her native Sparta, trained in the accomplishments of men. The level blue eyes held no hint of faltering, nor of coquetry, nor even of gentleness; rather they



seemed hardened to discern and meet some ever-present challenge from the world.

She asked suddenly, bending the blue indifference of her eyes hard upon him: "You would hunt with me—for some unworthy reason?"

He seemed inspirited, made glad, by her look and question.

"If love is unworthy!" he cried; "and if it is unworthy for me to believe that Atalanta knows no less of hunting than do the men hunters!"

"For the sake of your second reason, I forgive the first," said the woman, continuing to look at him, although without sign of the slightest softening. "I came to Calydon to hunt your famous boar, answering your invitation; I would not hunt men—nor be hunted by them."

"Then it is the part of wisdom for me," said Meleager, "to show my admiration for your knowledge and skill, and keep well concealed my admiration for your beauty—for both admirations are strong in me!"

"Beauty has no place at a boar-hunt."

"I could argue that!" he protested; "but I will not. Instead, for evidence of my admiration of your skill which vies with that of men—do you choose the path we shall take, and bring us to the boar!"

For the first time she gave proof that she could smile a little when the world's challenge was relaxed. "I have given thought to the matter," she said, "while your men were pouring libations to the gods—and to themselves. If Prince Meleager will take me for his guide, perhaps he will fare as well as if he had followed his men."

She lifted her broad-bladed boar-spear and walked toward the side of the copse from which he had entered, and Meleager's eyes were on her face as she passed him. After she had passed him, his eyes were on her still. He walked behind her in the narrow woodland path she entered, smiling at the surety and speed of her progress.

She was tall and straight, athletic, clean-cut, and vigorous and straightforward of movement as she had shown herself vigorous and straightforward of speech. A cap of soft brown leather,

with a single brown hawk's feather along one side, was set on her head in helmet-like simplicity. Her green woollen tunic, broad-belted above the hips and falling halfway to the knee, followed the lines of her slim figure; except for her hawk's feather and the length of her thong-bound leggings, that reached up to cover her knees, she was little more decorated than a man would have been if concerned with the same business. As she walked, the copper rivets that studded her buskin soles glinted among the last year's leaves on the path.

The wood steadily opened before them; with greater trees, the undergrowth was higher and thinner, and the sunshine filtered down through a wide, high, blue-violet gloom. The dim path led downward, over great logs green and black with decay, through sweet-scented fern-clumps of an eerie brilliancy of green, past colonnades whose columns were the century-old boles of beech and oak trees. Atalanta glided on with a swift, easy hunter's step that was almost a run. Meleager, following step for step, breathed deep for their speed, and for joy in her beauty and liteness, and for pride that she had not scorned to parley with him as he had seen her scorn to parley with other men.

When the opening wood made it possible, he quickened his stride and rushed up beside her; step for step he held the pace, even though he walked on the soft unbroken loam of the forest while Atalanta walked on the firmer footing of the pathway.

"This great boar of yours, leader of the wild swine of Calydon," she said, seeming suddenly to notice his presence beside her, "is it such a monster?"

"So those who have seen it report," said Meleager, calmly despite his quickened pulse and breath.

"And of all your notable hunters," said Atalanta, "gathered from far and near—not one took the trouble to look over the ground before the hunt was started?"

"‘Too much preparation,’" quoted Meleager, "‘spoils the sport.’"

He felt, rather than guessed from the quick aversion of her face, that she was stung by this slight on her foresight.

"As true as most proverbs," she retorted.

They spoke no more for a little time, and Meleager again



fell behind as the way became oozy with hidden water-springs under their feet. They were coming down into the valley, into the neighborhood of the stream that widened there over a muddy bed, lined far on either side by impenetrable thickets of willows and creepers and swamp-growths of twisted and blackened grotesqueness. Atalanta left the path and ascended a bit of higher land from which a great grey rock stuck out like the back of some monster half-buried in the soil. The stealthy silence and soft noises and ponderous gloom of the forest pressed in upon them.

She sat down on the rock and pointed to a patch of sunlight that found entrance through the tangled boughs of beech and swamp-oak over their heads.

"Here we will wait until that patch of sun creeps up to the rock," she said.

Meleager stood before her, leaning on his spear. He calmed his heart with deep, slow breaths, and saw with pleasure that Atalanta's breathing, also, was quickened.

"I have heard that, in trials of speed," he said, "you have often borne away the palm, even against men. I can well believe it!"

"And is there anything wonderful in that?"

"Why will you deny that it is wonderful? It is because of that wonder, in part, that I love thee!"

She rebuked him with eyes as cold as the Ægean in winter. "And trouble enough your love has cost me already!" she said. "Your mother Althea hates me, and her two brothers, your uncles, would have had me forbidden the hunt. You knew that they shamed me with taunts before all the assembled hunters?"

Meleager ground the butt of his spear into the earth, and flushed dark red, and trembled for sudden rage. "They still live," he said; "I did not know!"

She was neither disturbed nor softened by his youth's boast; rather she seemed the more contemptuous and hardened against him. "I complained not to make you utter vain threats," she said. "It irks me that the living of my own life as my own soul decrees should bring dissension wherever I go! Why am

I taunted with recreance to the loom, the water-pitchers, the petty little cares of the home——”

“I have not taunted thee!”

“I speak now of larger matters than me and thee. Althea taunted me with all these things: and with childlessness—but should I wed—which I pray Artemis be not soon!—shall I be less fit than they who live dim lives in little rooms? My children shall be higher in their hearts! Surely long days of hardihood and of achievement dearly bought, in man and woman equally, are the soil the best fruit springs from! One life strong and brave, one weak and low—what issue shall they have?”

Meleager put up his hand to stop her rushing bitterness. “Thy words must have come upon my mother with much familiarity,” he said, “for I have spoken to her in much thy way. Of two strong souls, I said, how good the flowering and the fruit should be! See, Atalanta, I have set myself to win thee! No one but knows, now, that I will have no other Queen!”

She cried out upon him: “And no one now but hates me and would wish me dead sooner than Queen in Calydon! Why have you set snares to catch me?”

“You have some of the reasons, but the best may be——” He was silent a moment, hurt and yet gladdened by the rebellion of her that bore witness to the strength of his snares. “Because golden Aphrodite touched my heart with great love; for at sight of thee, Atalanta——”

“You have said more than enough! By Artemis——”

“But listen!

For at sight of thee, desire  
Leaped in me, as the leaping of a sweet, keen fire  
New-made of balsam boughs, between white stones—  
A sacrifice to thee and God at once!”

She sprang up, hot, flushed, impetuous, accusing him with her eyes. Her voice broke from her harsh and quivering:

“I will not listen! Snares, snares! O Aphrodite, bitter and merciless—I would be free, to do my work, to share with men in matters the world holds worth doing! I will not be a home-bound wife in little Calydon!”



"Thou shalt be free—thou shalt——" he cried; but she would not hear.

"Come, now—we will not wait for the sun," she said, turning from him. "The beaters are at work on the far hillside; already I have heard their cry. Perhaps the swine drove will come sooner along the runway I have found between the oak-mast on the hillsides and the mud-wallows by the river. Come, let us hunt the boar—O Artemis, let us forget this unworthiness!"

"I follow, Atalanta," said Meleager, and saluted her with his spear.

She hurried across the little stretch of higher ground, and down through doubtful footing toward the thickets by the river. From far away, carried on the west wind, came the sing-song shouting for the beaters for Prince Meleager's hunting party:

"Io, Io! Io, Evoe! Evoe, Evoe!"

Atalanta led on slowly over ground softened by oozy springs and the spring rains. Presently she turned and beckoned Meleager to her side. Her face had calmed and whitened, but as he came up to her, his eyes on hers, their double glance throbbed, and she looked away.

"There in advance," she said, pointing, "is a bit of firmer ground, rising a little above the rest, where one may find good footing; and over it comes the runway that the swine-drove, as I have found by watching, is likeliest to follow. As Prince Meleager's guide, I bid him stand there and meet the great boar as he leads to the safety of the river-thickets. I, as a good retainer, will wait behind."

"We are comrade hunters, Atalanta," said the youth, "neither Prince nor guide. You have found the place, and the honor of meeting the boar is yours. Do you go forward to the rise, and I will remain further down the runway."

Calmly she considered the suggestion. "It is but simple justice, since I have sought out the place," she decided. "And if I do not strike home—as few even of your best men would do, you must admit, at the first charge—you shall have the honor of the kill."

"And of guarding thee, as a comrade hunter should," said Meleager.

"If we are indeed comrade hunters," said Atalanta, "stay well behind—and guard me no better than if I were a man."

"Then take thy place," said Meleager; "and Artemis guide thy spear!"

She went forward toward the little rise of firmer ground and Meleager followed slowly, dropping behind. In twelve paces they reached the runway, a narrow path beaten down six inches below the surrounding ground by the feet of many wild swine. He stood while she topped the rise and went a little way on the further side, so she would meet the boar as he came up the knoll, with lessened speed and strength.

"I did well to trust thee for a good hunter, Atalanta!" he muttered to himself, gripping his spear-shaft hard for exultation in her. "No one could have chosen more wisely the place to make a stand!"

He dropped to his toes, as he saw her turn to survey the ground, and then rose and went forward stealthily to make sure of her ambush. She was parting the head-high bushes and intertwined creepers beside the path to make a place of concealment for herself until, with the coming of the wild drove, she could rise and challenge the leader.

Meleager stole closer until a scant six paces separated them, and again sank down upon his toes. When the sound of her stirring among the underbrush had ceased, he came still a few paces closer and sat down at the beginning of the little mound on the further side of which was Atalanta.

The sound of the beaters, still far away but nearer than at first, was borne to their ears like an undertone of the wind in the great branches above: "Io, Io, boar! Io, Io, Artemis! Evoe, Evoe!"

Some large forest animal, a stag by the sound of its heavy bounding, came tearing past, through the underbrush at his right. "Only men dare follow the runway of the wild swine!" said Meleager. "Only men—and women!" he added, and laughed silently, and with joy.

Other deer and smaller animals passed them, fleeing toward the river thickets beyond, or the thick underbrush of the hillside to southward. The beaters were advancing; and stealing before



them would be the wide, thin fringe of hunters, a scattering of princes and nobles and adventurers of high lineage from half of Greece. They were come to hunt the great wild boar of Calydon to his last retreat; they proclaimed their coming, they cried him to single combat, to face a charge brawn to brawn, short spears gripped under arm-pits against white ivory tusks. No thicket would save him from them.

"Evoe, Artemis, silver goddess of the bow! Artemis whose wrath sent the great boar of Calydon, even Artemis guide our spears! Io, Io!" So they had sung around the great oaken tables on the night before, and Meleager among them. He had joined the boasting of the young men who desired to meet the brute's charge single-handed, the charge of the great wild boar of Calydon, routed out of his last hiding place and furious with pursuit.

"Io, Io, Artemis!" rang the chant of the beaters, nearing, but still faint with distance. "Io, Io,—boar of Artemis!"

Black wasps were busy about the edge of the rain-filled puddle down the path, and the noonday air was rich and piquant with many odors. A great black butterfly floated by, dipping and swaying in the stealthy currents of air. Meleager brooded, conscious of Atalanta's presence and distance. "Artemis, bring us to the boar, and give us victory!" he prayed; "and Aphrodite, bring us to joy, and greater victory!"

He roused himself, conscious of a low, hurrying sound ahead: a soft brushing sound with a heavier undertone that quivered. In an instant he was poised, crouching on his heels in the middle of the path. He bent forward, his toes working to gain hold on the ground, and supported himself on his knuckles on either hand, like a balanced runner. His right hand gripped his spear, his head bent forward to catch the coming of that muffled sound.

The sound neared; partly it seemed to be communicated to him by his knuckles pressed against the ground. There was a short, explosive sniff, as when a boar scents an enemy: then a quick, hard sound like a bellow cut short, a deep, grunting snort of defiance.

"Io, boar!" cried Atalanta's voice, almost as deep as a young man's, but clearer.

Meleager sprang upright, glad in his heart, eager with keen joy. He saw her bending forward on one knee, crouched to meet the charge, and the thick butt of her spear protruded behind, gripped under her right arm.

"Io, boar!" she repeated, and taunted him: "Io, boar of Artemis! Why stand amazed? Does it astonish thee that one dares thee at the head of thy minions, in thine own sacred path? See—it is I, Atalanta! I have come to slay thee—see!

"Tear not the ground and grunt and bellow—here is better work for thy tusks than tearing the ground—thy white tusks against my spear of dark bronze! Sharp and long are thy tusks, but my spear——"

He saw her suddenly lean forward; with a sharp rasping of hard, torn earth, a black bulk was in the place where she had been, flashed past, tore at the ground in a frenzy to stop, turned and faced backward at Meleager's very feet.

He did not stir, although he could have touched the great black-bristled back with his extended spear. Atalanta had leaped aside at the moment of impact; her spear, carried away in the boar's shoulder and torn out as he turned, lay beside the path. She was standing motionless, pushed in among the undergrowth, trusting in the near-sightedness of the wild swine.

The boar walked back toward her, snorting in great explosive gasps, his torn shoulder dripping blood upon the beaten earth of the path; slowly he went, quivering with eagerness to kill, swinging his huge tufted head in a near-sighted frenzy to find his enemy. He climbed the little declivity and approached within three paces of Atalanta's buskined foot. Nearer he came, but she did not move.

"Io, boar!" roared Meleager, now that there was room for the charge, loosing his pent wildness for combat in a mighty shout. "Io, boar—turn!"

And as the brute flashed around to face him he dropped on one knee and leaned his weight forward on his left foot with a mad will for the shock. So the great wild boar, tusked with white and foaming, shot toward him and they met.

Meleager threw himself forward to that meeting, all his brawn and weight and furious eagerness; and his spear entered



at the left side of the great neck, inside the shoulder-blade, and turned inward, and sank deep, before man and brute together shot tumbling in a heap for the force of the charge. But Meleager sprang up, and the boar lay: on his side he lay, tearing at the earth with tusks and feet, snorting out a foam of white froth and red blood.

"Io!" bellowed the young man, seeking through a sudden red mist about him for Atalanta's spear by the side of the path. He leaped and caught it up and turned again.

"Io, Artemis!" he shouted, leaping toward the boar.

But the leader of the wild swine of Calydon had no more need of any man's spear. Meleager sprang upon the great bristle-protected neck and called on victory, brandishing Atalanta's spear above his head.

"Io, Nike! The great boar is slain!" he bellowed, beside himself with triumph; and from all around the hunters' shouting, that had begun at his first wild cry of "Io, boar!" answered him.

Atalanta came and stood before him. In the light of joy for his daring in her eyes he forgot his boasting, his mad exultation. Her face, for the moment, was changed and softened, and her bearing, her very body, seemed changed and softened and made womanly-kind as was her face.

"Thy spear pierced him first, Atalanta!" said Meleager, leaping down beside her and remembering her above his triumph. He stood close before her, both of them becoming very still and seeming struck with high wonder and awe.

Two hunters burst out into the path at the top of the rise, and paused, panting.

"And thou didst gloriously slay him!" said Atalanta, in low tones, looking in Meleager's face.

He drew nearer to her by the space of half a step, so bearing himself that the two hunters came no closer, but stood still, wondering at the faces and bearing of the two below who paid no heed to the just-slain boar.

"We together have wrought this, Atalanta," said Meleager. "Thou didst wound and confuse him, so making it easy for me

to finish what thou hadst begun. There is a double glory, thine and mine."

Other hunters joined the two on the hill and paused, also, wondering.

"I am proud if thou wilt let me share with thee," said Atalanta, with strange humility; "but thine is the greater glory. Didst thou not meet his charge and place thy spear——"

"Nay—if we must weigh the part of each—thine is the greater glory!" protested the youth; "didst thou not meet his first charge, skilfully placing thy spear and swerving aside, as no man could have better done—so wounding him that even of the wound made by thy spear——"

"Io—Artemis—the boar!" bellowed the leader of a new band of hunters, rushing up and bearing all down the little hill-side toward the two who had slain the boar. Three score men rushed down and around them, trampling the underbrush, muddying themselves to the knees, staring at Atalanta and Meleager, and at the boar. Wildly they threw questions about, panting and dashing away the sweat from their brows, and calling on the gods.

But when they saw the spear-shaft protruding from the neck of the fair-slain boar, and that Meleager still held a spear, a silence fell on them.

"By Bacchus and Father Zeus!" broke out the man who had led the rush, a round-eyed, heavy man with streaks of grey grizzling his short beard; "do not tell us, Meleager, that it is your woman-friend's spear so neatly placed there in the throat of King Boar! For, by Artemis, if it is her spear, she is demon-ridden—she did no such thing of herself! And by Hecate I swear, before she get the head and the glory——"

"Hold thy peace, Pentheus!" cried Meleager, turning greater wrath against the man's wrath. But Atalanta, pushing in between them, took the burden of a reply upon herself.

Her softening of the moment past had gone, leaving the challenge and hardness of her plain as when she had come to Calydon and stirred up strife by demanding a place in the hunt that Meleager had proclaimed. She said: "Pentheus, by being brother to Queen Althea, so are you anointed insult-thrower of



Calydon? You and your brother would have had me forbidden the hunt, mocking me with evil words—and now you come red with rage because a woman was before you—you being fat and slow of body as of wit——

“Yea, draw back your boar-spear: it becomes you to threaten one unarmed, and a woman, with the sharp bronze!”

“If you had been a man, you would have died before this!” swore Pentheus, snorting like a challenged boar for rage. “It is well for you now to take refuge in your vile womanhood——”

Meleager, with a thin calmness over the white anger that burned in his face, stepped between them and spoke: “Since I am called Prince here, and did ordain this hunt,” he said, “I command there be no more wordy dissension. To you, Pentheus, I say one word: Peace!”

“To Atalanta is due the first honor, for her spear struck first, and she it was who chose the place and found the boar, while the other hunters were far afield on the other side of the hill. To her I decree——”

“An ambush!” muttered a man behind the rage-stifled Pentheus; “for three days she has been prying and spying about, preparing with foresight and cunning and stealth what her woman’s weakness——”

“She challenged and struck fair in the open, meeting the charge,” said Meleager; “and to her I decree the head as token——”

“I am mocked whatever I do!” cried Atalanta, not heeding Meleager. “I find the boar—and you accuse me of stealth! Tell me whether it is the aim of a boar-hunt to find and slay the boar?”

“Women were ever practical,” retorted the man, a small man who concealed himself behind the great bulk of Pentheus; but Pentheus burst forth: “And so this Spartan drab, coming without strength or courage——”

He ceased, for Atalanta’s spear, raised in Meleager’s hand, threatened his life.

An old man caught Meleager’s arm, and stepping forward, spoke: “When the Prince, forgetting himself, joins the brawl, it is time for the priest to intercede.”

He stood among them, smiling, a long straight staff in his hand, and peace was in his deep-set blue eyes and reverend white hair and beard.

"Many thanks, Agathon," said Meleager, letting fall his spear-arm and trembling for checked rage that still struggled in him. "Rightly you shame me; speak—and we will listen."

"Then," said Agathon, "I say that the head and the glory are Atalanta's, for Meleager, master of the hunt and only witness of the kill, awards them to her. Further I say that had not certain hot-heads estranged her, all this dissension had not arisen; had ye accepted her as comrade and friend, I had not seen Meleager's spear raised against Pentheus' life. Furthermore, why should she not have joined you as comrade-hunter if she so desired? Long ago it was ordained that women might hunt equally with men, but the custom did not long obtain, for women are not so strong bodily as men, and given freedom and justice each finds his appointed pathway in life. These things would come about easily did not short-sighted men forget change and stir up strife, thinking things new that are only old things under new names.

"Meleager, thou art hot with youth, and Aphrodite has made thee hotter still. Pentheus, thy pride and little foresight have stirred up strife without cause. Atalanta, thou art flown with ambition, and hardened by the injustice of foolish men; but, even though right and freedom fight on thy side, have care lest thou hurt thyself and others in thy haste.

"Now let us kindle fire upon the mound, and sacrifice the entrails, and carry home the boar in triumph! I have spoken."

"We have heard wise words," said Meleager; but mutterings arose among the others that Atalanta should have the head. For even while Agathon spoke, the small man behind Pentheus had spread a report.

"That is a Spartan spear in thy hand, Meleager!" broke out Pentheus, giving voice to the mutterings of the others: "and thine own is in the throat of the boar! See, comrade-hunters, he has done the deed, and would give the glory to the woman whom Aphrodite has sent to destroy him!"

"My spear is in the throat, true," said Meleager; "but



Atalanta struck first, wounding him and making it easy for me to finish what she had begun. Therefore hers is the head and the most of the glory. I have spoken, and Agathon has confirmed me."

He turned toward the priest. "Let us have done with dissensions," said the old man. "Nothing is worth great strife. The award is made—follow and kindle sacred fire upon the hill."

He turned toward the little rise and many followed him; but Atalanta, while Pentheus and Meleager and a few others watched her, went over to the boar, and took a short knife of bronze from her girdle, and severed the ear-tufts. "I take these," she said, straightening up tall and defiant and clear-eyed to face Pentheus, "in token of the award! To thee, Meleager,——" Her voice changed but little as she turned her words and eyes toward him. "To thee I give my thanks for justice that I had not expected to obtain from men! I am sorry that I may not well come as comrade hunter to thy feast—and that mayhap I shall not see thee again."

She turned from them, with quick feet, to go back by the way she had brought Meleager through the dim wood of the valley. Pentheus looked after her, his eyes bulging, his face the red color of rage; and behind him stood his brother, the small man, Menander, known for quickness of wit and tongue as Pentheus for strength and rage.

"She is better than a man—in defeating justice," said Menander.

"Let us prepare the sacrifice," said Meleager; his eyes, since Aphrodite had blinded him to even the little change in Atalanta's voice as she gave him thanks and farewell, had taken on something of the challenging hardness of Atalanta's own. "Truly, as Agathon has said, nothing is worth great strife."

He left them to go up to where the priest was kindling the sacred fire. Standing in the backward of the circle, he was like a man who has just lost a possession he holds of great value; dull and without interest he heard the invocation as the first sparks leaped from the flint and iron. He stood alone while the others fetched wood and brought pure water to pour a liba-

tion. But all his distraction passed when a round-eyed boy, plucking him by the sleeve, whispered that Pentheus and Menander had followed Atalanta.

Quietly he turned away, as if to seek firewood, or on some such errand; but when he had broken out into the dim path Atalanta had followed down to the river bed, his feet flew under him, his breath came hot between his teeth, and in his right hand he gripped Atalanta's spear. Up through the wide violet gloom of the forest he bounded, up the hillside, over great tree-trunks green and black with decay, past rocks and thickets, until his bursting heart, and some little fear lest he be over-impetuous in suspicion, made him go more slow.

Through the thick hazel brush of the hillside, with the sunlight pouring down to make a black-and-golden lacework on the ground, he glided, and on toward the open knoll where he had met Atalanta. Slower he went, getting his breath, and thinking: "Surely Pentheus and Menander will do no despite to a guest-friend of our house! But Pentheus is headlong in rage—and Menander will goad him on! So let me hold hard on myself!"

Then he heard Atalanta's voice, despairing and broken, and yet full of fierce resistance: "Ai—Meleager!"

Like a thrown spear-shaft he shot forward, wasting no more time in thought than breath in reply, and burst out, running, into the little open space. Atalanta was prone on the bright green sunlit ground; Pentheus and his brother held her, crushing her down with hands and knees, and the big man, gloating, had already torn open her girdle to take the boar's ear-tufts. They both leaped away and sprang upright as the youth burst upon them, gripping their spears.

Through a red mist like that which had fallen upon him while he groped for Atalanta's spear after slaying the boar, Meleager leaped toward them. Then there was quick whirling about, and trampling of feet, and low harsh cries of furious conflict, and darting of bronze spears; and when a sudden silence fell, Meleager had slain his mother's brothers, Pentheus and Menander, both with terrible swift strokes of Atalanta's spear.

"*Eleleu, eleleu!*" moaned the maiden, on her knees beside



the thick green wall of undergrowth, whither she had crept while the fight raged.

"Wail not these dead, Atalanta!" said Meleager, calm and terrible with the two deaths he had wrought. "They who did dishonor to a guest-friend of our house are rightly slain. Holy Apollo, guardian of strangers, drove my spear!"

Atalanta arose and came and stood before him, beside slain Pentheus' head. By the pallor of her face she might have been wounded to death, but her words were calm.

"Aphrodite has nerved thee, Meleager—not Apollo," she said; "and she is a bitter and terrible god! Let us go from this place before we speak further."

"Lead whither thou wilt," said Meleager, and followed her for some hundreds of paces, until they were come to a high, windy place with greensward under mighty oak trees. Blood, flowing down beneath his tunic, streaked his strong brown knees and the thonged leather of his leggings; but he knew only that he followed Atalanta.

Where spears of sunlight slanted golden across the shadows of the oaks, Atalanta turned; and again they stood, looking into each other's faces, as they had stood for a little time following the slaying of the boar. But now the horror of blood not a boar's made dim the glamorous light that spoke in their answering eyes: as if they were come at once to a betrothal and a funeral, a time of high joy and of despair.

"Thy face, that was all brown and red, has grown pale like ivory," said Atalanta, in a voice that quavered like the last full-throated notes of a wood-thrush. "*Ai*, Artemis—that I have seen the sun of this day! The blood-guilt is not thine, Meleager, but mine."

Meleager answered slowly, leaning on Atalanta's spear: "Nay, mine—if there is guilt. I am headlong in anger, like many of our house. And yet I do not repent. I do not well see how it could have fallen otherwise."

She mourned:

"Would I had never left Sparta! Would my hands had never sickened of the loom! I have brought discord and death!

Meleager, why do thine eyes grow dim, and all so dark and deep? ”

“ Since looking on thee so softened,” he said, “ a hope grows in me, and I faint; all my life flows out in love for Atalanta.”

Very still and pale she stood, and then a great breath lifted her bosom and gave her voice: “ O Aphrodite—sweet and bitter—giver of joy and pain—thou hast pierced my heart! Meleager——”

Meleager swayed, leaning hard on the spear-shaft, and his eyelids quivered close, as if with a sudden dizziness, a sudden darkening of the sunlight.

“ To hear thy words,” he said, speaking low and slow as from the faint depths of a dream, “ darkens the world. Touch me out of the dark.”

Atalanta, leaning toward him, closed her own eyes, and reached out her hands, and said: “ So a faintness as of death comes upon me also. Is this thy joy, O Aphrodite—this weakness so piercing sweet——”

But even as her hands, searching for him in darkness despite the fair light all around, reached his breast, she started wide awake with a cry.

“ *Ai* — Meleager — blood — thy faintness and pallor — a wound! ”

Her quick fingers at the bronze pins in his tunic front made him sway, and his hands were loosened from their hold on the supporting spear. In wild tenderness and terror Atalanta eased him to the ground and chafed his temples, calling upon his name, and upon Artemis, and upon Aphrodite; but Meleager had died standing.

Toward star-time, men with new-lit torches found them there: for Atalanta, after she found that he was indeed dead, neither moved nor made outcry. And though she ranged far in after years, and won undying fame, and paid love's forfeit to young Milanion who tricked her with golden apples, it was said of her that one reason she waxed great was because she had much room for ambition in her breast, having left her heart in Prince Meleager's urn in Calydon.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*



"But of course all that," said Professor Trevenor to a squirrel that undulated up to his feet, "happened some time ago; and I suppose we have to remember that Nature turns, even though she does not change. For one thing, we are not so abrupt about killing people nowadays."

The squirrel went away.

"Doubtless your course is the proper one," said Professor Trevenor, and strolled up to the Museum to browse among classical antiques.

## THE SEA

ALAN D. MICKLE

**C**HIN upon hand I lie upon the sleek, green, velvet-like robe of the headland. And far below me the green sea breaks upon the rocks or creeps in lazy enjoyment up the white, sandy shore. And I think of the sea—the sea awakened by the storm, raging, roaring, leaping, dancing in a Bacchanalian riot of immense pleasure. And the sea sleeping, heaving and rolling easily, beneath perfume-laden tropic breezes and cloudless tropic skies. Sleeping with strange, shadow-like monsters moving silently, swiftly, in its depths like thoughts in the mind of a profound man.

## PARALLEL STREET

OSCAR GRAEVE

WHEN Nellie Saunders lay dying on her white bed in the room over the saloon, she made Mike promise he'd sell out and get away, far away, from Parallel Street. "I want the kid to have a chanst, Mike," she urged huskily, in that soft Irish voice of hers which was already faint and quavering.

And Mike, his big red hands clutched together in agony, promised and promised again.

But it was very hard to break away from Parallel Street; the saloon cleared him a thousand dollars every year which he invested in Long Island real estate on the instalment plan; and, besides, little Clara was so little that no harm could come to her, not even from Parallel Street. Mike debated the matter with himself and decided that he could not afford to sell out his business for a year or two anyway. He was not a young man. It wasn't as if he could turn to something new with a light heart and without misgivings. So he got old Mrs. Whip to come in and keep house for him and look after the kid. He gave her strict orders not to let Clara go down into the saloon, especially not to let her go near the back room where the women and the girls went with their men. And he saw to it that the door that led to the back stairs was kept locked. Not that there was much danger. For all day long the back room stood empty and waiting; it was only late at night, long after little Clara was curled up in bed, asleep, that the women, the hollow-eyed, carmine-cheeked women, came.

Mike considered, a little later, sending Clara to a boarding-school, but he could not bring himself to the act of giving her up; now that Nellie was gone the child's soft hands pattering over his rough face, her lisping questions, her hundred little endearments woven into his life, had come to mean too much to him.

For a time he also thought of doing away with the back room. But, after all, nothing wrong went on there. Just drink-



ing. If the sodden couples travelled elsewhere afterward, that was none of his business. If they didn't come to his saloon for their booze they'd continue down the street to Flynn's or Jacobson's and he might as well get the money as these other fellows. He needed it. He put it to good use. All the time that Long Island real estate was growing in extent and value, and some day there would be enough so that he and Clara and old Mrs. Whip could say good-bye to Parallel Street and move to a white painted cottage in the country with a porch where a man could smoke his pipe of evenings, and a cabbage and potato patch in the rear where he could dig and plant, sweat in the sun and harvest.

Meanwhile Clara was growing. She was a little, fat white grub, rolling around the floor, crawling around, probing into things, curious, poking her head under beds, bureaus, tables, tasting scraps of paper, pins, anything she picked up, nestling in big Mike's arms, pulling at his moustache, as he snatched a minute from the bar to say good-night to her. She was a thin, reedy child with long, thin, black legs, with her light, fluffy hair hanging in a thick braid down her back, bringing her school books to the puzzled, stammering Mike for explanations, slipping her flower of a hand into his. Finally, she was a tall, slender girl, a creature so sweet, so wonderful, so clever that he gazed at her in awe and asked himself how it came that he had so incomparable a daughter as this . . . and yet, she was like Nellie; as he looked at her he thought of his promise to his dead wife. But then he laughed tenderly and thought of the folly of sweet Nellie.

Sunday mornings Mike walked to St. Mary's with Clara. St. Mary's was five blocks east of Parallel Street and every block was a triumphal procession for Mike as he strode along beside his daughter.

"Nobody thinks I'm your pa," he said to her. "They think I'm some bum you was sorry for an' picked up."

"Ah, go on, pa," said Clara, laughing and joking. "You're a fine-looking man and you know it and you just want me to tell it to you."

Then Mike laughed, too, and threw out his chest just as he

had done in the days when he walked beside Nellie, proud and puffed up with the winning of her. The next morning he took himself down to the Emporium and bought a grey suit with a long-tailed coat such as Alderman Quinn wore and also a silk hat with the shiniest lustre you ever saw.

But he did not tell Clara about this splendid raiment until the following Sunday at church-going time. Clara cried out when she saw him and spun him around and kissed him with: "You do look grand, pa."

St. Mary's Church stood in a very respectable neighborhood of three-story brick houses, each with its patch of grass in front; and although, when the wind was right, you could hear the noise and traffic of Parallel Street, it was a very quiet region by comparison. On their way home from church one bright windy Sunday, Clara turned to Mike and said, "Pa, I wish we could live over here."

She had never spoken like this before and Mike gazed at her in surprise: "Why, what's the matter, darlin'?"

"Oh, I don't know. I hate Parallel Street! I want to get away from it!"

Then Mike told her about the white cottage in the country and Clara shone as radiant as a rose when the sunlight falls upon it. All the way home they talked about the white cottage, about furnishing it and about the garden that was to be an inseparable and indispensable part of it.

After that, Clara asked almost every day, "When are we going to leave Parallel Street, pa?" But he always answered, "Now, just in a little time, darlin'."

After a while Clara did not ask him any more.

All these years the stream of pollution, of vice, of good and bad intermingled, flowed up and down Parallel Street and much of it poured in and out of the back room of Mike Saunders' saloon. Little Clara with her finger on her lips stood on the threshold of life and looked and questioned. Every year Mike said: "Well, next year she'll be away from it. There ain't no danger yet." And every year the money that was drawn from grimy pockets and slapped down on wet tables in payment for



beer or whisky or gin brought that little white cottage nearer—but not near enough. . . .

Quite suddenly, much to Mike's amazement, Clara seemed to have a "fellow." "The fresh kid!—she's only seventeen," said Mike to himself; but he was not altogether displeased and he was content to let Clara have the youth call on her in the parlor upstairs evenings, even to escort her to the moving picture show and, once or twice, to the real theatre, until he discovered that the young man was the nephew of Ignatius Flynn who kept the saloon down the street.

"Now, look here, Clara," he said to his daughter, when he learned this: "I ain't got any kick against your having a nice young feller come an' see you. But I don't want you keeping company with nobody in the liquor business—see? We're goin' to get out of it soon and stay out."

Clara was unexpectedly obstinate. "Jack Flynn's a nice young fellow and I don't think you ought to act like this, pa. He's always been polite and refined and you don't see too much of that on Parallel Street. I could tell you of many a real swell gentleman who isn't."

But Mike waved his hand and rolled his big head from side to side. "I don't want to argue with you. If Jack wants to get in some other business, he can call on you; if he don't, he can't."

Clara's eyes filled, she sobbed. "I can't have any pleasure. I never have anything other girls have."

"Why, Clara, I've give you everything you asked for ever since you was a little kid——"

"Oh, I want more than clothes and jewelry!" cried the girl. "I'm young. I want to have some fun. When I'm lying in bed I can hear them talking and laughing in the back room down below. Sometimes I feel as if I'd like to run down and say: 'I'm younger than any of you and I don't need paint to make me pretty. Why can't I have a good time, too?'"

When Mike recovered his breath, he shouted, "Cut that talk out! Don't you dare——"

But Clara, her arm thrown over her eyes, rushed out of the room. He heard her door slam, the bolt shoot across. He

followed and, waiting a minute, knocked softly. "Clara, I didn't mean . . ." He could get no answer.

The very next morning Mike put on his grey suit and silk hat and went down to see Nathan Jacobson who, it was said, was anxious to buy a second saloon on Parallel Street. But Nathan, craftily rubbing his hands together, one over the other, would not come within a thousand dollars of what Mike knew his business was worth.

Then, when Mike went home and was upstairs in his room changing from his best clothes into his shiny everyday suit, there was a knock at the door and Clara flew in, full of contrition, her soft cool lips against his scrubby cheeks.

"Well, there ain't no rush about selling," thought Mike. "I might as well wait till I get my price."

For Mike Saunders there had never been but one woman and that one was Nellie. On Parallel Street where the coarse and the lewd, the drunken and the gluttonous came to satisfy their appetites, in that silent, dank, furtive eddy of lost souls and abandoned bodies and drowned ideals, Mike Saunders lived the life of a celibate. He was temperate, he ate sparingly of the fine dishes that old Mrs. Whip set before him and he had nothing to do with the women who drifted, night after night, into the back room. He worked hard. It was he who was up at five in the morning to welcome the marketmen as they rumbled to a stop before his door with their mountainous wagons of produce, of cabbages and beets and beans and other garden truck; it was he who steered the last derelict to the street at one o'clock. When he acted as waiter in the back room, he walked with a steady step where steady steps were unusual, with a firm eye where most eyes shifted and dodged, with glinting teeth, with head held high.

But he was kind to the women. He knew most of them by name. He often protected them from the bullies, and more than once he had helped a woman when the Inevitable fastened upon her.

One night, as he entered the back room, he saw Harry Black strike a girl called Violet. With a leap Mike was across the



room and had Harry by the coat collar and was shaking him as a pit bull terrier shakes a poodle.

"You dirty loafer!" he muttered. "You ain't going to hit women before me, see! Get out o' this!"

He carried Harry to the door and with a shove that looked gentle sent him sprawling far out on the sidewalk.

Then Mike went over to where the girl still sat. "Now you go home, Vi'let. Here's some money. You look awful tired to-night. Better get to bed, kid."

But the girl, instead of going, began to cry with racking, blowsy sobs; she seized Mike's hand and tried to kiss it, but he pulled it away in disgust.

"None o' that. Now go home, Vi'let."

"You're the only one that's decent to me, Mike."

"That's all right."

She stood up, took his arm, put her mouth close to his ear. "I want to speak to you alone."

He frowned at her, studied her. "What's the matter—sick?"

"Yes, I'm sick all right. But that ain't what I want to see you about. I want to tip you off to—to something."

Mike laughed, then decided to humor her. "Well, come in here."

There was a small, dark closet of a room between the saloon and the back room and Mike took her there.

"Go ahead and shoot," he said, indifferently.

The girl choked with coughing, but at last she managed to say: "It—it's about your girl."

Mike's mouth opened, he could not speak because his tongue was like fat in his mouth. But finally: "What—what d'ye mean? Don't you dare say anything against Clara!"

"I just want to tell you what I saw, Mike."

"Well, I don't b'lieve it"—he took a step or two up and down the room, then shot at her fiercely: "What d'ye mean anyway?"

Violet clung to a chair for support; she was frightened. "I seen her down to the Island with Joe Miller. You know him—we all know him. He's married. He's rotten through and

through for all his good looks and swell clothes and smooth gab. You know that only means one thing, Mike—— ”

But Mike was upon her; he hit her recklessly; he hit her in the breast so that she doubled up and covered herself with her arms. She coughed horribly. “Oh, Gawd!” she groaned. “This is the thanks I get.”

“Now, you shut up—you go home. I don’t b’lieve it. I don’t b’lieve a word of it.”

He turned his back on her, leaned his head against the wall. A stream of red ran before his eyes. His Clara—his little girl! But no, it was preposterous. Why, it was only yesterday that she was crawling around the floor at his feet, blubbering with baby talk, putting scraps of paper, bits of fluff in her mouth . . . . it was only yesterday her eyes as clear and blue as the sky far above Parallel Street were lifted to his. He pounded the wall with his clenched fists. No! No! No! It wasn’t true. He swung around again on the girl who had lied to him, lied to him about his daughter, his sweet little Clara—— But Violet had fled.

Deadening himself to the outward aspect of things, he lurched into the back room where the men and women sat around, some with whisky in front of them, some with beer.

“Get out!” he ordered. “All of youse. Saunders is closing early to-night.”

There were protests, cries, demands. Parallel Street is punctilious about its dues. One man stood up to argue but Mike with a sweep of his arm sent him whirling. The others looked at Mike, looked at his white face splotched with red, looked at his big mouth strangely drawn. Then they, too, cleared out.

Mike plunged into the bar-room. “We’re closing up,” he said to the men who hung over the bar. “Go home, Jim,” he said to the bar-tender.

“Wha—what’s eating you?” stammered Jim.

“Go home, d’ye hear?” This was a snarl, a threat, so Jim took off his apron, hung it carefully behind the door and put on his black coat.

When the place was quiet and dark, the doors locked, Mike stood still for a moment, wiping the sweat from his cold face,



swaying, his head thrown back, his mouth gaping. Now he was alone; now he had time for thought, but he could not think, he dared not allow himself to think. Over and over, he kept muttering, "I don't b'lieve it."

He knew that, sooner or later, he must go upstairs and look for Clara, face her, question her, and yet all of him fought for respite against that moment. . . .

He heard the water dripping into the tank in which the glasses were rinsed and automatically he felt his way behind the bar and turned the faucet tight. He poured himself a beer-glassful of whisky. But the glass fell from his hand and broke. "Damn it—aw, damn it!" he choked out. He put the bottle to his lips and drank. The liquor swept down his throat, burning, fiery; it steadied him. "I don't b'lieve it!" he cried aloud to the dead and silent room.

He blundered to the stairs that led to the floor above. With something like a sob, summoning all the courage that was left him, he started to climb, slowly, uncertainly. But as he climbed he felt the shapeless horror that filled him disappearing. If it were true, this girl of his was no better than those others, those other things of paint and lax lips and wanton eyes, that came to the back room; he would deal with her accordingly. His shapeless horror was replaced with hard and concrete rage. The muscles of his arms swelled with it, his head burst with it, his eyes burned with it.

But Clara was not in her bedroom; she was not in the parlor; nor was she in Mike's room—the room where Nellie died. He found a white glove that she had dropped, but he could not find Clara.

Mike knocked on the door of old Mrs. Whip's room. She did not answer. He turned the knob and entered. The old woman was sleeping, her grey hair in disorder, her knees doubled up, her face to the wall. Mike shook her. "Where's Clara?"

The old woman yawned, sat up, shrivelled, flat-breasted, frightened. Her nightgown hung around her bones in folds like a grey rag.

"Where's Clara?"

"She says she was going to Mary Quinn's. Why? What's the matter? Ain't she home yet?"

But Mike was downstairs again. He seized the telephone and called up Alderman Quinn's house.

After a delay—a minute, an hour, a year!—a sleepy voice answered.

"This is Mike Saunders. Is Clara there?"

"No."

"She says she was going to a party. We thought it was your Mary giving it."

"No, she ain't been here. Not to-night."

Mike was very crafty. "It's at some other girl's then. Good-bye."

He travelled upstairs again. And down again. Out into Parallel Street. Up and down Parallel Street, past little all-night restaurants where girls sat sipping coffee and munching cakes, past shops where one light burned dimly in the rear, past groups that talked and laughed noisily on street corners, past dim hallways beside saloons that led to mysterious regions above, in and out of Flynn's and Jacobson's and the other gin-mills.

He went home again. He made another journey through the empty rooms. He found a book of Clara's in the parlor—an open book with a pink ribbon marking the place. He found a little spatter of torn paper in the corner of her room. But he did not find Clara.

At last he came to a halt at the head of the stairs where down below he could see the door resting in a pool of blackness—the door that opened on Parallel Street. He closed his eyes and he heard Nellie's voice, faint and quavering, say, again and again, "I want the kid to have a chanst, Mike." But he shook his head stubbornly. "I don't b'lieve it," he said.

He waited. He heard a voice in the street below—but it was a drunken man singing to himself. He heard a laugh—but it was a woman taking a man home. He heard some one at the door—but it was the milkman setting down the bottle of milk for breakfast.

He waited. Through the crevices of the door, above, below, on each side, outlining a black oblong, filtered in the pallid light of morning . . . .



## THE PROPHET

LYMAN BRYSON

**J**EREMIAH, will you come?

Will you gather up the multitudes, and wake them with a  
drum?

Will you dare anoint the chosen ones from all the cattle kind,  
And threaten with the fire of God the foolish and the blind?

Jeremiah, Jeremiah, we have waited for you long,  
To see the flaming fury of your hate against the wrong,  
For we dally in the Temple, and we flee the eye of Truth,  
And we waste along the wilderness the glory of our youth.

Jeremiah, Jeremiah, here the lying prophets speak,  
Here they flatter in their feebleness the gilded and the sleek;  
But their languid pipings die in shame when trumpet cries are  
heard.

Are you coming? Are you coming? O Prophet of the Word!

# LITTLE TRAGEDIES

LOUIS H. LEVIN

## I

### *LOYALTY*

FOR ten years Moische Feingold lived so uneventfully that he felt that life was not difficult. On fifteen dollars a week, earned without fail, he had kept his family of six, in four rooms; belonged to a synagogue and a lodge; and had a few dollars in the building association. Then one hot day, when he was tired and worn-out, he came too near the machinery, and his hand was drawn in.

When he awoke, he was in a nice clean bed, a woman with a trim white cap was bending over him, his right arm was in a great bandage.

"It is a hospital," he whispered to himself.

The next few days were days of anguish for Moische. He found out how badly he was injured. They took his right hand off at the wrist. Libbie came to see him, and he sobbed aloud.

When he was sent home, the arm was still sore and had to be cared for. But that time passed, too, and the question of daily bread came to them as never before. All their savings were gone; they owed the tradesmen as much as they could get on credit.

"What is a man to do with one hand, and that the left hand?" asked Moische. "If it had only been an eye!"

Libbie was hopeful, and knew that Moische would find work. He was so strong, so trustworthy, so steady. People needed such a man, even if he had only one hand. "You will see," she said.

"But what shall we do in the meantime? I wonder that we have been able to live so long!"

"There are good people in the world, Moische. Your boss sent your wages the two weeks you were in the hospital, and he has been sending one dollar a week ever since."



Moische was touched by the kindness. "And to think that friends told me to sue him! The boss was not even there when the accident happened."

"It was an accident."

"I will never understand how it happened. I always thought of you and the children when I worked, and that made me careful. Other workmen did things I would never do; but it came to me. It must be fate."

"It is our fate," said Libbie.

Moische had not been to the shop since the accident, because of the terror which came over him whenever he thought of what had happened, and because he knew of nothing in the shop that he could do with his left hand. This day he would go, if only to thank the boss for his kindness. There was something after all in working ten years for a man without losing a day.

When he returned that evening, Libbie could see that something had happened. "I have a job," he said, a sob of joy breaking in his voice.

"Thank God," murmured Libbie.

"I am to be watchman at the factory. The boss had been saving the job for me."

"And we can begin to live again!"

"It will pay me five dollars a week," he explained.

"Only five dollars," she repeated in disappointment.

"What, are you not satisfied, Libbie? He could have had a man with two hands for seven dollars and he took me with one hand for five. It was very kind."

"It must be. But how are we to get along?"

"Easily, but there must be a difference. I shall walk to the shop, and as my work will not be hard, I shall not need the big meals that we used to have."

"That will not save much."

"Then I need not go to the synagogue; I can go to the little meeting, and I'll teach the boy myself. I have been wanting to drop the lodge for some time. A watchman does not need to wear such good clothes, either."

His enthusiasm moved her.

"I do not need so many dresses," said Libbie, as if she had

more than one dress besides the everyday wrapper, "and we can live in two rooms, if they are nice and large."

"You see I am right."

"But it was I who said that you would find a job. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, yes. Now we can see how wise it was that I did not take the place for seventeen dollars a week, when I had a chance. Another boss would not have been so kind."

"It was not our wisdom that made you stay,—it was from above."

"God has been good to us."

## II

### *BETROTHED*

**W**HEN Esther Fine was twelve years old her mother died, and a few months later her father married again. For two years she lived in her father's home, and then her aunt in America listened to her pleading and sent her a ticket to that distant land. She was not quite fifteen when her aunt brought her from the steamer, and gave her a little room for herself.

Esther became a finisher in a tailoring shop, and worked patiently and industriously year after year. She was not a bright girl and her face was neither interesting nor pretty. As she grew older she became stout, her eyes were small, her face large and round, her nose small and upturned. She never grew taller than five feet.

Day after day, week after week, year after year, she went regularly to the shop, did her work, received her wages, paid her board, bought her clothes, and put the rest of her earnings away. For whom, she did not know.

Mrs. Rudno, her aunt, wanted Esther to marry, but she knew no men. She went to no place where she might meet them, and a stranger seeing her once would not be apt to look again. Mrs. Rudno grieved to think that Esther would have to work at the shop all her days.



Esther asked nothing and made no complaint. She worked and had her wages and was content. There was no stepmother to scold, and she lacked neither food nor clothes.

After Esther had been working for nearly ten years, Mrs. Rudno noticed that the cold she had caught in the winter kept on long after girls had begun to wear bright, thin spring dresses. Esther's face was still large, but her cheeks were yellow and the skin was loose.

"You ought to stop for a short while," said Mrs. Rudno. "You have been working too hard. You do not look well. Your cold is still troubling you."

Esther had never lost time in the shop when there was work, and she would not go away now just to rest. Mrs. Rudno sighed, and sometimes wept at the patient girl who was content without joy.

Then Esther became brighter, and was cheerful at table, and sometimes would sit absent-minded with a smile on her face. A day came when Esther blushed and trembled and asked her aunt whether she might bring a young man to the house. Mrs. Rudno was overjoyed.

Bernard Josephson came, and Mrs. Rudno wondered where Esther had found one who matched her so well. He, too, was stout, with thick hands, thick hair; but he talked much and smiled often, while Esther spoke little and her smile was rare. Whence Bernard came, Mrs. Rudno could not quite make out. Some said he was from Boston, others thought he had come from Chicago. He was strong and well-dressed and looked as if he could provide for Esther.

In spite of her cough Esther got better. She could not be gay, but she was happy. A little joy sang in her heart; hope came to her for the first time. At last she was to have husband and home, and perhaps children. It was too much joy to think of. She was very grateful to Bernard, and she resolved to be a true wife to him.

Then Esther bought ribbons and trinkets,—only a few, for she was saving. A new dress or two she had made to wear when she went out with him, because he wore nice clothes. Everyone

marked her joy, and everyone wished her well, for she worked hard and harmed no one.

At last the great day was set, and a dressmaker brought home, in a big box, the white dress Esther was to wear. She put it on and all admired her; but the sight of her own poor face in the glass startled her. How could Bernard love so homely a being! When he came later he laughed and joked, and she was angry at herself for such thoughts.

Three days before the wedding Mrs. Rudno missed Esther at the evening meal. The girl had looked ill during the day, and her cough troubled her; but Mrs. Rudno was sure that after the marriage, when the excitement was over, and the new life had begun, Esther would be well and happy. She had seen such cases before.

It grew late and Esther did not come. Mrs. Rudno went to her room and lighted the gas. She saw Esther in bed, huddled in a corner, in uneasy sleep.

"What is the matter, child?" asked Mrs. Rudno. "Are you not well?"

Esther opened her eyes and slowly sat up. She turned a blank face to her aunt; she was paler than she had ever been.

"And what are you lying on!" exclaimed her aunt in amazement. "Your wedding dress! For shame, Esther!"

The girl rose and wrapped the dress in a ball and flung it to the furthest corner. The exertion was too much for her and she sank upon the bed. Mrs. Rudno noticed that where she had lain the pillow was wet with tears.

"Don't cry, child. You will wear yourself out, and you must keep yourself nice for the wedding."

Esther looked at her mutely,—bewildered. Her voice was in her eyes.

"What is the matter, child? You must not look so just before your wedding."

The words of her aunt brought her voice to her. She passed her hand over her forehead. "There will be no wedding," she said.

"No wedding! Nonsense! You will forget your quarrel and be happy together and quarrel again. I know how it is."



"There will be no wedding," Esther said again, and then she tried to stand up, but she would have fallen had her aunt not caught her.

"You are not well. Yes, we will put the wedding off until you are a little stronger. I should not have let you prepare for the day until you were well. Let us put it off. And you can go to the country and get well and strong. You are a careful girl and have a little money. Spend it on your health. Yes, dear, on your health. Tell Bernard I wish to speak to him. You do not know how to take care of yourself."

Esther gazed at her aunt helplessly. "I shall never see him again," she said.

Mrs. Rudno was startled. The quiet, direct statement of Esther boded no good.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Rudno. "Your quarrel shall not stand in your way and make you unhappy forever. Send him to me, and I will talk to him. There is no reason why you two should be unhappy and apart."

Esther tried to stand, but she had to clutch a chair. A violent fit of coughing shook her, and Mrs. Rudno held her until it was over.

"He has my bank-book, auntie. I shall never see him again."

### III

#### *TWO INCHES*

THE time came when Fivel Margolis had to go to America. His father was a poor pack-carrier, who could do very little because he could not buy a surgical strap, and the family was on the verge of starvation. During his seventeen years Fivel did not remember eating a full meal, and one could look at his brothers and sisters and read the struggle of the family for bread.

His father was growing in years, and his earnings were getting less. There was little employment; what was offered he often found himself unable to do. So the eyes of all turned to the Golden West, the land of work and food. Fivel was the

oldest child. He would go and prepare the way for the others.

But how was he to pay his passage? They had no kinsmen in America; no friends there to whom they could appeal; and the relatives in Russia were unable to help. They came from a very poor family.

Necessity will find a way. They sold some of their household goods; they ate less; they borrowed a few dollars; they wrote letters to people of means. Well,—the ticket was bought.

The parting meant much to all of them. It was the one venture in their lives. Years of suffering had endeared them to each other, and when Fivel left, it was a crisis.

“Remember us,” said his father.

“Do not work too hard,” whispered his mother.

Fivel treasured the words of his parents, and resolved to bring them forth out of Egypt to the Promised Land. He knew that he was tall and thin, and not used to work; but that did not matter. A few months of food, and he would be as big and strong as others. He lacked nothing but bread.

On his way to Bremen he met other travellers, and heard that some were not allowed to land in America. There were men who did not know whether they would be able to get in, and he saw the fear in their faces. He heard much about heads and eyes, which Americans examine very carefully, and he thanked God that his eyes were clear and his head without blemish. He had nothing to fear on that score.

The voyage was a rough one, and the passengers were many. He was sick nearly all the way over, unable to eat and at times scarcely able to breathe. During the short trip he must have lost weight, for his clothes were loose upon him; but he knew that a few days on land with air and food and he would be stronger than ever. He was all the more thankful that his head and eyes were not troubled with disease.

Fivel was impatient to land, and thought it was long before the doctor came to see whether America would take him. He proudly put out his head to be examined, and held it aloft when his eyelids were turned.

Now . . . Now . . .

The doctor put a mark upon his coat, and he was taken out



of line. He found himself in a place where there were many others who had been marked, and he saw bad eyes and heads among them. Fivel was quite overcome. What was the matter?

It seemed years before he saw anyone of whom he could ask an explanation. A man came to him, spoke his language, asked him whence he came, where his family was, and many other questions. He spoke in a friendly manner, and Fivel felt that he was not abandoned.

"Why am I here? Why do they not allow me to go to the city? My people are poor and I must work," he said.

"The doctor will examine you again," said his friend.

The doctor came, weighed him, measured his height, his breast, put down notes on a piece of paper, and then went away. Fivel asked the other travellers what it all meant; but they did not know.

"Perhaps there is a new law," some one said.

Fivel recalled the parting with his father and mother. "Remember us!" There had not been a moment when they were out of his mind, and he saw them before him now,—their tatters, their moist, pleading eyes.

"Do not work too hard!" If they would but let him work at all!

His friend came to see him and Fivel was eager to learn why he was a prisoner.

"Am I to go?" he asked eagerly.

"There are difficulties in the way. The doctor will not pass you."

Fivel heard the words; but they conveyed no meaning.

"My head is clean," he cried.

"That is not the matter."

"My eyes have never been sick."

"There is no trouble with them."

"Why, then, do they keep me?"

"Your breast——"

"I am well. There is nothing the matter with it."

"It measures less than it should."

"Less!"

"Two inches."

## IV

*DIVORCE*

THREE years after Hatzkel Perlman left Russia for America, his wife and three small children began the long journey to his new home. At first Hatzkel had sent small amounts every month to Chaye Rifka for her and the children, but afterwards he became irregular, and when he did send, the amounts were even smaller than they had been. He could not afford to send tickets for the family. She therefore sold her bedding and pillows, borrowed a few roubles, and set out for America. A week before she left she wrote to him that she was coming.

Hatzkel did not meet her at the pier, and she felt his absence as a blow in the face. A friend of the family, Mrs. Lipman, greeted her, made all necessary arrangements and took Chaye Rifka and the children to her home.

"Hatzkel is busy, and you did not give him time to have a home for you," she said, explaining his absence and the temporary shelter.

In the evening Hatzkel came, and Chaye saw that she was in a new world, indeed. Was this the man she had married,—with face as smooth as a priest's and the manner of a lord! She had dreamt of nothing so fine. She saw a ring on his finger, and he wore a watch and chain. Chaye felt that she was nothing,—the dust on the ground.

A week more passed and Chaye and the children were still with Mrs. Lipman.

"We must have a home," she pleaded with Hatzkel. "Let it be poor and small, but it must be ours. Mrs. Lipman is kind, but her eyes are reproaching me."

Hatzkel promised, but there was no change. At last after Chaye had sobbed so that the neighbors heard, and Mrs. Lipman had spoken sharply to him, he rented rooms, and Chaye began life in a new home.

Home! How could it be a home when he never spoke to or



kissed a child? "As for me," she said, "I must be content with whatever he gives me; but what have the little children done?"

Hatzkel spent little time at home. He went to work early, and came back late, some days not at all. She did not know where he went nor what he earned,—only that he paid the rent and gave her a few dollars each week.

Her wifely instinct told her that all was not well before it came to her ears that Hatzkel was seen frequently in the company of Fannie Goldin. Fannie had been in America only two years, but she dressed well and looked young and fresh. When Chaye understood what was going on, her heart beat and her head swam. She felt her weakness, and could do nothing but scold. He said he could not live with such a woman.

"I am a good American husband," said Hatzkel. "The rent is paid and you and the children have a home. If you do not like me, I am willing to give you a divorce at any time."

The threat kept Chaye quiet; but one evening when she got on the street-car after a tiresome day, a child asleep in her arms, and two others following after, she saw him and Fannie together in a front seat. They greeted her from afar, and she was left to struggle home with the children, alone.

Chaye did not sleep that night, nor did Hatzkel come home. When she saw him again, her heart was full of bitterness.

"You said you would divorce me," she cried. "Come, I am ready!"

They went to the rabbi, and Hatzkel asked him to write a bill of divorce.

"She does not want to live with me any longer," Hatzkel explained.

"How can I," asked Chaye, "when he goes about the city with another woman? I am covered with shame. I am the laughing-stock of all honest women."

"It is bad. I will write," said the rabbi.

Then he wrote, and Chaye's breast heaved. She loved Hatzkel, and he was the father of her children.

"Is it right, rabbi," she asked, "that he should put me off? Is it right that I should bear this heavy burden, when I have been a true wife to him in the sight of man and God?"

"You are changing again," said Hatzkel.

"That is her right," answered the rabbi.

"As soon as she sees Fannie, she will want to come here again."

The name aroused her womanhood.

"Write it, rabbi. God will help me. I cannot live this way."

Soon the writing was finished. Chaye's mind was torn by a hundred doubts. If she only had some one to direct her! She knew that she was a simple, ignorant woman.

"Is this justice, rabbi?" she asked. "He took me from my home, took my youth, and now throws me away. What will people say? What do you say, rabbi?"

"If you can live together," answered the rabbi, "I will tear the writing. I do what you ask me."

"If you tear it," said Hatzkel, "I will not come here again. We cannot live together, her tongue is too sharp. I have only to mention the name Fannie——"

"I am ready, rabbi," said Chaye, not waiting to hear more. "Give it to me, I am no longer wife. But the children—the children!"

"Yes, what of the children?" asked the rabbi, who had not thought of them before. "This is important. What of the children?"

"I am not unreasonable," said Hatzkel. "She may have them."

## V

### ON THE WING

SHLOMO KAFTAN, his wife and four children, arrived in town and went straight to the Friendly Inn. They must have had the address, for they asked no questions and found the place at once. It was evening when they came and the Superintendent began to ask them questions; but Shlomo shook his red beard, and said: "You see the woman is not well. I will answer your questions to-morròw."



The family was fed, and room was made for the children. Shlomo did not appear put out by strange surroundings. He took everything calmly, and went so far as to say that the Friendly Inn was not a credit to a city where so many Jews lived.

The questions asked Shlomo the next day were not answered promptly or good-naturedly. Whence came he? From New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and many other places. The Superintendent did not know the name of so many cities. What did he do for a living? He was a peddler, a shoemaker, a teacher, a cantor, and he could write Russian. Where was he going? That was his own affair.

His wife was a little, subdued woman, who did not look strong, and she held a young baby in her arms. The other children were dressed in clothes that took no heed of their size or of the season of the year. The children's appetites were good, but the woman ate very little.

They remained a few days, and the Superintendent became restive. He did not know what to do with the family, and Shlomo gave him little satisfaction. He became convinced that Shlomo was a traveller, who went from city to city living on the train or in a Friendly Inn.

"We cannot keep you any longer," said the Superintendent; "you have been here five days, and now you must go."

"Give us tickets to Cincinnati, and we will go."

"No," said the Superintendent, "we will not give you tickets, and you will go nevertheless."

"We shall see," said Shlomo.

The Superintendent was not to be answered in this way, and he made preparations for putting them out. He had gathered their baggage together, when he was called to the women's sleeping room. He found Mrs. Kaftan in a dead faint upon her bed.

The baggage was stored away again, and the doctor was sent for. He came, and examined Mrs. Kaftan, and said that she was sick, but he could not tell what ailed her.

"I shall be better able to judge to-morrow," he said.

Shlomo came back in the evening, and went to bed as if

nothing had happened. He did not excite himself over his wife's condition, but simply said, "We cannot go while she is sick."

The Superintendent was baffled and helpless. The next day the doctor was still undecided as to the woman, but he thought the baby had fever. He came again in the afternoon, and now the child was quite sick. The woman was unchanged.

Shlomo, who was out all day, came again in the evening, and when he was told his child was sick he showed more interest. "What did the doctor say?" he asked.

"There is fever."

"Is that all? We do not mind fevers."

The directors of the Friendly Inn came together to consider the case, and there was much discussion. One said, "The man is a tramp." Another, "We have no right to encourage his travel. No wonder his wife and child are sick."

When Shlomo came in that evening, he went to the Superintendent, and said: "We leave to-morrow. Here are our tickets," and he waved them in front of the Superintendent.

"Where did you get them?"

"That's my business. I charge money to tell."

When Mrs. Kaftan heard of the tickets, she got out of bed as if nothing had happened. The Superintendent was astounded. If they had not been going the next day he would have said something sharp.

Shlomo got his baggage, when he was ready to go, the woman took up the child, the other children took their bundles, and all were loaded for the trip. The baby looked sick, but no one heeded it.

When the doctor came and was told what had happened, he said: "I am not surprised. She looked sick, but I could find nothing."

Then he remembered: "But what of the baby?"

"They took that, too."

"Too bad, too bad. How long have they been gone?"

"Since ten this morning. What was the matter with the child?"

"Diphtheria."



## THE FIRST COURTSHIP

HARRY KEMP

**K**AA got his mate by capture—by real capture, not by the still vigorous though sham ceremonial of later days, when the woman willingly allowed herself to be carried away.

For a long time the instinct for mating had swelled within Kaa's heart. The cries of the green and crimson-colored birds in the forest had lost their raucousness and now sounded softer, almost musical. It was the first mad month of primeval spring. The flowers had burst forth into a riotous smothering profusion of bloom. New life and motion seethed in everything.

Kaa sat on the bank of the great, bitter-tasting, inland ocean that at that time covered what is now transformed into rolling miles of wheat. The waves were dappled with the mauve and dark violet colors of late twilight. Strange emotions stirred in Kaa's breast—emotions which later were to be the poetry, sculpture, and music of the world. The obscure seed of all æsthetic loveliness, the first coherent love-impulse, was sprouting in his heart.

For one day, as he was gouging up shellfish out of the sand with a stick, he had first seen HER, small and brown and lithe-bodied, slipping away among the bushes. She had stopped and peered at him from between the rustling leaves, with two piercing motionless black eyes, like those of an alarmed wild thing's. Then she had disappeared.

Now Kaa, unlike other cave-men, had remembered this incident. Nor had he subsequently forgotten her and sought out another. For days and days after that he had been irresistibly propelled to the same place, there to watch for her. At times he had caught vanishing glimpses of her. . . .

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. . . . Here she was once more. She had appeared unexpectedly, as if she had stepped forth out of his very thought.

She heard the rustling and crackling of branches and leaves as Kaa disappeared, but she did not glimpse him. She stood

erect, listening in the dusk. Having reassured herself that it was probably but some harmless animal, and not a male of her kind, of whom she had a deep-rooted instinctive fear, she stepped into the water, not timidly, but freely and boldly. After she got out some distance she rushed forward into it, churning the dusk into eddies of purplish silver about her. Then she flung herself full length into an on-coming wave and rode over its white crumbling crest. She romped like a sea-thing, now disappearing, now reappearing, and floating on the surface. Suddenly she tried to caress the waves, biting at them and putting her arms through them.

She waded back to the beach. She began chanting to herself, leaping rhythmically. The unrisen moon made a silver conflagration in the east. She paused, wonderstruck. As it pushed up through the water, the little leaping waves reached up bright hands and laved and caressed its enormous body. Naa, the woman, cast herself at full length on the sand and watched and watched the moon as it rose rapidly from the water and went up the sky. An indefinable languor crept over her.

In the meantime Kaa had been watching unobserved from his vantage-point amid the flickering and innumerable leaves, not over three leaps away. He wanted to come and join the dance, to touch her, to put his hands upon her; but he knew, as he crouched with sinews and muscles quivering strangely and madly, that, at his first leap, she would be flashing in and out among the rocks and trees, back to the bosom of her clan. He had tried that before. . . . How he wanted her! . . . more than food or sleep in his leaf-bedded cave. He wanted her, and meant to have her, this time. . . . He would wait. . . .

Naa turned over, and, with her face buried in the bend of her right arm, she dug her toes into the moist red sand. Now was his chance. With two great bounds he was on her, over her, and had gripped her by the shoulder as she had half-arisen. He drew her back again. She startled the night with a heart-rending cry. The struggle began. She stared at him, piteous and panting, for a space. She breathed quickly. Neither moved. Then came a wild burst of unexpected energy from the woman. Kicking, biting, tearing, screaming, she fought with teeth and



fingers and toes. The sudden onslaught taking Kaa by surprise, he loosened his grip on her. She leaped to her feet . . . then began a zig-zag race along the boulder-strewn, bush-dotted shore. In and out, back and forth, up and down they went. Kaa was in a rage. Why should she be so avid to escape? The touch and thrill of her had been so good, that now he must have her even if he killed . . . he would follow her even to her clan . . . a winging fury possessed his feet. He ran like the wind. He dashed through bushes, and the edged leaves left little crimson welts across his body. He fell headlong over a boulder, only to leap up and pursue still more implacably. Several times her hair swept back into his face and he clutched at it and brought out a handful. He managed to seize her shoulder, but she slid away again. Up over a little hill she sped. On the other side she dashed pell-mell into cruel underbrush which caught about her and flayed her. With madness of utter abandon Kaa flung himself bodily upon her. They crashed into the bush together.

Now she resisted no longer . . . instead, she lay still and white, eyes closed, breathing heavily. Had he brought the White Stillness upon her so that she would move no more? He stooped low, shaking all over with excitement and horror. . . . He felt her breath on his cheek, and, reassured, he unceremoniously dragged her to a clear, shining patch of sand—back to the place where she had lain wondering at the rising of the moon.

He gathered her up completely in his arms. This made her leap into motion again, like a flash of unexpected lightning. She struck him in the mouth, clawed him across the forehead, and gave him a terrible bite on the shoulder. Kaa tried to keep her from plunging, striking, and biting by drawing her tight with all his strength. A sudden blow in the eye nearly blinding him, he in turn became frantic. He struck and struck at her . . . her head, her shoulders, her back! . . . great cruel blows! . . . blows that made her gasp for breath from the shock of them. . . . Again she lay inert, and moon-white in the face. But this time she was not shamming.

The madness was over with.

What was the meaning of it all?

The waves lapped the shore, with a thousand voices calling in the night. The great moon now rode from cloud to cloud, breaking through them, and riding on down the west. . . .

All the earth, the forest, the hills, hummed and murmured with multitudinous life. . . .

Kaa sat apart, dazed, and looked at Naa as she lay stretched out on the sand . . . What was this strange being whom he had made captive—so different from him, and yet so like him?

She turned slowly over . . . she lay prone . . . her eyes opened with a look of terror in them. Kaa moved toward her and instinctively reached out his hand. She gave a little half-sob, half-moan, and shrank from him. . . .

Again he went apart, and sat dazed. All volition, all mastering impulse, seemed to have ebbed from him. She might now escape, if she willed. Not that he did not care. He DID care. . . . He fell into a half-dream. . . . He shivered. . . . The sea . . . innumerable voices out of the dark. . . .

He came to with a feeling of moist contact. . . .

She had crept up to him. . . . Her face was against his hand. . . .

And now it was dawn.



## AN INTERLUDE

REX H. BRITTAIN

**M**Y companions had left me, and gone into the great, cool church. The stained glass which they were to see I knew already. Also I knew of the shameless rattle of alms-boxes after one's little contribution has dropped into one of the many gaping wall-receptacles, and the limpet-clinging post-card sellers—pests in the House of Prayer, clamorous defilers of the Temple that reverent hands raised seven hundred years and more ago.

So I sat on the white stone steps, hollowed by the feet of those that had passed before, and lit a pungent cigarette of the Regie, and tried to think that it was good. The still air in the Place shimmered and danced in the steady heat of a Paris noon. A Marchand des Quat'z Saisons trailed by silently, her gilded heaps of fruit at ten centimes la pièce going a-begging. Again the drowsy quiet filled the square.

The deep bourdon of the great city's traffic sounded illimitably far away. A dog nosed in the gutter, and ran off. The motes danced in the sunlight. The tenuous blue thread of smoke from my cigarette drifted away into the still air. A tender melancholy seemed to enfold me—"Songe et mensonge, telle est la vie"—soft-swelling golden sails bore me far out over an azure sea. . . .

I looked up with the guilty alertness of those caught napping in full light of day.

A young woman was approaching slowly, bearing in her slim, brown arms a baby as speckless as herself. Her tired feet dragged as if she were walking in water. She was dark, and comely. Her boots were worn to the bitter end, but the sleeping child looked fat and well. She came up to me, and, saying nothing, held out to me, with a weary, enigmatical smile, picture post-cards—that only a German could have tinted, and only the blind could buy.

She did not speak, but waited. She must have been sadly used

to refusals, for the cards were bent, and soiled. There was no ring on the appealing hand.

I believe they have a phrase for that kind of thing, "putting a premium on immorality"—is it not? These glib guides to selfishness are not to be trusted. For me, I could only hope the world would be kind to her, knowing it would not. But as she left me, she did not seem quite so tired.

I was alone again, and fell to staring at the marvellous hinges of the great door, which angels are said to have wrought. Looking at them, it seemed as if it might be true. Into my thought of them came weaving the intermittent tapping of a stick—not the metal-shod cane of the townsman, but the softer sound of the mendicant's wood.

It was a little, bent old man, walking slowly, with a wary eye out for ends of cigarettes and the like, dropped by folk who did not have to take their tobacco at second-hand. He spied my inch of unburnt Regie, and pounced on it. I silently indicated to him a full third of a cigar, flung away by some one entering the church. He thanked me, and I gave him the rest of my blue packet—the gift will seem mean to those who know the products of the Government.

He seated himself by me, and chatted, with the easy democracy of a nation, all the units of which have gone through the army side by side. I was poorly dressed, and my clothes did not betray my nationality, so there was no embarrassment in his speech, only the frank camaraderie of the Road. Times were bad, and his teeth hurt him, and he was too poor to get them attended to. He would walk to the fair at Sannois, and have them pulled in the open by some itinerant who needed help to draw the crowd to which he wished to sell patent medicines. Times were bad, and he was getting old. . . .

"Il faut toujours porter le cœur en haut!" I said to him. He agreed, smiling, but said that it was not always easy to carry the heart high. He too was exquisitely clean. He told me that he washed in brooks by the road. I expressed envy, and he told me with a rather bitter wisdom that a man with an empty stomach was blind to the idyllic side of the country.

"It is a long life, M'sieu," he said, "and at the end, as the



good Pascal says, one must die alone." And he got up to go, sure at least of his next meal.

"On mourra seul!"

My companions came out of the church, swinging their kodaks.

## MY THOUGHTS

ALAN D. MICKLE

**I** WATCH the clouds drifting solemnly, dreamily, mysteriously by before the gloomy mountains. And to the touch of, to me, invisible and impalpable forces, I see them change their shapes. And then, though the day is a grey and wintry one, I think of a perfect morning in the south of Italy and a ragged old shepherd I once saw there lying upon the green grass. And I think of the strange tune I heard him play upon a pipe as he watched his sheep. And I know of no reason why I should think of these things. My thoughts just form and change and drift mysteriously by like the clouds before the mountains.

## OUR VENTURE IN LOVE

T. B.

**T**HIS evening, for the first time in months, as we were walking home arm-in-arm, my wife danced her old lilting hoppity-hop. Coming now again after a long cessation, it is my final assurance that she has actually returned to me—after our venture in love.

### II

Through the years of late boyhood and early manhood, there swelled up within me the growing passion for a son. I see now that in all my early sweet-hearting, my mind tacked and veered as I unconsciously considered the requirement of motherhood. God forgive me for not more seriously going about the improvement of my fitness for fatherhood, though indeed occasions were by no means infrequent when in an agony of abasement I doubted my right to risk the mirroring of my strong weaknesses in the hope of bestowing my weak strengths.

Those years passed and I fell in love. It is still impossible for me to say whether she drew me first as a potential wife or as a potential mother. The consciousness that she was as satisfying in the one rôle as in the other was almost a unit. After a long "herb moon," occupied in working and waiting, we were married.

### III

More than a year had passed when in the golden early autumn our venture in love began.

The mystery and magic of the months that followed formed a book of charm more fascinating to us than Sindbad or Ali Baba or Jason or the whole world of romance had ever offered. Each day new beauties appeared in her face, new tones in her voice, new graces in her mind. Always a poet, she now found beauty



in "the mud and scum of things"; always sympathetic, she now sent out tendrils of interest to the obscurest waif in the newspaper; always a wit, her mind now flashed and sparkled, illuminating every point of contact. Life was higher, deeper, broader to her—and to me.

## IV

We talked and planned freely for "him," never doubting it was a man-child we "had gotten from the Lord." He was a real presence, an actual son; he made a third in our circle from the first quickening movement until his birth—and death. And well for us that we had him with us during those months, for he did not stay; and had we waited to possess him he would have remained a mere episode, a hope, a glance of ten minutes' duration. For he was left on the shore of the Ocean of Life, and some have pitied us for that our ship so eagerly expected should have been lost,—some who know nothing of the rich cargoes that survived across those dark waters, some who cannot imagine the unvalued pearl that the black receding tide left at our feet.

They have intimated that we were too presumptuous of our coming joy, and God in wise rebuke took the cup from our lips. Very well! But the cup was at our lips for a long, sweet draught.

## V

I cannot recall that time without pain and joy of transcendent poignancy. She who had always joined the head of a woman to the heart of a child came daily nearer the dawn of life and in her eyes shone all the spectra of the beautiful young Apollo about to trail upon us with his "clouds of glory." In looking upon her and cautioning, warning, rallying, loving her, the wonder is, not that I lost some husks of self-concern, some sheath of complacency, but that I did not become a transfigured, hyacinthine god. A gleam of the divine in the presence of a good woman quickened to motherhood reveals to her husband the

high destiny of the race, the exalted beauty of generation, and the profound obligation of parenthood.

These are things that the biologist and the psychologist wot not of. The father knows. If he thereafter defames woman or flouts little children or travesties the ways of love, let him be damned in the deepest hell!

So the time went by, and our son's life pervaded the lives of each of us and the life of both in such a way that it seems now a foolish and ignorant fancy that some of our friends show in supposing that he lived only ten minutes and that his mother never knew him.

## VI

Then came the night eagerly, trustfully, never fearfully awaited—the threshold of a new stage of life for our boy—a wonderful and terrifying time which only love could make triumphant. Came the dark hour when the mother spent her life jubilantly and riotously to give him freedom—the pitting of son and mother—sixty hours of waking agony for the father—the interposition of an inexplicable “brute” fact that cost the boy his life and carried the mother to the very verge of the flood—a moment's response to a stern chemical command when the sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks created a perfection of beauty beyond the range of earthly imagination—the immediate and death-like change whose pallor and quiet stopped the watcher's heart—the wordless disposition of the little tenement of our son—then the slow, sometimes heart-broken, but always courageous climb up the slope to the plateau of life again. . . .

And now, this evening, for the first time in months, as we were walking home arm-in-arm, my sweet wife danced her old girlish hoppity-hop.

## VII

She went bravely and beautifully into our venture; she came bravely and more beautifully out.

We went down with arms laden with gifts and hearts aching to be filled. We have come up with empty arms indeed, but with hearts filled to aching.



## THE TWO FLAMES

ELOISE BRITON

**B**EHIND my mask of life there lies a shrine  
Wherein two flames are burning. Day and night  
I tend these leaping treasures that are mine,  
These lambent loves, the red one and the white,  
While, priestess-like, I hang at either glow,  
For each is perfect. And to each I bring  
The oil of pure emotion, hottest so,  
And draw new strength from my own offering.

The first of these my loves burns as a star  
That lifts its keen, white glory into space  
With virgin fervor, lavishing afar  
Its vivid purity: and in the face  
Of changeful worlds it glows unaltered still.  
So burns my flame of friendship. In its sight  
All things are silvered with a new delight  
And beauty's self strikes deeper, till the thrill  
Of mere existence vibrates like a string.  
Then life is grown so taut that it must sing,  
And all the little hills must clap their hands.  
The soul is free as never bird on wing  
To bathe in friendship like a sea of light:  
And ever as it mounts the sea expands  
In new infinities, and each new height  
Grows keener than the last, until the mind  
For very dizziness sweeps downward then  
To simpler things, the cadence of a voice,  
Or sweet, low laughter, idle as the wind,  
Or fleeting touch of hands that quick rejoice  
But ask no more and do not touch again.  
With this white flame there comes a strange new peace,  
A deep tranquillity unknown beside,  
Where all my life's cross-currents shift and cease  
Like runways in the sand before the tide.

And all that I have longed to be, the brave  
High dreams of youth that languished nigh forgot  
Seem half accomplished. Easy now to slave  
At tasks colossal, so my friend fail not.  
And I am filled with gentle wonderment  
That life can be so good and breath so sweet:  
While all my world grows suddenly complete  
That I must love it with a new content.  
So speech grows overfull, and we are fain  
To drink of silence like a golden cup  
With wine of sweet companionship filled up  
That has no end, nor any thirst can drain.  
And so at last no wish is left to me  
Save thus to dream into eternity,  
This is my first white love.

The second flame

Burns red and fierce as noon-time on the earth,  
A wild, full-blooded love that sprang to birth  
Naked and unafraid, yet scorning shame  
And clean as winds that sweep the desert's breast.  
My flame of passion this, born of the sun  
And warm red earth, so æon-long ago,  
In languid, throbbing noons, when dust was pressed  
To amorous dust, and longing made it one.  
This is a good love too, and must be so,  
Though bloodless fathers crushed it and denied,  
And on a cross of virtue crucified  
This firm sweet flesh that colors with our soul.  
Aye! it is good, and beautiful, and clean,  
To feel within my veins the surge and flow  
Of young desire waking, that the whole  
Warm universe has felt: to call, and preen,  
And dance before my mate that he may know  
An answering surge, and leap, and make me his  
And glad with every fecund thing that is.  
God! It is good to feel the primal cry,  
The deep, mad longing for another life,—



My life and his, that shall be born of me,—  
A little child of flame, that when we die  
We may cheat time, nor perish in the strife:  
But in this hour of vital ecstasy  
When life is molten, we may stamp thereon  
Our own glad image, and conceive, and live.  
And sweet it is, and languid, when the tide  
Has ebb'd, for lack of more than I can give,  
To take his hand who breathes so close beside  
And lay it on my breast, and humble me  
To say: "Thou art my lord. Thy will my own."  
So at the last this wish is mine, to be  
Struck at the high-tide into nothingness,  
To die, ere he can learn to love me less.

So these my loves are perfect, each alone  
Sufficient in itself and all complete,  
Yet one of two, like rival beacons shown,  
That call and call me, but that never meet.  
For yet they have not met, nor ever burned  
The white flame in the red, the red in white  
Till both were wed together there, and turned  
To some half-dreamed intensity of light.

For I have dreamed,—yes, in my priestess soul  
The longing grows for one great altar fire  
That shall leap up to heaven, a winged desire,  
Not two but one, a perfect, living whole.  
Is this a dream? Are all great lovers dreams?  
Can red and white be fused, or two be one?  
Yseult and Eloise, are they but themes  
Whereon men hang the yearnings they have spun?  
And must I cherish so till the end's end  
My sweet loves sundered, lover here, or friend?  
Nay, I know not! I guard by day and night  
My leaping flames, the red one and the white.

## BREAD AND BUTTER AND ART

FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

**W**E are getting on in spite of the cries of those who are being pushed to the wall. There was a time when if you got half a dozen men around a marble-topped café table they would quarrel about politics, eugenics, socialism, or what not. Now you will find them arguing about the new sculpture and the new painting. The arts have, in fact, been losing their museum quality, have been brought into the places where people live, enjoy themselves and take their ease. Even those who refuse to be convinced are forced to admit that for them too the light has passed out of many an admired canvas and the charm out of many an adored bronze or marble. A period of disillusion this is, surely, even if it should prove in the long run to be the birth time of a new illusion.

It had come to be taken for granted, in some quarters, that art was not so much even as a subject of general inquiry. This usually took the form of an assertion, by certain artists, that they only were the proper judges of painting and sculpture. This claim might be shown to be fantastic by citing the plain fact that the bitterest foes of men of genius have been those of their own craft, and that, in the majority of cases, a proper appreciation of what was strange and unusual had been arrived at and expressed by those whose minds were not warped by the prejudices induced by professional self-interest. The painter who has struggled to recognition and success against the opposition of the older men of his own day and generation becomes set in his ideas in the long run. From a young "rebel" he grows into an elderly conservative, and fails to notice that his latter case corresponds exactly with that of his former foes.

Then there is the natural weakness of the human mind for finality. Even such a genius as Swift thought that the English language might be fixed once for all. Many want everything settled and done with, for why should not what is good enough for to-day be good enough for to-morrow? But the imagination does not move along painfully from precedent to



precedent. It delights in breaking the rules and mocks at the canons. The difference between a genius and a man of talent is that the genius stands for the greatest freedom of the imagination, while in the talented man the imagination is made to conform to limitations suggested by prudence, or respectability, or both.

The academic attitude is almost pathetically familiar. There is no mystery about it. It involves arraying the institution against the outside individual. But new blood, it will be said, is injected into the organization frequently. True enough. Yet it will be found that care is taken not to make the process dangerous in any sense. So, as they say that the most stubborn defender of class privilege is always a former radical, your most sturdy academician is always a sometime rebel. That his work has been consecrated by orthodox approval makes him forgive what disgusted him before in his new associates. He may delude himself into the belief that they have changed. What he doesn't see is that the change is in himself. The last thing that he is likely to understand is that his capture may be used as an argument to prove for the benefit of the careless that the enemies of what is new are ever on the lookout for what is different from the old.

Of the same family with the academician is the art teacher. Of course he may be one and the same person, but in this second special capacity he is more injurious than in the other. He begins by having pupils and ends by having disciples. His favorites are those who succeed in imitating his method and manner. Having surrounded himself with a band of followers, he attaches them to his fortunes by using his official influence on their behalf. The lucky ones start with prizes, proceed to medals, advance to the dignity of associate academicians and then discover that honors in perpetuity, like wall-space in the Metropolitan Museum, are not beyond their reach. If the master is attacked, or if anybody has the temerity to try to help the "cause of art" without his consent, the hangers-on are up in arms at once. The great man usually has a very foreign name, the more so the better. But he is very patriotic. He is all for national art, and looks on art from abroad with frowning,

or at least mild condescension. When he is cornered, or has no other argument available, he hauls forth from his coat-tail pocket the flag of his adopted country and waves it with all the assurance of a vulgar singing-actor appealing to the top gallery. One might fancy with justice indeed that it was not the mummer, but the artist, who had first commercialized the most sacred symbol of the nation.

The more one considers the attitude of the academic, of the teachers and of the run of established artists, the plainer it becomes that prejudice is the result of stout loyalty to bread and butter, bed and board. The "arrived" producers of works of art are as much concerned as the over-stocked middleman, the dealer, at the very thought of any disturbance in public taste. The more sedate of the magazines are now full of protests against the lawlessness of the age, and those who fought valiantly the good fight for the Impressionists are leaders in defending us from what they are pleased to describe as the vicious and corrupting influence of the Post-Impressionists.

Few have the sense of the correspondent of a provincial newspaper, described by W. B. Yeats, who was ordered by his chief to send him an article on the first London Post-Impressionist exhibition. The following reply went down to Manchester: "I have seen the pictures and think that they are rotten. But I won't say so in print, for I don't want to look like a damned fool twenty years from now."

American Modernists! A year ago that would have been a contradiction in terms, except in the case of a few very young men who had brought home from Paris a taste for the new styles in painting and sculpture; young men who apparently showed little discrimination, except in so far as they were determined to be in the fashion.

Mr. Roosevelt, after his visit to the Armoury International Exhibition, said, "It is a good thing to shake them up." Once more the shrewd intuition of the layman has been justified. For those who shook up others have been shaken up themselves. At that time it was possible to count on the fingers of one hand the American painters and sculptors who showed in their work any sign of a progressive spirit. Exhibitions held in New York



this year afforded an opportunity to estimate to what extent the original show had brought our men into the current of influences which had been powerful in Europe for some time, influences commonly designed as "post-impressionistic."

It was made clear that some had added, or were trying to add, a fresh quality to their work. Some new element had been assimilated or partly assimilated. At any rate it was obvious that certain of the Americans had determined to sink or swim with the so-called innovators of France, Germany, Russia and England.

Is there, or can there be, such a thing as "new art"? May any art be called "old"? The right answer to both questions seems to be "no." But the expression "new art," though objectionable as having been applied to the fantastic vulgarities of the nineties, may be used as a convenient synonym for "modernist art"—even if the Modernists, for all their talk about breaking with the past, are the very men who are doing most in the way of bringing people into sympathy with the most archaic works that have survived anywhere from Egypt to China.

We cannot define beauty. The æsthetic appeal is as elusive as what is called "sex appeal" in the jargon of the moment. Ruskin, in a characteristically English way, confounded the impulse toward the beautiful with the moral impulse, while Walter Pater, as a result of his neo-Greek prejudices, perhaps, seemed to identify what had been called in the eighteenth century a love of the beautiful, with a tendency toward sin. So the famous smile of the rather stupid Monna Lisa became for him a satisfactory and very suggestive symbol of all the wickedness of all the ages. For, as he put it, into that face the soul with all its maladies had passed.

"Music and morals," like "literature and dogma," was a Victorian conceit. Only the old-fashioned of our time discuss "art and life" as if it were a question of eugenics, and to find a comparison to fit their denunciation of the Post-Impressionists it is necessary to recall the abuse heaped on Ibsen when the slamming of the door by Nora was heard all over Europe.

But if we have got away from the ideas expressed in the puritanical moralizing of Ruskin and the pseudo-pagan philos-

ophy of Pater, beauty, like truth, is still at the bottom of the well.

Why the anger of the conservatives? For them the crime of the new generation appears to be that it is set on a Nietzschean transvaluation of all values. What is to become of us, we are asked, if the standards are upset? To this the answer is that what are looked on as standards are nothing in the world but conventions to which people have become accustomed. Only the mischief-loving of the present delight to throw stones at objects of reverence, as in the epigram, "The old masters exist but to show us what to avoid." The old masters are very well able to take care of themselves, with the ever-present aid of unerring Time, the one infallible critic that we know of.

Harold Höffding of Copenhagen, the critical Monist, in the little book which the late William James called his friend's philosophical testament, divided philosophical ideas into two classes, the first of which were intended, or used, "to solve certain problems," while the other "represented certain tendencies in the intellectual life of man." Here is the distinction between an instrument, a means to an end, and a symptom. Even if every comparison is dangerous and every parallel more or less false, it might be interesting to attempt the application of Höffding's definition in certain directions.

Take politics, a subject which everybody is supposed to understand. A tariff bill represents the application of certain ideas to the end of solving the problem of the cost of living, or the problem of the extension of a country's markets. On the other hand the ideas let loose at the time of the American or of the French Revolution represented certain tendencies of the intellectual life of the men of the period.

Take art, a more obscure subject! The older, conservative painters and sculptors of our time consider their skill as a means to the solution of a problem, that of the representation of external things. The new men, as they are called, are more interested in the application of their skill as a means by which to represent symptoms of certain tendencies of their own intellectual or emotional life, and so of the intellectual and emotional life of



the age. Hence the controversies over subjectivity and objectivity, suggestion and reproduction.

Any one of a number of examples would do. But consider Mr. William M. Chase, in a familiar attitude, at his easel and face to face with a platter of fish. The problem then, for him, is to render his models in terms of—fish. Just that and nothing more. On the other hand, M. Matisse in the same situation would be perfectly sure to render the fish in terms of—Matisse. They would be bound to represent, and so would afford a chance to the scornful, certain tendencies of the intellectual or emotional life of Matisse.

It is true that in what might be called Mr. Chase's descriptive account of the fish, certain psychical phenomena would emerge. But they would be only incidental. On the other hand, in the case of Matisse, the psychical phenomena would be essential, while what might be called roughly the physical phenomena would be only incidental.

Mr. Chase believes, of course, that he is engaged in the pursuit of truth, that is to say, the truthful appearance of the object before him. But what he ignores is the extent to which the appearance really resides in himself, as the artist, and not in the model, just as beauty resides in the eye of the beholder. In a sense he falls into the common-sense fallacy of Dr. Johnson, who kicked a stone on the public highway in order to refute Berkeley and demonstrate the independent existence and reality of the external universe.

When some one says of a sculpture by Brancusi, "No woman could ever have looked like that," the criticism means simply that, in the light of an existing convention, the artist's work seems absurd. But all art is a succession of conventions, rejected at first, then tolerated and finally accepted: we first endure, then pity, then embrace. The lasting quality depends on the individuality of the artist as expressed in his work, in spite of the limitations suggested, or imposed, by previous formulæ. Genius, in fact, may be considered, for all practical purposes, as the thing which drives an artist to shake himself free from formula, though, in turn, by his success, he may be the cause of a new formula. So the body of enduring work in painting, sculpture,

music and poetry is that produced by the discontented of all periods, those feeling a greater need for self-expression than could be satisfied through conformity to the methods of those around them. If there is a number of such breakers of new ground, they will be grouped in the minds of the public, which will insist on talking of the whole business as a "movement," no matter how little relation the individuals in it may have to each other. Indeed, in any organized display of the works of a number of original men it is often hard to discover anything that they have in common, apart from their general hatred of the conventional.

Unfortunately the critical faculty does not go ordinarily hand in hand with the creative, in spite of the arrogant claims of the run of artists. There is, to take a notorious literary instance, no more bewildering example of the stupidity in judgment of men of genius than is to be found in the opinions of the Romanticists on their contemporaries. Thus Byron had little respect for Keats and a great deal for Tom Moore, while the mighty Goethe regarded Byron as the greatest English poet of an age that had produced Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. It must be admitted, however, that as great mistakes in judgment have been made by the composers of music when they venture into the dread field of criticism, or try to anticipate the verdict of posterity.

The golden roll of the geniuses is but the record of the succession of stormy souls who have broken from safe moorings from time to time. This the detractors of the present will not admit, nor will they concede that the mistakes of the past ought to be as warning lamps to our feet. If Manet was derided as a violator of the rules, his case, we are told, if not in so many words, is quite exceptional. So because he was mocked at, it does not follow that Matisse should be spared the horse-pond. Manet was Manet and Matisse is Matisse! Let Matisse get what he deserves, of course—but! . . . Surely the long story of critical imbecility should make some appeal to those of good wits as well as good will.

Apart from the Cubists, the new men seem to have evolved no general convention. Just as individuality, or personality,



was the main characteristic of Gauguin and Van Gogh, the successors of Cézanne, so it is conspicuous in Chabaud, Blanchet, Zak, Bernard, Lehmbruck, Archipanko, Bourdelle, and the mighty Brancusi. Each of these painters or sculptors stands on his own feet and sees with his own eyes. On the other hand, the Cubists, on account of the label which they wear, in spite of themselves it is true, suggest that what they represent is bound to be rather an influence, a point of departure, than anything else.

Compare Matisse with Picasso! The first is as free from any sign of "school" or "movement" as anyone could well be. As for the second, it is impossible to do more than guess what will be the next manifestation of his art.

What is a riddle for one generation is a commonplace for the next. Wagner was the "organizer of noise" even for many of the intelligent in the New York and London of the eighties. These did not divine in him the great wizard of harmony, knowing and using every trick in his appeal to the exposed nerves of his hearers. There was nothing out of the way about this failure to hear and understand. It is the usual practice with the conservatives to deny to him who practises a new method in the arts the possession of what comes to be regarded, later on, as his most conspicuous quality.

It may be that the spirit in which we approach any work of art is more important than any understanding of it. Understanding may come at any time. Arrogance locks from the outside the door of a possible treasure-house, and throws away the key.

# THE WORLD OF H. G. WELLS

## V

VAN WYCK BROOKS

### *A Personal Chapter*

I DOUBT if there are many living men of note who, a generation after they are dead, will be so fully and easily "explained" as H. G. Wells. He is a most personal and transparent writer, a most empirical mind; he is the effect of conditions and forces which have existed for scarcely more than two generations. But for these very reasons it is very difficult to see him in perspective, and to explain him would be to explain the age in which we live. Let me at least give certain facts and reflections about his life written by Wells himself, a few years ago, in the introduction to a Russian translation of his writings:

"I am just now forty-two years old, and I was born \* in that queer indefinite class that we call in England the middle class. I am not a bit aristocratic; I do not know any of my ancestors beyond my grandparents, and about them I do not know very much, because I am the youngest son of my father and mother and their parents were all dead before I was born. My mother was the daughter of an innkeeper at a place called Midhurst, who supplied post-horses to the coaches before the railways came; my father was the son of the head gardener of Lord de Lisle at Penshurst Castle, in Kent. They had various changes of fortune and position; for most of his life my father kept a little shop in a suburb of London, and eked out his resources by playing a game called cricket, which is not only a pastime, but a show which people will pay to see, and which, therefore, affords a living to professional players. His shop was unsuccessful, and my mother, who had been a lady's maid, became, when I was twelve years old, housekeeper in a large country house. I too was destined to be a shopkeeper. I left school at thirteen for that purpose. I was apprenticed first to a chemist, and, that proving unsatisfactory, to a draper. But after a year or

\* September 21, 1866.



so it became evident to me that the facilities that were and still are increasing in England, offered me better chances in life than a shop and comparative illiteracy could do; and so I struggled for and got various grants and scholarships that enabled me to study and take a degree in science and some mediocre honors in the new and now great and growing University of London. . . . After I had graduated I taught biology for two or three years, and then became a journalist. . . . I began first to write literary articles, criticisms, and so forth, and presently short imaginative stories in which I made use of the teeming suggestions of modern science. . . .”

So much for the facts. The reflections are not less illuminating:

“The literary life is one of the modern forms of adventure. Success with a book—even such a commercially modest success as mine has been—means in the English-speaking world not merely a moderate financial independence, but the utmost freedom of movement and intercourse. A poor man is lifted out of his narrow circumstances into familiar and unrestrained intercourse with a great variety of people. He sees the world; if his work excites interest he meets philosophers, scientific men, soldiers, artists, professional men, politicians of all sorts, the rich, the great, and he may make such use of them as he can. He finds himself no longer reading in books and papers, but hearing and touching at first hand the big questions that sway men, the initiatives that shape human affairs. . . . To be a literary artist is to want to render one’s impressions of the things about one. Life has interested me enormously and filled me with ideas and associations I want to present again. I have liked life and like it more and more. The days in the shop and the servants’ hall, the straightened struggles of my early manhood, have stored me with vivid memories that illuminate and help me to appreciate all the wider vistas of my later social experiences. I have friends and intimates now at almost every social level, from that of a peer to that of a pauper, and I find my sympathies and curiosities stretching like a thin spider’s web from top to bottom of the social tangle. I count that wide social range one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, and another is that I am

of a diffident and ineffectual presence, unpunctual, fitful, and easily bored by other than literary effort; so that I am not tempted to cut a figure in the world and abandon that work of observing and writing which is my proper business in it."

This candid and exact statement enables us to see just how far, in matters of fact, experience and belief, the autobiographical motive has entered his writings. It would be possible to show how inevitably such an ideal as that of the New Republican Samurai arose from such a life; how much that conscious and deliberate insistence on personal efficiency and orderly ways, that repudiation of mental confusion, sluggishness, and sentiment may figure as a kind of stepping-stone from the world of Kipps and Polly to the world of Remington and Trafford; how a self-wrought scientific education would form the basis of an ideal of aristocracy rising from it; and how the motto "There is no Being but Becoming" would express its own constant desertion of levels achieved, its own pressing upward to levels equally transient. Just as the "democratic person" of Whitman raises his own fervent, chaotic and standardless experience into an ideal, so also the ideal of Wells is nothing more than the projection of his own experimental opportunism. It is impossible in discussing Wells to ignore this social ascent; for in England a man passes from one stratum to another only by virtue of a certain lack of substantiality, a power to disencumber himself, to shed customs and affections and all the densenesses and coagulations which mark each grade in that closely defined social hierarchy. The world of shop-keeping in England is a world girt about with immemorial subjections; it is, one might say, a moss-covered world; and to shake oneself loose from it is to become a rolling stone, a drifting and unsettled, a detached and acutely personal, individual. It is to pass from a certain confined social maturity, a confused mellowness, into a world wholly adventurous and critical, into a freedom which achieves itself at the expense of solidity and warmth. In Wells, for instance, the sense of the soil is wholly supplanted by the sense of machinery. His evolution has been the reverse of the usual evolution from what Bacon called the *lumen siccum* to the *lumen humidum*, from the dry light to the light that is drenched in



customs and affections. Instead of growing mellow he has grown more and more fluid and electric, in direct ratio to the growing width of his social horizon.

To prove this one has only to consider his novels. There was a time when he had in common with Dickens and De Foe the quality they have in common with one another—the quality of homeliness. He drew the little world he knew well, the limited and lovable world of small folk. Mr. Hoopdriver, Delia the chambermaid, Kipps and Ann Pornick—a score of these helpless, grown-up little children he pictured with a radiant affection, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. It is more in the nature of his later thought to see poverty as a wasteful rather than a cruel thing, even though he may not have approached the instinctive harshness of Bernard Shaw's observation: "I have never had any feeling about the English working classes except a desire to abolish them and replace them by sensible people."

Certainly he has not experienced any other world in quite this way. "I count that wide social range one of the most fortunate accidents in my life," he says. Accidental one feels it to be, as of a man inhabiting the great world by virtue of sheer talent, whose nature has not in any sense settled there. His philosophy and his socialism are outgrowths of his own experience; they erect into reasons and theories the nature of a life which is not at home, and which easily unburdens itself of all that seems insensate because it is unfamiliar. To be a socialist at all is to have accustomed oneself, through necessity or imagination, to a certain detachment from a great many of the familiar, lovable, encumbering, delightful stupidities of the world. And Wells has travelled up and down through time and space too much to have any great regard for the present. "I have come to be, I am afraid," he says, in *The Future in America*, "even a little insensitive to fine immediate things through this anticipatory habit. . . . There are times indeed when it makes life seem so transparent and flimsy, seem so dissolving, so passing on to an equally transitory series of consequences—" His hold upon the present is so far from inevitable that *The New Machiavelli* and *Marriage*, realistic as they are, are represented as being written some years hence, our own time already appear-

ing retrospectively in them. As little as Faust has he been tempted to call out upon the passing moment. His main characters drift through this period of time, substantial themselves but with a background of insubstantialities, in a way that recalls Paolo and Francesca looming out of the phantom cloud-procession of the *Inferno*.

Into this larger world, in short, he has carried with him only himself and his own story. We live in two worlds—the primary world of vivid personal realities and the secondary world of our human background. It is the secondary world that anchors us in time and space; the primary world we carry with us as part of ourselves. In Wells there is no secondary world, no human background, no sense of abiding relations. It is his philosophy of life and the quality of his men and women to be experimental in a plastic scheme. His range is very small: the same figures reappear constantly. There is the Wells hero,—Lewisham, Capes, Ponderevo, Remington, Trafford, Stratton; there is the Wells heroine, Ann Veronica, Isabel, Marjorie, Lady Mary; there is the ineffectual woman with whom the Wells hero becomes entangled, Capes's first wife, Marion, Margaret; there is the ineffectual man with whom the Wells heroine becomes entangled, Magnet, Manning. To strike the lowest common denominator in this tangle is inevitably to arrive once more, one feels, in the region of personal experience. Although it cannot be said that his minor characters are lacking in reality, they are certainly intellectual portraits, and outside the limits of subjective experience. The principal men and women of Wells move through a world seen, but hardly a world felt.

This want of social background makes his characters as detached from the familiar earth as chessmen are detached from a chessboard. They never seem to be, like most men and women either in life or fiction, like the Kipps and Polly of his own earlier fiction, vegetable growths. Heredity, fatality, the soil are not mainly operating forces with them. They are creatures of intelligence and free will, freely and intelligently making and moulding themselves and their circumstances. Human nature in Wells is very largely a sheer thing, a thing that begins with itself, answers for itself, lives at first hand. That is the per-



sonal quality of the man himself, and it follows that the quality is wholly convincing only where what I have called his primary world is concerned: the rest of the world he builds up by intelligent observation and the literary talent of creating human stuff out of whole cloth.

In this he is well served by his antipathies. His belief in personal self-determinism is so strong that he instinctively sees the vegetative nature of the ordinary life as a kind of moral slump, a thing detestably wanting in initiative, faith, energy, will. And consequently the Normal Social Life against which he is always tilting, is a life seen by him with all the vividness of an intense personal and philosophical animosity. Consider, for example, the portraits of Mr. Pope and Mr. Stanley, survivals in a sense of the old Sir Roger de Coverley type, with all the sweetness gone out of it and only the odious qualities left: the domineering, vain, proprietary qualities. They exist mainly as symbols of everything that enlightened and right-minded daughters will not put up with; they come as near to being the foils of right destiny as Wells will ever allow; they sum up everything that stands in the way of man's free will. They are mercilessly dealt with, and they are memorable figures.

Without this antipathy, and outside his own primary world, he pretty generally fails. One recalls, for example, old Mrs. Trafford in *Marriage*, evidently intended to be his ideal of the enlightened woman grown old. She is a pale, dimly perfect, automatically wise old lady carved out of wood. Trafford himself, one feels, is a chip of the same block. Trafford obviously is not Wells himself, as Ponderevo and Remington are Wells: he is the Utopian counterpart of these persons, at least in the matter that concerns Wells most, the matter of sex. One could show that, aside from the six or eight chief characters who in their various ways express the nature and experience of Wells himself, he succeeds in his portraiture only where no demand is made on his sympathies.

The same absence of social background which throws into relief his primary world of characters throws into relief also the primary facts of human nature. Trafford and Marjorie, the most conventionally placed of his characters, pull up stakes,

leave their children, and go to Labrador; his other men and women are even more independent of the social network. Consequently they are independent of that chain of relationships—friendship, affection, minor obligations—which mitigate, subdue, soften the primary motives of most people. They are almost startlingly physical. Their instincts are as sure as those of cave-men, and their conduct as direct. They are as clear about the essential matter of love as ever Schopenhauer was, or Adam and Eve, and they stand out as sharply against the embarrassments and secrecies of the usual world as a volcanic rock stands out against a tropical landscape. In this without doubt they exhibit the fact that socialism does and will actually alter human nature, and that in the instinctive socialist human nature is already altered. For socialism inflexibly militates against those more sentimental aspects of love, love of country as such, the paternal and feudal principles, love of property, and the like, which belong properly to the intelligence, all those functions where love, in a majority of cases, goes wrong, blunders, stultifies growth, confuses the public design of the world. As a result it throws love into relief, emphasizes the nature of sex and the *raison d'être* of reproduction; makes it, to use a favorite word of Wells, stark.

I pause at this word. It is one of those talismanic words one finds perpetually cropping up in the writings of men who have a marked point of view, words that express deep and abiding preferences and often set the key of an entire philosophy. "I like bare things," says George Ponderevo in *Tono-Bungay*; "stripped things, plain, austere, and continent things, fine lines and cold colors." That is the gesture of an artistic mind which repudiates, with an impatient sharpness, all the entanglements of the ordinary world. It is Oriental, it is Japanese, it is anything you like; but if it is English also it marks an entirely new régime. Without question it is English, and American as well. Thousands of people share that preference, and were economic socialism to go by the board we should still have to reckon with the progress of socialistic human nature. It detaches itself each day a little more from property, locality, and the hope of reward; it ceases to be necessitarian, it becomes voluntary; it regulates



drudgery to mechanical devices; it releases the individual to a sense of his own coöperative and contributory place in the scheme of a more orderly future. Relatively speaking, the tendency of our kind is all away from luxury, sloth, complacency, confusion, ignorance, filth, heat, proprietorship, and all in the direction of light, austerity, agility, intelligence, coolness, athletic energy, understanding, cleanliness, order, "bare things, fine lines, and cold colors."

That is evident, and it is equally evident that the personal character and career of Wells are emblematic of this entire tendency. He has unravelled himself by science, talent, and vigor out of "lower middle class" Victorianism. Is it strange that he has adopted as a kind of sacred image that light, free and charming product of our decade, the aeroplane, sprung as it is out of the wreckage, out of the secret beginnings, the confused muscularities, the effort and smoke of the most chaotic of all centuries, like a blade of exquisitely tempered and chased steel which justifies everything that was most laborious and unsightly in the forge?

But considered as a sacred image the aeroplane has its limitations. So also, considered as an exponent of life, has Wells. Philosophy and religion, as he presents them, are simply what he chooses to think and feel, what he has been led by his own experience to think and feel. His main experience has been the experience of disentangling himself, and therefore life, reflected from within himself, is to him a thing also which disentangles itself and grows ever more free, simple, and lucid. In the mind of Wells this process has taken on an altogether mystical, transcendental significance, a religious aspect. Possible as that is to himself personally, how far can it be taken as an argument *ad hominem*? How does it qualify him as a teacher, a public voice, a thinker for the mass of men? How does the conception of life purely as a process relate itself to human experience?

Applied to history it seems to fail. Wells is devoid of historical imagination. In his portrait of Margaret in *The New Machiavelli* he has properly, though somewhat harshly, repudiated what ordinarily passes for culture. But had he himself possessed the reality of what seems to him simply "living at

second hand," he would never have been led to refer to Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Dürer as "pathetically reaching out, as it were, with empty desirous hands toward the unborn possibilities of the engineer." That is a very interesting and a very extraordinary statement, and it is quite true that each of these men would have rejoiced in the engineering possibilities of our time. But how much of the soul of Michael Angelo, for example, was involved in engineering? How far can his hands be said to have been "empty" for the want of scope in engineering? The power and the function of Michael Angelo can rightly be seen, not in relation to any sort of social or mechanical process, but in relation to things that are permanent in human nature, in relation to just those matters included in the admonition of Wells to "reject all such ideas as Right, Liberty, Happiness, Duty, and Beauty, and hold fast to the assertion of the fundamental nature of life as a tissue and succession of births." Again, consider a somewhat similar reference to Marcus Aurelius, of which the gist is that the author of the *Meditations* was, actually in consequence of his own character, the father of one of the worst rulers the world has known. The implication here is that the study of self-perfection in the father was complementary to, if not responsible for, the social impotence and blindness of the son. Instead of dedicating himself to the static ideal of personal character, the assumption seems to be that Marcus Aurelius ought to have lived exclusively in his function as ruler and father. He studied himself, not as a ruler but as a man, and the social process had its revenge on his line. To Wells, in a word, the static elements of character and the study of perfection are not to be distinguished from vicious self-consequence.

Consider also a recent passage in which he has given a general impression of literature. "It seems to me more and more as I live longer that most poetry and most literature and particularly the literature of the past is discordant with the vastness and variety, the reserves and resources and recuperations of life as we live it to-day. It is the expression of life under cruder and more rigid conditions than ours, lived by people who loved and hated more naïvely, aged sooner and died younger than we



do. Solitary persons and single events dominated them as they do not dominate us." To appreciate this meditation one has to remember the character and career which led to the writing of it. But so far as we others are concerned, how far can the assumption it rests upon be considered valid, the assumption of a process that sweeps men on and leads human nature as it were progressively to shed itself? Dr. Johnson, for example, was a man the conditions of whose life were crude and rigid in the extreme, a man singularly dominated by solitary persons and single events, but is his conversation discordant with the variety, the "reserves, resources, and recuperations of life as we live it to-day"? I can well understand this feeling. To pass directly from the thin, tentative, exhilarating, expansive air of our own time into the presence of that funny, stuffy, cocksure, pompous old man is to receive a preposterous shock. But having come to laugh one stops with a very different sensation. The depths of personality and wisdom that exist there take on a disconcerting significance in relation to contemporary pragmatism. The mass of men veer about; far-separated epochs have their elective affinities, and if anything about the future is plain it is that this, that and the other generation will find in Dr. Johnson a strangely premature contemporary.

Wells has himself admitted this principle. To Plutarch, Rabelais, Machiavelli he has paid his tribute. Hear what George Ponderevo has to say about Plutarch in his recollections of Bladesover House: "I found Langhorne's *Plutarch* too, I remember, on those shelves. It seems queer to me now to think that I acquired pride and self-respect, the idea of a state and the germ of public spirit, in such a furtive fashion; queer, too, that it should rest with an old Greek, dead these eighteen hundred years, to teach me that." Considering what part the notion of a state plays in his range of ideas, that is a remarkable confession. But why stop with statecraft? The human mind could not, in all epochs, have established permanent ideals of statecraft without permanent ideals of a more strictly personal kind.

The truth is that Wells, for all that he has passed outside the economics of socialism, is really bounded by the circle of ideas which produced them. The typical Marxian, the concen-

trated Marxian, will tell you that life is summed up in the theory of value, and that the only true thing is economic determinism. Measuring all thought by that criterion, he finds Dante and Shakespeare unintelligible and offensive gibberish, and will scent the trail of the capitalist in Grimm's Fairy Tales. That is the crude form in which exclusive socialism presents itself. To say that "the fundamental nature of life is a tissue and succession of births" is merely a refinement of this. It is true, just as the economic determinism of Marx on the whole is true. But the world is full of a number of things; or rather it is the business of a reasonable mind to see it in a number of ways at once. Because there is a Will to Live and a Will to Power, because things grow and continue to grow, that does not explain love, or pain, or friendship, or music, or poetry, or indeed life. Life is a tangle, a tangle which every socialist must feel to be disentangling itself; but it is also a riddle, and on that point socialism has nothing to say at all.

It is in presenting life wholly as a tangle and not at all as a riddle that the philosophy and religion of Wells appear so inadequate. Could Wells write a poem? one asks oneself, and the question is full of meaning. There is nothing to suggest that at any moment of his life he has felt this impulse, which has been the normal thing in English authors. "Modern poetry, with an exception or so," he remarks somewhere, and for all his writings reveal of him he might have said poetry as a whole, "does not signify at all." It is the same with regard to music, art, external nature. He is not wanting in the plastic sense: his writings are filled with picturesque groupings, figures cut in outline against a sunset, masses of machinery in the glare of the forge, things that suggest the etcher's eye. But they are curiously impersonal. Consider, for example, his description of Worms Cathedral: "It rises over this green and flowery peace, a towering, lithe, light brown, sunlit, easy thing, as unconsciously and irrelevantly splendid as a tall ship in the evening glow under a press of canvas." You cannot doubt that he felt a beauty in this, but the beauty he feels is essentially the beauty of a piece of engineering; he is as untouched by the strictly personal artistic and religious qualities of this building, not to men-



tion its connection with human history, as if he had seen it through a telescope from another planet. It is not the changeless riddle and partial solution of life for which this building stands that stir in Wells the sense of beauty and meaning: it is the mechanism, the process—his emotions gather about the physical result which appears to justify these. A perfect thing has detached itself from the confusion, has *arrived*.

There are people who never feel alive except when they are in rapid motion: motion to them is the determining quality of life. You cannot tell an aviator that the condition of his being an aviator in action precludes him from listening to a concerto at the same time. Motion exhilarates such people to the point of ecstasy, it gives them cosmic thrills, it is, as we say nowadays, their "religion"; and when they come to a stop and take notes on their experience they find themselves in the position of prophets and preachers of a new salvation. Pragmatism has no comment to make on a religion of this kind; it leaves pragmatism in a state of gagged and speechless acquiescence. *À chacun son infini*.

One can only judge by results. To me it seems that the significance of things, the meaning of any given present, evaporates in this conception of mankind as "permanently in transition." Reading those passages where Wells has expressed the meaning life has for him, I feel much as I should feel with regard to music if I heard a mass of Mozart played at the rate of sixty beats a second, or, with regard to painting, if a procession of Rembrandts were moved rapidly across my field of vision. The music as a whole is a tissue and succession of sounds, the pictures as a whole are a tissue and succession of colors. But that is not music, that is not art. Nor is a tissue and succession of births life.

[*To be continued*]

## CORRESPONDENCE

### *Eurasian*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In that very illuminating article, *The American Peril*, Mr. Michael Monahan, after speaking of the deterioration of journalism in New York, due largely to the immense immigration from Eastern Europe, says: "The taste is indeed rather Eurasian than American."

A Eurasian, as everyone knows who is at all familiar with the East, is the child of a European father or mother and a native of Asia.

Surely there has been no great influx of these people, so that it would be possible to know their peculiar taste in journalism! But perhaps Mr. Monahan was unfortunate enough to be taught by a "weak, hysterical, inferior and incompetent woman," who did not know what the word "Eurasian" meant?

A. P. TILESTON

CROYDON

### *The Average Fool*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Isn't the present European conflagration rather a satire upon THE FORUM, which has constantly deprecated war and announced that peace with honor should always be possible for civilized countries in this twentieth century? It seems a pity that so much energy should have been wasted in peace propaganda. Human nature is human nature; and you see what happens as soon as the test comes.

CYNIC

NEW YORK

[The European war is a ghastly satire upon the crudity of nine-tenths of the human race. When men learn to think, they will discover that it is possible for nations to be as reasonable and courteous as some individuals are now.—EDITOR.]

### *United Ireland*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—After Mr. Redmond's speech in the House of Commons, and the fraternizing of the Nationalist Volunteers and the Ulster Unionists, it may safely be assumed that there is no longer an Irish question in



any acute form. It may perhaps be too much to hope that a completely united Ireland will be the result of the recent stirring events; yet that should now be the ideal to which both Irish and English statesmen should be prepared to give effectiveness as soon as the proper time comes. There can be no permanent satisfaction in a dismembered country, for either section; and the spirit of mutual toleration and esteem, once engendered, has worked greater miracles than the reconciliation of Ulster to the prospect of taking her proper place and exerting her powerful interest in the government of United Ireland.

JOHN WILLIAM BARRETT

PHILADELPHIA

### *A Political Compendium*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to read in a recent number of *THE FORUM* a summary of the opinions of distinguished scholars relating to science and religion. I believe that many thousands of busy people like myself would appreciate a summary, even more elaborate than the religio-scientific discussion referred to, along political lines. It appears that there are more people now wanting facts and opinions, and the reasons for such opinions, along political lines than at any previous period in our country's history, and if you will supply that demand in a single copy with an extended bibliography indicating certain speeches in Congress and other contributions to the points at issue, you will have the satisfaction of making a valuable educational contribution to thousands who desire a complete and reliable compilation and discussion in compact form.

*The North American Review* will supply information to be used by special interests, but there are many who are interested in political research who would like the privilege of forming their own conclusions after the main issues have been placed before them, to be read on the trains or in the home where busy men have time to peruse such discussions.

I believe that a statement of the various firms and individual American and foreign investors in Mexico, the million and more class, would enable many readers to understand why certain people have favored or antagonized our Administration policy there. Many people would like to know whether the proprietor of *The Cincinnati Enquirer* and *The Washington Post* controls certain public utilities in Washington, D. C., as reported, which are affected by Administration policies. I hope that you can supply the complete political compendium suggested.

ALVIN M. WESTON

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

*Arma Virumque . . .*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I wish you would reprint the editorial *The Big Man—and the Little Man* from the July number of THE FORUM. It seems a pity to let Colonel Roosevelt drop quite out of sight.

K. M.

NEW YORK

*Dramatizing the Theatre*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Apparently the corrected proof of the article on *Dramatizing the Theatre* did not reach you in time to admit of my corrections being used. Of course the misprinted word “science” in line 6 should be scenic. Otherwise it makes the sentence to which it belongs not only misstate the subject dealt with by the writer in *The Nation*, but meaningless. I believe I also made one or two slight additions in order to set before your readers as clearly as possible the nature of the three conceptions of Drama which are altering the form of the drama by ridding the latter of literature and setting it free from the fettering discussions of scientific, political, theological, and all other intellectual ideas. The conceptions are those of Wagner, Gordon Craig, and Max Reinhardt. Each is aware of a fluid universe as the source and fount of Drama, each sees the dramatic essence proceeding therefrom, and each names the essence in his own way. Thus Wagner calls it sound, Gordon Craig motion, and Max Reinhardt the unconscious. Again each seeks an essential form which shall secure the continuity of the flow. Wagner seeks to frame it in an appropriate music-drama and a theatre in harmony with his intentions to form the feelings of the audience anew after the universal spirit of his music. But he wrecks his sound-form on crudities of interpretation and representation. Gordon Craig seeks to frame Drama in a motion-form. He sees clearly that the requisites for this high intent are wordless plays, interpretation and representation setting free the motion of such plays, and a theatre in which they may be freely cast and moulded. Max Reinhardt seeks to frame Drama in a subconscious-form. He has a notion of a portion of the frame, that is, the theatre, but is unable to create the main portion, the drama. In consequence he is kept busy altering and adapting ready-made material.

While I am writing I should be glad to be permitted to state the new conceptions and principles of the theatre embodied in my book on *The*



*Theatre of Max Reinhardt*, especially as the nature and significance, and indeed the very presence of these conceptions and principles, have been almost entirely overlooked by the reviewers in the English press.

The work of the reformers of the advanced school may be said to be based on the general assumption that great emotions are continuous and unending. For instance, love, in essence, is the same to-day as it always has been and ever will be. If such emotions are set free from intellectual checks they provoke corresponding emotions in any spectator. Hence three conceptions have arisen:

1. Drama. Is the unconscious element, that is, emotional reality, manifesting itself in motion.

2. The Drama. Is the essential form which secures the flow of Drama.

3. Representation and Interpretation. Are parts of the essential form. Therefore the drama itself.

4. The Theatre. Is a part of the essential form. Therefore the theatre is the drama itself.

Hence have arisen certain fundamental laws or principles governing the application of the said ideas:

1. The spirit of drama is not founded upon literary ideas, but upon emotions reaching far into the past and future.

2. A play is of no dramatic value unless it expresses, continues, secures and provokes the eternal dramatic spirit.

3. A play that contains the eternal dramatic spirit is of no particular period. Therefore the business of the producer is not to represent a play of this description in an old and ready-made form, but to extract its dramatic spirit and create the form most essential to the expression of that spirit. (This is the office of the creative producer till the creative dramatist arrives.)

4. But as the interpretation of the big predominant emotion of a play is beyond the power of one individual, it must be interpreted by a group of individuals who will collaborate in order to carry out one predominating emotion which they feel in common. This is ensemble production.

5. Acting has no relation to a play unless it transmits the dramatic spirit contained in the play.

6. The predominant emotion to be expressed must not be confined to any single leading player but must extend from him or her to every member of the group of players and from them to each member of the vastest crowd. This is ensemble interpretation.

7. Likewise the predominant emotion must not be confined to the acting but must extend to the costumes, scenery, accessories and music. This is ensemble representation.

8. Finally the predominant emotion must be carried from the stage

into the auditorium. All the objects and agents surrounding the spectator must be harmonized for the purpose.

From this it will be gathered that the laws or principles evolved are those of unity and intimacy.

HUNTLY CARTER

LONDON

### *Popular Adjectives*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—There has been a good deal of excitement in England recently over the use of the word “bloody” on the stage. “Bloody” is probably the most popular word in the country; it is heard in the highways and the byways; no one can escape it. Yet its repetition on the stage is unpardonable! Why?

I have noticed several attempts over here to explain the word as a corruption of “By Our Lady”—“By'r'lady”—and so, “Bloody.” Will the ingenious providers of elaborated derivations kindly explain the origin of the word “bleeding,” which is almost universal in London as a substitute for “bloody”?

WILLIAM UDDIE

NEW YORK

### *Drastic Punishment*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The New York *Globe*, which has been doing such excellent work in repairing the deficiencies of our so-called health authorities, reported recently that Judge Collins, presiding in special sessions with the associate judges McInerney and Kernochan, characterized the actions of restaurant and lunch-room keepers who sell food prepared from questionable supplies as mean and contemptible, and worthy of the most drastic punishment within the court's power to mete out. One such offender was the Clinton Lunch Company, 916 Ninth Avenue, New York, which pleaded guilty to the charge of having rotten meat in its possession and paid a fine of \$50.

A fine is not sufficient in such cases. The offenders should be compelled to exhibit prominently in the windows of their establishments a notice of the conviction, so that the public may know the record of the place, and express its disapproval by strict avoidance. Time deals too lightly with such abominable offenders. It is necessary to make the way of transgressors particularly hard, when the offence is so utterly mean and contemptible.

W. J. HENDERSON

NEW YORK



## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *Battle, Murder and Sudden Death*

**S**O war has come at last, and day by day the armies march and clash, and great ships go to their doom, and there are *Te Deums* for the victorious and *Misereres* for the vanquished.

And men pay the price. They pay it in physical pain that cannot be realized: in ghastliness unparalleled. Faces are sliced off: limbs are blown to dust: bodies are disembowelled: shrieking masses of agony litter the battlefields: the dead alone are untortured.

This is the glory of war.

God damn all war.

In the great cities, crowds wait for news. They are elated or depressed as the bulletins come in, and the lying rumors, and the incessant contradictory dispatches. Their hearts are with the armies and the fleets of their country: they dream of triumph, or duty, or revenge. And word comes that 30,000 men have been killed in a single battle.

This is the glory of war.

And women pay the price. They pay it in the long agonies of suspense and of dread: in fear confirmed, and the desolation of those who shall hear no more in life the voice of husband, or son or brother. They pay it in deprivation or actual starvation, now and in the years to come: in sacrifice, and heavy labor in the fields, and stunted lives, and the enduring memory of great sorrows.

God damn all war.

Throughout the world, commerce and trade are hampered or destroyed. The rich are made paupers, and the poor yet poorer. Factories close down: mills are stopped. The hordes of the unemployed tramp through the cities. Women become prostitutes: men become thieves.

This is the glory of war.

And children pay the price. They pay it in privation and neglect: in the loss of the necessities that mean life or health:

in a shadowed childhood, and undeveloped gifts, and lost opportunities: in minds dwarfed or weighed down by early labor, or early responsibility, or the long sombreness of clouded homes.

God damn all war.

There is no excuse for war, no need for war, no purpose for war. In the world to-day, all civilized nations can live together in amity, with a place in the sun for every one of them, and a helping hand from each to all in time of passing need. But the appeal to war remains because there are still in every nation ignorant, blatant, conceited fools who affirm the necessity and glory of war: because there are still in every nation men—well-meaning men—who preserve the old suspicions, and the old stupidities, and will not recognize that a new religion, bigger than Christianity as it has been interpreted by the churches, bigger than paganism as it has been interpreted by the mobs, is knocking at the doors of the world, and will find those doors opened wide by the men and the women who have been waiting.

We will have no armies in the future, but police only: no armaments, no militarism: no bullying of nation by nation: no legacies of hatred from defeat, or of contempt from victory. We will have no diplomacy of the old type, which vaunts itself upon outwitting its competitors. We will have statesmanship of the new type: the statesmanship of service, not of selfishness. No man shall take pride in a triumph over his brother, no nation shall be mean enough to traduce or trick another.

A dream? God's mercy, no! Is not the first natural thought of each nation to send sympathy and practical help to another in any time of sudden catastrophe, such as earthquake, or mine disaster, or calamitous flood? In war, men gloat over the tribulations of their enemies, who yesterday were their friends. It is the change from sanity to drunkenness. Shall the nations again be drunk with the war frenzy? Will any man stand out, and praise the slaughter-house, and the offal, and the reek of blood?

There has too long been carelessness, and shallow thinking, and hypocrisy, or the world would have at least one man who would come forward now, and be heard through the roar of all the cannon: a man whose word would be obeyed by all the war-lords and dictators and cabinets: a man mightier than mobs, or



militarism, or autocracy, because the whole force of the organized public opinion of the world would give authority to his proclamation: *Let there be peace.*

### *War—and Peace*

IN the first week of the war, Great Britain and Germany each voted war credits of more than \$1,000,000,000. These enormous amounts were merely for the preliminary expenses: the full bill has yet to be presented and paid.

It has never yet occurred to any nation to appropriate \$1,000,000,000 for the purposes of *peace*.

The United States may well lead the way. The President has already saved us \$1,000,000,000 by his handling of the Mexican difficulty. Cannot we be as patriotic in peace as other nations in the time of war? It would be a memorable act—and it is entirely a possible act—for Congress to appropriate that vast sum now, to be devoted, gladly and ungrudgingly, to such measures of enduring value to our national life as the President and an advisory committee shall determine.

We owe much to President Wilson. It would be a fitting recognition of the high regard in which the nation holds him, if he should be empowered to spend, in the name of the Prince of Peace, the thousand millions that he withheld, undaunted by invective, from the God of Battles.

No man would have had a more wonderful tribute paid to him. No man better deserves it.

And no nation would have done a more wonderful thing for itself and all humanity, than the nation which first held that the price of peace was worth at least the initial cost of a ruinous war.

### *Providence*

IN the usual interesting way, all the nations of Europe have been calling upon Providence to rally to their support and take sides in their respective quarrels. If Providence has any special preference for the slaughter of Germans and Austrians by Frenchmen and Russians, rather than for the slaughter of

Frenchmen and Russians by Germans and Austrians, that preference will no doubt be suitably expressed and the result measured in terms of annihilated army corps and shattered navies. But a Providential neutrality would seem more in keeping with the eternal fitness of things.

### *Fixing the Responsibility*

IT is an idle task for the average man to endeavor to fix responsibility for the European cataclysm, for in almost every case the analysis of conditions, however carefully made, leads to a decision favorable to the individual's own nation, or to the nation with which he has the strongest personal ties. Sincerity is far from rare, but true impartiality needs diligent seeking.

Denunciation and laudation are of little value now, and may well be left for quieter times. The impelling force of nationality, the different perspectives of all national histories, must define the issue for the vast majority.

But some of the responsibility *may* be fixed, perhaps to our profit, now. Let the churches of the world, that have achieved so little with their vast resources and opportunities, take their share of the blame. Let the schools and colleges of the world, with the petty provincialism of their methods, take their share also. Let the press of the world, that with a few notable exceptions has turned freedom into license, take its own share—a generous share, well worked for and well deserved. And let all the little sectarian and class agencies that preach and practise the lessons of separation instead of unity, take the share that belongs to them for maintaining in the world the spirit of ill-will instead of the spirit of brotherhood, that so many still ridicule, because they cannot hear with their ears, or see with their eyes, or comprehend with their hearts.

### *The Mob*

THE mob in St. Petersburg attacked the German Embassy. The mob in Berlin attacked the Russian and British Embassies.



The mobs in Paris and London made demonstrations against the German Embassies.

The mob everywhere and at all times may be relied upon to make itself ridiculous. Unfortunately, there are still large numbers of people who confuse mobocracy with democracy. That is one of the reasons why democracy has been such a conspicuous failure, so far, in the modern world. But the journalists of the mob, and the graft-hunting politicians of the mob, are entirely content. They imagine, amongst other things, that a republic consists in the mere name, and that it may carry its Murphys and similar parasites and still, by the grace of God, throw a shining light to illumine the darkness of all other governments.

### *The Big Man—and the Little Man*

PRESIDENT WILSON at Annapolis, 1914:

"The idea of America is to serve humanity, and every time you let the Stars and Stripes free to the wind you ought to realize that that is in itself a message, that you are on an errand which other navies have sometimes forgotten, not an errand of conquest, but an errand of service."

Colonel Roosevelt at Camden, 1912:

"It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it wasn't my fault if there wasn't enough to go round."

Colonel Roosevelt in New York, Memorial Day, 1911:

"It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it was not our fault there wasn't enough to go round."

[Reprinted by request. Even Colonel Roosevelt may consider the present European war big enough to satisfy the blatancy of the slaughter-house enthusiasts.]

# THE FORUM

FOR OCTOBER 1914

## THE WAR

CHARLES VALE

**I**N each of the nations now engaged in the European conflict, a large number of people of all classes—the vast majority of people of all classes—did not want war, and would have done all in their power to avert it: for they knew, more or less completely, the price of war; and they knew also, more or less completely, in spite of the inadequacy of all the churches through all the centuries, that war cannot possibly be reconciled with Christianity, with civilization, with humanity, decency, and the most rudimentary common sense. But when hostilities had actually been commenced, each of the nations was practically a unit with regard to the prosecution of the war to its final and terrible conclusion. With the exception of a few professional agitators or eccentric fanatics, who have gleaned scant sympathy for their antics, every citizen or subject of each country has placed implicit faith in the justice of the nation's cause and has been prepared to give, ungrudgingly, the last full measure of devotion. Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and all the great and small overseas commonwealths, colonies and dominions of Great Britain have come forward in the time of stress to offer new strength to the United Kingdom and new pledges of a United Empire. In the Fatherland, every man and woman has accepted the issue as inevitable, has held the cause of Kaiser and country as sacred and supreme, and has shrunk from no sacrifice to ensure the fulfilment of the long-cherished dream of victory, security and expansion. In France, where the ghosts of the dead that von Moltke required have not yet ceased to walk o' nights, (they will



have new companionship now), there is no doubt in the mind of man, woman or child that *la Patrie* is waging a holy war for liberty and honor against the ruthless aggression of an arrogant and pitiless foe. In Russia, Austria, Servia, and whatever countries may have been dragged into the vortex week by week, there is a similar spirit, a similar belief in the justice of the national cause and the calculated injustice of the enemy's plans. And in Belgium, always the victim of her unneighborly neighbors' feuds, a people dedicated to peace has been flung into the hell of butchery and flames. Verily, Macbeth hath murder'd sleep!

In these United States, there has been little attempt to transcend race-limitations, so far as concerns the aliens within our borders, and those hyphenated-Americans who have rushed with virulence into a wordy warfare, intent, not on establishing the truth, but on giving publicity, *ad nauseam*, to their own special, and specially obnoxious, prejudices. The American nation, and every individual in it, has a clear right to hold and express a definite opinion: but it must be an opinion formed in conformity with the American character and the American freedom from entanglements of inherited and unreasoned bias. No other opinion is worth, here and now, a moment's consideration; and no other opinion should dare to voice itself in this country, which has ties with almost all the peoples of the world—ties of blood and friendship, but not of bloodshed and hysteria.

America alone, of the great Powers of the world, is in a position to exercise free and calm reflection and to form a free and just judgment. The value of her decision has already been made manifest, through the efforts of every country involved in the war to influence American sentiment and gain American good will. A peculiar responsibility therefore rests upon us to avoid the banalities of the various special pleaders, and to form our judgment soberly and in good faith, nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice. And one of the first thoughts that should occur to us, one of the most significant and pregnant thoughts, is that which I have expressed in my first paragraph. Europe is a house divided against itself: but each nation in Europe has proclaimed the sanctity of its cause; each nation conceives that it has, or is entitled to have, the special protection

of Providence; each nation is sending its men to death and claiming patient sacrifice from its women.

What does this mean? Is there such little sense of logic in the world that it is impossible to distinguish right from wrong, so that nation may rise against nation, each convinced of its own probity, and each unable to attribute anything but evil motives to its adversaries? Can self-delusion be carried so far that black and white exchange values according to the chances of birth and environment? Have Christianity and civilization achieved this remarkable result, that the peoples of the world are like quarrelsome children in a disorderly nursery?

It is very clear that the world's sense of logic must rank with the world's sense of humor, when presumably learned professors, unchecked and unridiculed, take nationalism and egoism as the premises of their argument and from them deduce, with great skill, obvious nonsense. The lesson of incompetence and shallowness is driven home when baseless rumors from one half of Europe are countered with fantastic inventions fabricated by our alien patriots for the purpose of influencing public opinion. It is the old appeal of ignorance and stupidity to ignorance and stupidity, and the American public will not greatly appreciate the poor compliment that has been paid to it.

As an aid to impartiality and quiet thinking, let us first retrace the immediate and superficial causes of the war. Austria, dismayed and incensed by the murder of the heir to the throne at Serajevo on June 28, and considering the murder as the culmination of long-continued Servian scheming and enmity, delivered to Servia an ultimatum so framed that no nation, however small in territory or in courage, could possibly have accepted it without reservations. The Servian reply went to the extreme limits of concession, and an understanding should easily have been reached on that basis. Austria, however, was apparently resolved upon Servia's abject submission, or upon war. She refused to accept the reply as in any way satisfactory, and opened hostilities.

It is clear, then, that Austria was primarily responsible for the actual commencement of the conflagration. Undoubtedly she had provocation, of the kind that stirs tremendously the senti-



ment of the nation involved, but is less easily understood in its full intensity by those at a distance. But the point that should be particularly noticed is that a country which was temporarily excited beyond all self-control should have been able to take the initiative and plunge Europe into war. And it should be remembered that Austria's resentment toward Serbia was scarcely greater than the resentment of the Serbs toward the nation that had violated the Treaty of Berlin and permanently appropriated Bosnia-Herzegovina. Yet, in rebuttal, Austria might well assert that she had a vested interest in the provinces to which, in a score or so of years, she had given prosperity unsurpassed in south-eastern Europe, in place of the anarchy and ruin entailed by four centuries of misrule, and civil and religious faction-conflicts.

The first step taken, the next was assured. Austria knew perfectly well that Russia, the protagonist in that drama of Pan-Slavism of which several scenes have already been presented, would take immediate steps in accordance with her rôle, and repeat her lines so sonorously that they would echo throughout the continent. But the Dual Monarchy, wounded and embittered, did not care: she could see before her, at the worst, no harsher fate than she would have to face, without external war, in a few years, or perhaps months. Only war, it seemed, could save the dynasty from destruction and the aggregation of races from dissolution. Relying upon the immediate help of Germany, and the ultimate assistance of Italy (her traditional foe, but technical ally), she refused to draw back or to temporise.

In discussing the attitude of Germany, and the action of the Kaiser, it is necessary to make full allowance for the strength and sincerity of the German foreboding, for many a year, that the clash between Slav and Teuton was bound to come sooner or later. The Russian forces were being massed ostensibly to prevent Austria from coercing Serbia. As Austria had provoked the outbreak of hostilities, should she have been left to take the consequences? Would Russia, after eliminating Franz Josef's heterogeneous empire, have resisted the temptation to claim France's help in the congenial task of humbling Germany? The situation was not without its subtleties, after Austria had made the first decisive move. But under what circumstances did

Austria make that move? Was she encouraged by the assurance of German coöperation?

The point to be particularly noted is that Germany, as the ally of Austria, was entitled to full warning of any step that would make war inevitable. Did Austria give that warning? If not, why not? Is the Kaiser a weakling, to be ordered hither and thither at the whim of Franz Josef? The assumption will find few supporters. Yet it is quite clear that the Kaiser either knew and approved of the substance and purpose of Austria's ultimatum, or—*mirabile dictu*—was willing to forgive the incredible slight of being totally ignored, and commit his country and his army to the support of an act of aggression with regard to which he had not even been consulted.

Carefully leaving the horns of this dilemma for the self-impalement of any too-ardent enthusiast who may wish to run without reading, we pass on to France, compelled, by the terms of her understanding with Russia, to take her place in the firing line. Without entering into the ultra-refinements of politics and discussing the question whether France, or any other country, would have paid for present neutrality and the violation of solemn engagements by subsequently being devoured in detail, or reduced to vassalage, by a victory-swollen Germany, we may point out that an alliance entered into primarily to safeguard the peace of Europe and the balance of power has been the means of dragging France into a war with which she had no direct concern. Such is the irony of protective diplomacy!

Great Britain has rested her case on the publication, without comment, of the whole of the diplomatic exchanges that preceded her own intervention after the violation of the neutrality of Belgium. Her claim that she exerted her influence until the final moment in the interests of peace is sustained beyond cavil: but the point to be remembered particularly is whether a more decisive and uncompromising attitude at an earlier stage would not have been preferable. Germany would then have had no doubt as to Great Britain's final alignment, and with a kindly word from Italy that neutrality was the best that could be expected from her, a reconsideration of the whole position might



have been forced before the final, fatal moments had passed, and were irrevocable.

It is unnecessary to prolong this cursory review of immediate causes and conditions, nor does it greatly matter how the positions of the different countries have been stated. The mood of a moment may add or subtract a little coloring, without changing the fundamental facts. But is it possible for any man, however impartial he may desire to be, to state those facts now, accurately, clearly, and in such relation and sequence that only one inevitable conclusion can be drawn?

It may be possible, though it would be difficult: but it would not be worth while. For the war has not been due to, and does not depend upon, recent events; and however those events may be viewed or summarized, the only fact of importance is the one already emphasized: that every nation which has been drawn into the conflict counts its cause just and its conscience clear.

In the face of such unanimity of national feeling, it is absurd to discuss superficial conditions only, or to assume that they are of any real importance. For, apart from neutral America, and the few hundreds of really educated and intelligent men and women in each country who constitute the brains and conserve the manners of their nation, it is impossible to find any just basis for criticism and judgment. The average national is concerned with presenting an *ex parte* statement (in which, perhaps, he believes implicitly) rather than with discovering the actual truth, whosoever may be vindicated or discredited. The average national may therefore be disregarded, and the supreme appeal be made, not to the common folly of the nations, but to the common sense of those who have risen beyond national limitations and national littlenesses.

In the first place, that much-quoted and entirely despicable confession of faith, "My country, right or wrong, first, last and all the time," may well be relegated,—first, last and for whatever time may remain before a kindly Providence blots out this incredible little world of seething passions and ceaseless pain and cruelty,—to the limbo of antique curiosities. Nothing can be sillier, and more contemptible, than such pseudo-patriotism, based on utter selfishness, utter ignorance, and abysmal stupidity.

The country which commits a crime, or makes a grave mistake, is in the position of an individual who commits a crime or makes a grave mistake; and no fanfare of trumpets or hypnotism of marching automata, helmeted and plumed, should confuse the issue and vitiate judgment. Mere nationalism, unregulated by intelligence, is simply one of the most irritating and blatant forms of egoism. Nationality itself depends upon so many complex conditions that the ordinary semi-intelligent man can scarcely unravel the niceties of history and discover to whom his heartfelt allegiance is really due. He therefore accepts the untutored sentiment of his immediate environment. He is essentially provincial, not patriotic. Alsace and Lorraine, with their various vicissitudes, may profitably be studied by the curious, in this connection.

Until provincialism, of the type which has been so prominent in recent controversies, can be eliminated or controlled, the settlement of the more tragic issues of the time must be undertaken boldly by those who have indubitably grown up, forsaking leading strings and the nursery, the toys of childhood and the irresponsibility of childhood. All the Governments of Europe, in which a few brilliant men are undoubtedly enrolled, have failed now, as they have failed repeatedly before, to perform their elementary duties and save their countries from the horrors of unnecessary war. Generation after generation, the peoples of Europe have been carefully led by their Governments into successive orgies of slaughter, in which the allies of one campaign have been the enemies of the next. The whole course of European history during the last hundred years (we need not go further back: we are not responsible for the dead centuries) has been indeed a subject for Olympian laughter. What has been achieved by the unending succession of wars, with all their attendant miseries and deadly consequences? Merely the necessity for increased armaments, constant watchfulness, perpetual strain—and more war. Could there be a clearer proof of the futility of war?

The Governments of Europe have failed because each, in greater or less degree, has embodied the provincialism of its own section of the armed and suspicious world. There have been a few notable exceptions to the general rule of conventional medi-



ocrity: but where have we found the statesman who could break away altogether from the old stupid methods, and by the sheer force of character and principle inaugurate a new era of civilized diplomacy, as Bismarck inaugurated a new era of veneered barbarism? In America, we are beginning to see the value and the fruits of government based on fairness to all nations and justice to all individuals: but neither here, nor in Europe, has the significance of the new statesmanship yet been fully recognized. Europe, indeed, still regards us with more than a little suspicion, contempt, and imperfectly concealed condescension: it has heard and seen Roosevelt, unfortunately, and the lingering impressions of crudity have not been weakened. Will it listen to us now, and realize that the New World has in verity something to offer to the Old in its time of special tribulation? For Wilson, not Roosevelt, stands for the spirit of America, the voice of America, and her chosen contribution to the civilization of the Twentieth Century.

It seems strange, perhaps, to talk of civilization in these dark days, when primitive passions and primitive methods have flung an ineradicable stain of blood across a whole continent. Yet only the coward will bend to temporary defeat, or ridicule, or pessimism. It is the task of the strong to turn disaster into triumph, and to frame a new international polity built on sure foundations. The diplomacy based on national antipathies must be made impossible by the new understanding of the criminal folly of provincialism, the new comprehension of nation by nation. For the true causes of the present war cannot be discovered in mere incidents of July and August. They go further back, and are rooted in ignorance, misconception, prejudice, selfishness.

I do not wish to accuse or exonerate any of the countries that have turned Europe into a stage for the rehearsal of Christianity's masterpiece, the rollicking farce *Hell on Earth*. There have been enough already to inflame racial resentments and flood the press with taunts and recriminations. Ours is a bigger and worthier task: to assuage, not to incense; to re-create order from chaos; to prepare the way for peace, and for what must follow peace.

Recrimination is so useless now. We have to face the future: we cannot undo the past. We have learnt our lesson, surely, once for all: shall the spectre of militarism again loom devilishly through such a nightmare as Europe has endured for the last decade? Animosities and jealousies may die out: France has forgotten Fashoda, England has forgiven Russia for the blunder of the Dogger Bank. But the expectation of war, the preparation for war, the whole habit and incidence of militarism, must lead sooner or later to the clash. If the guns were not ready, if the nations had to be drilled and armed before they could be hurled at each others' throats, there would be time for reflection, for the subsidence of passions, for the revival of dignity and decency. Militarism damns both the menacer and the menaced. All the nations have suffered from that curse, Germany, perhaps, the worst of all. The world has not yet forgotten Bismarck's gospel of blood and iron, so relentlessly preached and practised. The inevitable results of the blood-and-iron doctrine, modernized as the dogma of the "mailed fist," can be seen to-day in the cataclysm that has swept Europe. The pity of it, and the shame of it, that all the skill of all the statesmen of the great Powers could produce no better result than a continent divided into two armed camps, waiting for the slaughter that was bound to come!

As for Russia, and the assumed Slavonic menace, one must tread somewhat diffidently where George Bernard Shaw has rushed in with characteristic Shavian impetuosity. The world owes to Mr. Shaw the discovery of a new nationality—himself; and it is impossible for any citizen of the world to ignore the obligation. But even if Russia achieves her never-forgotten dream of Constantinople and a purified St. Sophia, Europe and civilization will not necessarily stand aghast, trembling at each rumor of Cossack brutalities. Tennyson, who foresaw the aërial navies "grappling in the central blue," indeed proclaimed, in one of the most execrable of his sonnets, that—

" . . . The heart of Poland hath not ceased  
To quiver, though her sacred blood doth drown  
The fields, and out of every smouldering town  
Cries to Thee, lest brute power be increased



Till that o'ergrown barbarian in the East  
Transgress his ample bounds to some new crown:  
Cries to Thee, 'Lord, how long shall these things be,  
How long this icy-hearted Muscovite  
Oppress the region?' . . ."

(I quote from memory, deprecating caustic correction). But, in spite of anti-Semitic atrocities (are the hands of other nations so clean now? They were foul once), and in spite of the blunders of a rigid bureaucracy, the Russian nation is not necessarily a menace to civilization: it has within it the elements of a wonderful idealism, and whether autocracy may remain, or may not remain, as the outward and visible form of government, the spirit of democracy is leavening the people, and "Holy Russia" has in truth already been sanctified by the blood of her innumerable martyrs—sometimes, perhaps, misguided and mistaken; but offering to the world an example of idealism and self-sacrifice that should surely dispel the nightmare of Russian brutishness.

I may record here, quite irrelevantly, my own fervent wish (irrevocably established at the immature age of twelve years) that Poland, with few of her limbs amputated, should be replaced upon the map as an independent, and again powerful, nation. It was one of my earliest dreams that I should be awakened at the dawn of a wintry day, and urged by a delegation of Polish magnates to accept the one throne of Europe that had been, and still should be, open to conspicuous (and electoral) merit. That wish has not yet been gratified, and candor compels me to attribute it to the delightful influence of the elder Dumas, from whom I derived also my most enduring impressions of St. Bartholomew, Catherine de Medici, Mazarin, Louis XIII, Richelieu, Buckingham, Louis XIV, Louise de la Vallière, d'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis, Porthos, and other immortals. India, I confess, held me equally spellbound: for many months I hesitated between the succession to Aurungzebe (why should I now spell the name differently?) and the crown of Stanislaus. That hesitation has been fatal: I am still throneless.

Others may be throneless (the Mills of God grind steadily) before final peace comes to the different warring nations. They have sowed in their various ways, and will reap the ripened

harvests. But how long shall the childish quarrel of country with country be permitted and encouraged by those who should have learnt a little wisdom, in this twentieth century of perpetual miracles? Let us have done, once for all, with petty jealousies and absurd misunderstandings. Let us blot out, without regret and without the least compassion, the evil records and results of insincerity and manufactured hatred. Let us extinguish, finally and irresuscitably, those fires of malice and flagrant nonsense that have been fed assiduously by the fools and knaves of the world.

Nowhere will you find a decent man, emancipated from the leading-strings of prejudice and unafraid of the bludgeonings of militarist authority, who does not condemn the present war, and all wars, as useless, damnable, anachronistic and inexcusable. We have learnt so much, in these later years; we have adventured in strange ways, and silently borne strange reproaches. We have come very near to God, and talked with Him by wireless, remedying the inconsistencies of the prophets and filling in the gaps left blank by the poets. And shall we still be bound by the gibes and gyves of the mediævalists? The Middle Ages served their purpose: but why extend them to the confusion of modern chronology? We have seen God, as no generation before has seen Him. Let us then live, and not die, until the grave be digged, and the night overshadow us at last.



## SEEN THROUGH MOHAMMEDAN SPECTACLES

ACHMED ABDULLAH

**A**LTHOUGH my father was a Muslim of the old Central-Asian school, a Hegirist, of mixed Arab and Moghul blood, he had sent me to England and the Continent for my school and university education. But boys are much more broad-minded than grown-up men, and so my schoolmates and I never worried about the fact that we had different customs, religion, civilization, and atavistic tendencies.

It was only after my return to the borderland of Afghanistan and India, and after I had assumed once more native garb and speech, that I began to feel myself an alien among those Europeans and Anglo-Indians with whom I was brought into contact.

For the first time in my life I felt the ghastly meaning of the words "Racial Prejudice," that cowardly, wretched caste-mark of the European and the American the world over, that terrible blight which modern Christianity has forced on the world. And it chilled me to the bone and I wondered. . . .

In Europe I had known many Asiatics who visited the universities there. And we were the equals of the Europeans, the Christians, in intellect and culture, and decidedly their superiors, being Muslim, in cleanliness and courage. We were not only familiar with the European classics which were the basis of their culture, but we were also thoroughly versed in the literature and history of India and Central Asia, things of which they knew less than an average Egyptian donkey-boy. We were polyglots: we had mastered half a dozen European languages, while even a smattering of Arabic or Turki or Chinese was a rare exception amongst them. We all of us knew at least three Asian languages to perfection. And finally we had a practical knowledge of English, French and German political ideals and systems, while to them the name of even such great Asian reformers as Asoka and Akbar and Aurangzeb were absolutely unknown.

In physical strength, virility, power of endurance and re-

cuperation we were immeasurably their superiors. And we were not picked men, but plain, average Asian gentlemen.

And yet, when I returned to my own land, there was that superior smile, that nasty, patronizing attitude, that insufferable "Holier than Thou" atmosphere about all of them whom I happened to meet.

They made me feel that I was of the East and they of the West; and they tried to make me feel—with no success—that they were the salt of the earth, while the men of my faith and race were but the lowly dung.

Not even the bridge of personal friendship seemed able to span this gulf, this abyss which I could feel more than I could define it; and so I folded my tent and travelled; I studied India from South to North, I visited Siberia, Egypt, Malta, Algeria, Turkey, Tunis, and the Haussa country, wandering in all the lands where East and West rub elbows, and I investigated calmly, I compared without too much bias.

Finally I bent my steps Northward, to see with my own eyes and according to the limits of my own understanding the working of Christian civilization, and to study the dominant Western Faith in the lands where it rules supreme.

I was looking for a bridge with which to span the chasm, and I failed miserably. Christian hypocrisy, Christian intolerance, savage Christian ignorance frustrated me right and left.

But I learned one thing, perhaps two.

They spoke to me of Europe which they knew, and they spoke of India which they did not know. They were what the world calls educated, well-read people: and indeed they had read many books by eminent Christian travellers, savants, and historians about the great Peninsula. But the mirror of their souls reflected only distorted pictures. They had no conception of the vastness of my land, they had never heard of the great Asian conquerors and statesmen, they were entirely ignorant of our wonderful literature.

But still they spoke of India . . . fluently, patronizingly.

They spoke of plague and cholera and famine and wretched sanitation and cruelties unspeakable. But they did not understand me when I told them that the teeming millions of Hindu



peasantry somehow manage to enjoy their careless lives to the full, and are really much more satisfied than the European peasants or the small American farmers.

I did not argue: I simply stated facts. But I discovered that it is a titanic, heart-breaking task to prove the absurdity of anything which the Christians have made up their minds to accept as true. I found arrayed against me an iron phalanx of pre-conceived opinions and misconstrued lessons of history. I began to understand that even amongst educated people there can exist opinion without thought, and that my two arch-foes were the Pharisee intolerance which is the caste-mark and the blighting curse of the Christian the world over, and the other Aryan vice: an unconscious generalization of those ideas which have been adopted for the sake of convenience and self-flattery, and in strict and delightfully naïve disregard of truth. The whole I found to be spiced with religious hypocrisy; and is there a lower form of hypocrisy than that which makes a man pretend for his own material or spiritual purposes that a thing is good which in his inmost heart he knows to be bad? The sincerity of such people is on a par with that of him who, being debarred by a doctor from constant drinking, proclaims that he is a reformed character and prates to his friends about the delights of temperance.

I learned that to fathom the murky depths of stupidity and intolerance of the Christians of to-day, we should have a latter-day Moses Maimonides amongst us, to write another *Moreh Nebukim*, another *Guide for the Perplexed*.

And then I made up my mind to attack that structure of ignorance and misunderstanding, that jumble of generalization and hyperdeduction, that idiotic racial self-confidence and national self-consciousness which breeds Pharisee intolerance, which destroys individual inquiry and unprejudiced opinion, and which sounds the death-knell of procreativity.

The Hindu peasants say that it is a mistake to judge the quality of a whole field of rice by testing one grain only. But the Europeans, the Americans, who judge us have never even tested a solitary grain and only know about its quality from hearsay.

Not that they are afraid to voice what they miscall their opinions. Only instead of having the courage of their own convictions, they have the courage of somebody else's convictions, not knowing that the most obtuse ignorance is superior to dangerous, second-hand knowledge.

They are eternally quoting the words of some writer whom they think infallible. And there was chiefly one clever little jingle which was on the lips of everybody with whom I tried to discuss the relations between Orient and Occident. They used it as the final proof to settle the argument and to preclude all further appeal to the tribunal of common sense and common verity, and it ran as follows:

"East is East, and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet."

I admire Kipling, chiefly because he is one of the few Europeans who have studied the East with both intelligence and sympathy. From my Oriental point of view I class his books with those of Max Müller, Sir Alfred Lyall, Captain Sir Richard Burton, Pierre Loti, John Campbell Oman, Victoria de Bunsen, Colonel Malleison, W. D. Whitney, William Crooke, and two or three other Pandits.

But I became sick to death of that smooth little jingle about the East and the West. I found it everywhere, until it haunted me in my dreams.

I would buy the gaudy Sunday edition of an American newspaper and I would read the gruesome story of how a high-caste Mandchoo had beaten and tortured his beautiful French wife . . . and, by the Prophet, the picturesque account would wind up with an appeal to the intelligent American reader not to wonder at the blue-beard Mandarin's cruelty, because the poet states that East is East and West is West.

In the morning I would see in the *Petit Journal* how the unspeakable Turk had invaded a peaceful Armenian settlement, had shot the males, outraged the females, and roasted the babes over an open fire, and how I should also suppress my natural indignation at such atrocities, because the East is naturally the East.



And at night, before smoking the farewell cigarette of the dying day, I would discover in *The Graphic* harrowing accounts of child-marriages in Hindustan, and would be instructed that the reason for such a barbarous custom was contained in the poet's statement that "never the twain shall meet."

Do you wonder that every night, in my dreams, I strangled Mr. Kipling slowly and deliciously with a thin silken cord? But of course you do not wonder; for I am an Afghan . . . and . . . well . . .

"East is East and West is West."

## II

Assumed racial superiority is a foregone conclusion in the minds of the so-called Aryans of Europe and of America.

I was in Paris when the world rang with the war-glories of Nippon, and afterwards, when for a while it seemed as if the bloodless Young Turk revolution would meet with success.

There we had at last two specific instances of Oriental nations working out their own salvation against tremendous odds: Japan threatened by the Russian Goliath, and Turkey a prey to the wrangling and the selfish machinations of all Europe, of all lying Christendom.

But the effect on the conceit of the Aryans was less than nothing. The people of Europe and of America are blind to the Writing on the Wall. They have sealed their ears against the murmuring voices of Awakening Asia.

Are they afraid to listen?

Now and then, when not engaged in discussing the latest tango or divorce case, they do read and talk about the awakening of China, the commercial conquests and aggressive policy of Japan, and the smouldering fires of United Islam, but without experiencing the least abating influence on their artificially nurtured racial and religious conceit. Peacefully and stupidly the Christians, the "white races," continue to misread the lessons of history and the signs of the times.

They are afraid to see the brutal, naked truth.

Once I watched an ostrich bury his head in the sand . . .

They have established the amusing dogma that the so-called White and Christian countries are the superior countries, just because they are White and Christian.

I have established a slightly different dogma, and, being a charitable and entirely guileless Oriental, I will make a present of it to my Aryan friends:

You Westerns feel so sure of your superiority over us Easterns that you refuse even to attempt a fair or correct interpretation of past and present historical events. You deliberately stuff the minds of your growing generations with a series of ostensible events and shallow generalities, because you wish to convince them for the rest of their lives how immeasurably superior you are to us, how there towers a range of differences between the two civilizations, how East is only East, and the West such a glorious, wonderful, unique West.

In *Tancred*, that brilliant Oriental, the Earl of Beaconsfield, in devoting a few lines to a great Bishop of the Church of England, really pictures the typical Christian such as he stinks in our nostrils from Morocco to Kharbin. For the noble Jewish Peer characterizes the Right Reverend Gentleman as a man who combined great talents for action with very limited powers of thought, who was bustling, energetic, versatile, gifted with an indomitable perseverance and stimulated by an ambition that knew no repose, with a capacity for mastering details and an inordinate passion for affairs, who could permit nothing to be done without his interference, and who consequently was perpetually involved in transactions which were either failures or blunders.

In material progress you have led the world for the last two or three centuries. By the True Prophet . . . all of three hundred years!

And like all parvenus, you are so astonished at your success, so pleased with yourselves, that you imagine your present hegemony in the race for material progress to be a guarantee for the future. But there is not even the shadow of an excuse for such an assumption, unless it be the fact that the Christian mind is diseased with racial and religious megalomania. There is not a single historical parallel which justifies your pleasant



superstition that your present leadership, which after all is of very recent birth, will show greater stability than any of those many alien, ancient civilizations which long ago came from the womb of eternity, to go back whence they sprang.

Nations as well as men are judged by two factors: by their virtues, and by their vices.

As to virtues, what have you Christians done for the general uplift of the world which could not be matched by a random look into the pages of Oriental history? And as to vices, is there any degeneracy rampant amongst us which is not equalled by the degeneracy of the Western lands?

History has an unpleasant knack of repeating itself; and the helot of to-day has the disagreeable habit of being the master of to-morrow, regardless of race and color and creed. I would like to return to earth about three hundred years from to-day, just to observe how my descendants, who will have intermarried with Chinese and Japanese, will succeed in ruling their colonies in Europe and in America. And I do hope that the Chinese blood of my descendants will not be too preponderant: otherwise, taking a leaf out of European and American colonization, and thus forcing their own food-laws on the subject races, they might force their White and Christian subjects to eat roast puppy-dog.

Human nature is the same the world over, and there never was an originally superior race or people. Some nations have founded powerful civilizations which lasted for a shorter or a longer period, but it was never the racial force which caused it, but rather the irresistible swing of circumstances.

It was Kismet.

### III

"But we are Aryans, don't you understand? . . . Aryans, the salt of the earth . . ."

"Aryans" . . . I know the word, I find myself on familiar ground.

My teachers at the universities of Oxford, Paris, and Berlin had taught me that the Aryans were a Central-Asian race, a

"white" race, who conquered Europe and India, and who were of such superior intellectual and physical fibre that they made themselves masters wherever they went. And when I inquired about those Aryans who invaded India, I was told that right there they showed their wonderful metal: for brought face to face with teeming millions of dark aborigines, they established a caste-system of which the higher strata represent to this day the descendants of the white-skinned and therefore high-minded invaders, while the sweeper, the menial, the village laborer is the scion of the dark-skinned, conquered Dravidians.

To an Oriental this is of course a ridiculous and lying assumption. For even the purest of Aryan tribes in Hindustan, for instance the Rajpoots, have intermarried extensively with at least two other races. This superstition is not a new invention. It is as old as the beginning of things, and that much-praised work, the Veda, is only a chronicle of the ancient conceit of the Aryans, a conceit to which the lying and barbarous intolerance of modern Christianity has given a sharp and poisonous edge.

Yet even the Veda speaks of intermarriages between the Aryans and the original lords of the soil of India.

The caste system was not a bright invention to put a lasting stamp of inferiority on the conquered aborigines, but it is the outcome of a slow evolutionary process, due to the machinations of Brahmin priests who wished to preserve the profits arising from their sacerdotal profession within a restricted circle of families. These Brahmins had increased their ranks and influence by drawing recruits from the devil-worshipping priests of the aboriginal jungle tribes. Thus, how can there ever have been a question of preserving or establishing a permanency of racial superiority through the medium of caste, since at the very beginning of the system the race had lost its purity?

No. Your wonderful Aryan kinsmen in India were absorbed by the "inferior" races whom they conquered, just as the Normans were absorbed by the Saxon Englishmen, the Alexandrian Greeks by the Egyptians, the Mongols of the Golden Horde by the Chinese, just as the strong always absorb the weak, and just as, a few hundred years hence, we shall absorb you.



To-day Christian England is ruling India, and the English Raj is just, fair-minded, tolerant, and equitable. This is true, and it is also true that the last Moghuls disgraced the throne of Delhi and shattered Hindustan. But what can you prove by it?

Others have ruled India successfully before Asia had ever heard of England.

Akbar, the Moghul Emperor, enforced tolerance and justice in those barbaric days when the life of a Jew in Europe was at the kind mercy of an ignorant and brutal Christian rabble. He, the Muslim, built and endowed Hindu temples and charitable institutions while his European contemporaries were periodically burning down the synagogues and were trying to extend the sway of the gentle Christ with the effective help of murder and torture. He, and before him his father's successor on the throne of Delhi, Shir Shah, the Afghan usurper, attempted to found an Indian empire "broad-based upon the people's will," long before the days of Voltaire, Robespierre, Rousseau, and Beaumarchais. He settled land revenue on an equitable basis while the peasants of Europe were groaning under the heavy and humiliating burden of serfdom.

You say that his successors did not live up to the high standard established by this greatest of Moghul princes?

But we find fitting parallels in the history of Christian Europe. For were not the successors of Theodosius as degenerate as those of Akbar? Did not, in Macaulay's words, the imbecility and disputes of Charlemagne's descendants bring contempt on themselves and destruction to their subjects?

Or take the civilization of ancient Rome.

It was partially saved from ruin by the Asians, the Syro-Christians, who brought the word of the great Jewish Rabbi across the Adriatic. Judaism is an Oriental creed, and what is your famed European Christianity if not "Judaism for the Masses"?

The Asian genius of Christ and his Hebrew apostles saved the Aryan genius from stagnation and stupidity, and brought the first faint glimmer of light into the barbaric darkness of Northern Europe.

The Asian Christians succeeded in Aryan Rome, and just as long as the Asians ruled, the traditional cupidity and cruelty of Aryan Rome were softened by the broadly tolerant humanity of Asia. But as soon as the Syro-Christians were in the minority and the Christians of European stock in the majority, persecution and intolerance commenced, and the word of the great Oriental Prophet Jesus Christ was sadly mutilated and misunderstood by that superior race, the "Whites."

But even then you could not rid yourselves of our subtle Asian influence. I know your gifts of energy and your spirit of progress; but we men of Asia have a power of resistance and a capacity for rapid recuperation which you can never fathom.

Could you break the spirit or the virility of the Jew? You have tortured him, you have exiled him, and you have burnt him on the stake for the greater glory of God . . . and he rules you to-day.

Again, look at the history of your Europeanized Christian Church, and observe what happened:

The Asian spirit flourished again in Protestantism and the Reformation. Many of your Protestant reformers were semi-Jewish, semi-Oriental in spirit. Anti-Trinitarianism was preached in Siena, and God ceased to be a mathematical problem. The Decalogue and the Apocalypse were studied. Chairs of Hebrew philosophy and philology were founded at French and German universities; and the Calvinists and the Presbyterians were altogether of the old Testament, of Asia, in spirit and sentiment.

Your famous Reformation was only a return to the Ebionism of the Asian Evangelists. One of the greatest events in your history, it was a most complete and vindicating triumph for the spirit of that Asia which you attempt to despise and patronize in your ignorance and intolerance.

Must we sit at your feet? Shall the pupil teach the master?

We taught you to read, to write, and to think. We gave you your religion and your few ideals. We have done more for you than you can ever do for us. We freed you from your ancient bondage of superstitions and idolatry. We gave you the



first sparks of science and literature. We paved the way for your material progress.

Without our help you would still be tattooed and inarticulate barbarians.

But you have been getting out of hand, and are sinking back into the old slough of ignorance and crass intolerance.

And so perhaps some day, after we Mohammedans have finished converting Asia and Africa to the Faith of Islam (and we are doing steady work in that direction), we may send another Tamerlane into Europe, reinforced by an army of a few million Asians who laugh in the face of death, and finish the job.

#### IV

You speak of Oriental mystery, of Oriental romance.

Are we Asians then like Molière's bourgeois who spoke prose all his life without knowing it? Is there really a veil of mystery about us?

No, no. The Most High God did not take the trouble to create two different types of human beings, one to work on the banks of the Seine, and the other to sing His praises on the shore of the Ganges. There is no veil, no mystery, no romance . . . except the veil of Christian ignorance, the romance of Christian imagination, the mystery of Christian want of desire to know.

There is perhaps a latent search after knowledge and truth in your hearts' souls. But your inborn selfishness forces you to believe that a healthy portion of ignorance is the best medicine against the ravages of the dangerous malady which is called Tolerance. Just a little effort would teach you that there is no mystery about us, no abyss which separates you from us. But your ignorance is your bliss and provides you with a sort of righteous bias. It also sheds a holy and therefore eminently Christian halo around your attitude of meddling interference in the affairs of Asia and North Africa. Of course you only interfere because of your laudable intention to show us the true path to civilization and salvation. And if accidentally you in-

crease your own power and wealth, if you impoverish the native whom you attempt to "save," if you incite strife where no strife existed before you imported soldiers and bibles and missionaries and whisky and some special brands of "white" diseases . . . well . . . Allah is Great . . .

The mystery which is supposed to shroud the Orient is a lying invention of Christendom destined to give a semblance of justice to your selfish, harmful meddlings in the affairs, religions, politics and customs of other countries.

If you wish to conquer with the right of fire and the might of sword, go ahead and do so, or at least say so. It would be a motive which we Muslim, being warriors, could understand and appreciate. But do not clothe your greed for riches and dominion in the hypocritical, nasal, sing-song of a heaven-decreed Mission to enlighten the poor native, a Pharisee call of duty to spread the word of your Saviour, your lying intention to uplift the ignorant Pagan.

Drop your mask of consummate beatitude in the contemplation of the spiritual joys, the Christian and therefore very sanitary plumbing you are endeavoring to confer upon us. Stop being liars and hypocrites: and you will cease being what you are to-day:

The most hated and the most despised men in the length and breadth of Asia and North Africa.

And I am not exaggerating. I am really putting it mildly so as not to hurt your feelings.

Let me point out just one instance: the Young Turk Revolution.

You, the apostles of freedom and constitutional government and half a dozen assorted fetishes, what was your attitude then?

You allowed Austria, your trusted steward of other people's property since the Berlin Congress of Thieves, to steal this property, the fertile provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. You looked on calmly while the Bulgar mountebank annexed Turkish territory in time of peace. You passed resolutions, full of blatant Christian hypocrisy and Christian lies; but you never raised a finger in our behalf, in behalf of that justice and humanity which you proudly claim as your caste-right. The whole



affair was a piece of brigandage, carried on under the much-patched cloak of that whining cant which has made modern Christianity an ugly by-word in Asia and North Africa.

You united in your endeavors to establish an independent and constitutionally governed Roumania, a free Serbia, a modern Greece and Bulgaria, and, more recently, an autonomous Macedonia, under the pretext that Turkey, being controlled with an iron rod by a despotic Sultan and an intolerably exalted Sheykh-ul-Islam, was not fit to govern Christian races.

But you obstruct Mohammedan Turkey's efforts to introduce and enforce the very principles of liberty and popular government which in former years you had been advocating as a *sine qua non* in the administration of your precious Christian protégés.

An ounce of baptismal water makes such a difference, does it not?

I believe that I am the mouthpiece of a great majority of my fellow-Muslim and my fellow-Asians when I state that the Jesuit policy of Europe during the political travail of Young Turkey, when the Osmanli attempted to crystallize his newly found liberty, will do more to fan the red embers of fighting Pan-Islam into living, leaping flames than any other political event since the Berlin treaty.

We have suffered long enough a series of deliberate moral insults and material injuries at the hands of selfish, canting, lying Christianity, and we are still capable of tremendous energies when Islam is in danger.

And who can deny that Islam is in danger?

Your attitude during the Balkan troubles proved to us that the liberty which you deem necessary to the Christian Balkans is a negligible quantity when applied to the followers of the Prophet Mohammed who inhabit the same peninsula.

And I could mention a dozen instances to prove that you yourselves are forcing on the world the coming struggle between Asia, all Asia, against Europe and America, against Christendom, in other words.

You are heaping up material for a Jihad, a Pan-Islam, a Pan-Asia Holy War, a gigantic Day of Reckoning, an invasion

of a new Attila and Tamerlane . . . who will use rifles and bullets, instead of lances and spears.

You are deaf to the voice of reason and fairness, and so you must be taught with the whirling swish of the sword when it is red.

## V

You claim that altruism and the virtues are the monopoly of your creed and your race.

But in reality the teachings of Jesus are not a particle more apt to lead his followers in the golden path than are the sayings of the Lord Buddha, the laws of Moses, the wisdom of Confucius, or the words of the Koran. True tolerance, true altruism teaches us that what is right in Peking may be wrong on the shores of Lake Tchaad, and what is wrong in a Damascus bazaar may be right at a Kansas ice-cream social.

Such true tolerance is far broader than the limits of professing Christianity, than the limits of any established, cut-and-dried creed. It is as broad as the Seven Holy Rivers of Hindustan and as vast as Time. The creed of mutual sympathy is a very old creed: even amongst the troglodytes chosen spirits must have known it, the red-haired barbarians of Gaul must have heard of it, and amongst the lizard-eating Arabs of pre-Islamic days it must have found adherents. It is a human truth, a human principle which is the common property of mankind East and West; but Christian hegemony in worldly affairs has killed it, has blighted it with the curse of the cross.

Intrinsic unselfishness and abstract goodness is older than the Gospel, the Koran, the Veda, or any other religious book. Being at the very core of that civilization from which all changes spring, it is in itself eternally unchangeable, be it clothed in the words of the Sermon on the Mount, the Prophet Mohammed's three great principles of Compassion, Charity, and Resignation, or the famed edict of the Emperor Asoka, who many centuries before the days of Jesus declared to the world that "a man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man."



## THE SHROUD

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

**D**EATH, I say, my heart is bowed  
Unto thine,—O mother!  
This red gown will make a shroud  
Good as any other!

(I, that would not wait to wear  
My own bridal things,  
In a dress dark as my hair  
Made my answerings.

I, to-night, that till he came  
Could not, could not wait,  
In a gown as bright as flame  
Held for them the gate.)

Death, I say, my heart is bowed  
Unto thine,—O mother!  
This red gown will make a shroud  
Good as any other!

## NEW LOYALTIES FOR OLD CONSOLATIONS

H. A. OVERSTREET

**T**O most persons the conception of a godless world is the conception of a world with the bottom dropped out. It is a world from which all the high values, all the splendid consolations have disappeared. This is true even for many who feel that they cannot, in reason, any longer believe in a personal God. For all their honest disbelief, the world has turned grey for them. It has lost its old wonder and joy. It has become a dead world.

It is interesting to ask ourselves whether all this need be true; whether the high values and the finer consolations may not be just as real when the belief in a personal God has vanished. With the vanishing of that belief, of course, the whole attitude toward the universe is altered. Hopes and comforts that were deeply and warmly of the older order of beliefs have no place in the new order; while loyalties and aspirations that were the breath of its life are become meaningless and without force. But may not new loyalties and aspirations, hopes and comforts find their place strongly and inspiringly in the later order of belief?

It will be interesting, as an answer to this question, to ask how differently a society would behave all of whose members, disbelieving utterly in the reality of a personal God, had no other thought of the divine life than that it was their own larger and more ideal existence.

I remember at the time of the San Francisco earthquake passing one of the cathedrals of the city and finding its broad stone steps, covering a goodly portion of a city square, black with kneeling worshippers. There could be no question of their reason for being there. They were setting themselves right with their God, hoping that in the fervor of their devotion he would have mercy upon them and save them from destruction. So on ship-board in times of great danger one will find the passengers gathered in the cabin praying to God for deliverance,—always, to be



sure, with the proviso, " Yet if it be thy will that we perish, thy will be done! "

These are dramatic but typical instances of what occurs constantly in homes and churches where people pray to a personal deity. Could such an attitude of prayer have any meaning for a man who disbelieved in a personal deity? Obviously not. Would he cease to pray? It all depends upon what one is to mean by prayer.

Prayer of the kind indicated is an effort to secure assistance in circumstances where the normal human means fail. Normally, for example, if a man would have bread, he sets about to plant the proper seed, or grind the flour, or mix the dough. He finds out, in short, the laws that govern the production or manufacture of breadstuffs; and he does not expect to secure his desired result until he has accommodated himself in all the requisite ways to these laws and conditions. If a man would save himself from a burning house, he looks for a fire-escape, or a rope, or calls for a ladder; again accommodating his action to the fundamental conditions of the situation. But if the heavens are long without rain and the seed dry up, or the fire burns away the means of escape, the man, at the end of his human resources, calls to another power for help.

Such a call for help is based upon two assumptions, which in some respects scarcely support each other. They are the assumption, first, that there is a power able to control to his beneficent purposes forces that are humanly uncontrollable; but, second, that this power will not act unless attracted by very special and fervent appeal. The latter fact, that special appeal is needed, may be due to the God's impotence, his inability to be in all places at once: he does the best he can, hurrying hither and thither from one distressing circumstance to another. Or it may be due to his demand that his creatures shall continually turn their minds to him, an attitude which he succeeds in securing in them for the most part only when they are hard pressed with danger.

Stated thus baldly, it would be difficult even on the naïve planes of religious thought to find persons who would acknowledge either that their God was a jealous god, refusing help until all the requisite ceremonies of abasement and supplication had

been fulfilled, or that he was a finite God, half distracted by the imploring voices calling to him from all quarters of his universe. And yet, in prayer as it is ordinarily practised, both of these views are more or less unconsciously mingled. What prevents the emergence of their absurdity into clear consciousness is the relatively healthy thought underlying all prayer that if a man would secure something for himself he must himself spend some effort in the process. *Ex nihilo nihil*. In situations that pass beyond all his power of practical human control, there is nothing for him to do but to give his mere effort of adoration and hope.

On the higher levels of religious experience, this semi-magical conception of prayer grows increasingly in ill-repute. The thought is more and more in evidence that if God wished to prevent certain distresses, he would do so of his own beneficent accord. A request for specific aid, in short, would insinuate in him, either a failure to know in all circumstances what was best to be done, or an inability to keep wholly abreast of the tasks which he ought to perform. To save the majesty of God, prayer must become simply a turning of the mind to him, not for specific help, but for that general uplift of spirit which comes from the contemplation of his supreme perfection.

Here obviously is the germ of a higher and radically different conception of prayer. In the more naïve conception, help was to come from the "power not ourselves"; in the maturer conception, help is to come *through the stimulation in ourselves of our own highest powers*—a stimulation effected by the turning of our minds and spirits to the highest conceivable Reality.

The efficacy of prayer, in short, in this conception of it, will lie not in what it brings to us from without, but what it effects within,—what powers, efforts, aspirations it develops in us. Let us return to the kneeling worshippers. As they bowed their heads in fervent supplication, other men and women were distributing bread and clothing to destitute families, or were building shelters, or were clearing the streets of débris, or were patrolling with gun on shoulder against criminal disorder. Is it correct to say, as the older religions have always said, that the latter were engaged wholly in earthly affairs, while the former were entering the higher life of God and the spirit? Or is it truer to hold that



the digging away of débris was a far more effective and powerful prayer to God than supplication to him for help?

The kneeling worshippers were indeed turning their minds to their highest conceivable Reality. It was a Reality that they hoped would do things for them. But the diggers of débris, or the distributors of bread and clothing, were likewise, unconsciously no doubt, but in actual effect, turning their minds to their highest Reality. Face to face with the destruction of those things that give order and beauty and power to life, they were thinking (in their unconscious selves) of what a city for men and women and children *ought to be and could be*. It ought not to be a tumbled mass of bricks and burning wood; it ought not to be filled with starving people; it ought not to be given over to looters and murderers; it ought to be a city clean, ordered, happy. With their smoke-blinded eyes, they may not have seen far beyond the immediate demands of their ideal; but ideal it nevertheless was to which they lifted their souls in service. With all its vague inadequacy, it was for them then and there their highest Reality, their God—the ideal life in their members—to which they felt that they must devote themselves with full power of brain and muscle. They asked nothing of this their God; rather it was their God *that asked everything of them*, that stimulated them to the full, devoted summoning of all their essential powers.

When a child lies sick unto death, what is the effective form of prayer? If the divine life, as we have held, is our own ideal life, prayer to such God is the tireless, unflinching effort to bring some measure of that ideal life to realization. The death of a little child of causes that might be controlled is hardly in keeping with the ideal of life. Hence devotion to the ideal calls for every straining of effort,—the loving care, the ceaseless watching, the sacrifice of pleasure and comforts to purchase the best knowledge and skill to save the little life. This is the essential prayer; not the bowing in helpless misery and supplication before a God who needs to be called from some far forgetfulness to his proper tasks.

During recent winter storms, when New York was filled with hundreds of thousands of unemployed, several hundred of these unfortunate men, as reported by *The New York Times*, marched

through the snow-filled streets to one of the large evangelical churches where the weekly prayer meeting was being held. As they filed in, consternation spread among the worshippers. Their minister, however, stopped the oncoming crowd and asked them what they wanted. "We want shelter for the night in your church," they said. The minister, looking at his cushioned pews, replied that he could not permit it. "But cannot we sleep in the basement?" they asked. No, the minister said, they could not, and he advised them to leave the church quietly, at the same time whispering to one of his congregation to call up the police. The police came in due order and rough-handled the men; and the prayers to God were resumed. Meanwhile, at another place in the city, a great body of men and women were gathered, drawn together at the instance of the American Association for Labor Legislation, to consider ways and means for relieving the distressing conditions of unemployment. At the latter meeting men spoke of municipal employment bureaus, of scientific plans for unemployment insurance; they brought forth facts and figures to prove the possibility of regulating business in such a way as to prevent the alternation of slack and rush seasons. They did not mention God. And yet one wonders whether their earnest and forceful deliberations were not a far more fervent prayer to God, a far more devoted yielding of themselves to the power of their ideal selves than the windy prayer of that minister (or of his people) who trusted his God so poorly that he called in the city's police to help Him out of an ugly scrape.

Once the divine life is believed to be not a beneficent Person other than ourselves to whom we may call for help, but the finer life that lives potentially in ourselves, prayer ceases to be a semi-magic formula applicable to an order of existence beyond our own. Prayer is then nothing more or less than the turning of mind and spirit to the service of the ideal that lives in us. And it is most effectually realized not by departing from human activity, by yielding oneself to a power not oneself; but rather by a vigorous turning to the problems and difficulties of our life and enlisting every last shred of effort to set them right.

It follows then that there is prayer wherever there is service, *service of any kind* that makes for life-betterment. The chemist



who learns a new control has received an answer to his year-long prayer; the physician who finds the saving serum has prayed long and fervently and has been heard of his God. The business man who finds a way of juster coöperation with his men need never have named the word God or joined in holy adoration. But he has prayed—to his ideal of human brotherhood; and has prayed so vigorously that his God has heard and answered.

But in each case the God that has heard and answered has been the deeper possibilities of these men's own life—their ideal life—which they, by their loyal devotion, have wrought out of mere possibility into some manner of actuality.

## II

This in part is what prayer must mean when the old devotion to the personal God has vanished. The last shred of its supernatural, semi-magical connotation will have disappeared. If things worth while are to be done; if life values are to be accomplished and preserved, it must be by a knowledge and control of the conditions of their accomplishment. The devotion to the ideal in us presupposes therefore the most strenuous and persistent effort to learn these modes of control, to understand the deep and intricate ways of life, and to bend every power—of mind and body, of science and art—to bring life into harmony with their fundamental demands.

The situation may be illustrated by the contrast between the older and the newer ways of offering thanks to God for great benefits received. In the older days a man would pray, "O God, if thou wilt save the life of my child, there shall be so many candles burning before thine altar"; or "There shall be a new chapel added to thy house of prayer." The burning candles and the new chapel may have served human purposes,—certainly the candle-makers had their small benefit of it; but the essential thought was not service to mankind, but tribute to God. When, however, the personal God has vanished and there is no divine life but our own deeper and more ideal existence, how shall a man give thanks for deliverance? Any man who has helped

wife and nurse and doctors to fight with all the power that human knowledge and skill can command for the life of his child, knows that out of the deep thanksgiving of his heart the thing that he would most wish to do thereafter would be to bend every effort to make such saving knowledge and skill accessible to fathers and mothers of other children, or to extend that knowledge and develop that skill to the saving of lives from still deeper distresses. He will build a hospital or endow a chair in medical research, or he will send his small contribution to some agency that makes for the amelioration of life conditions. And he will do this not as a tribute to a God who delights in adoration, but in simple devotion to the ideal of a more adequate human life.

Or, indeed, he *might* found a church or endow a minister. For are we to suppose that church and minister are to disappear when God the Perfect Person no longer lives to hear the old supplications? But it will be a very different church from the churches with which we are familiar. The church of to-day still lingers in its animistic and magical memories. The church services are supposed to have vital efficacy for the saving of men's souls, not simply in the ordinary way of stimulating them by precept and example to better living, but by performing for them and with them certain rites pleasing to God. There is still in the minds of most churchmen something efficacious about the very attendance upon divine worship. It is an act which God enjoins and which he rewards when it is faithfully performed. It is like the pagan custom of bringing gifts to the altar: the god demands the gifts and rewards the bringer of gifts for his lowly obedience. It is true that the more enlightened churches are rapidly outgrowing this belief in the ceremonial efficacy of church service; but it would not be difficult to show that it still persists in so great measure as very definitely to color the word "religious" with the meaning "that which pertains to divine ceremonial." The sharp line of demarcation between "religious" and "secular" is but the expression of this animistic and supernatural survival in religion.

But even churches that have largely outgrown belief in the saving efficacy of supernatural ceremonial, who believe that at-



tendance upon church service is wholly for the sake of inspiration to better living, seek to secure that inspiration by pointing the worshipper to the perfect God, or to his beloved Son. One may doubtless get inspiration from the tireless work of a Burbank, or a Curie, or a Florence Nightingale. If the church, however, uses such sources of inspiration, it is only by the way. Its fundamental source is the Perfect Person, the Eternal God. The church has the special function of calling men from their secular activities, of pointing upward to that great Guide and Friend and Provider in whose name and through whose power they are to live.

The new type of church will indeed call men to the remembrance of the divine life—it will point upward—but it will be their own divine life to which it will call them. It will find their divine life in their own ideals and in their loyal service of these ideals. Hence its primary interest will be not in what some perfect God wants of men, but what the God in themselves wants of them,—what types of things they long for, what powers of mind and body they are willing to devote to securing them. It will make far more difference to the new church whether its communicant is fighting child labor with all his power of mind and soul than whether he is a regular attendant upon weekly prayers. Indeed, it will know no true and rounded prayer save actual service. Hence its body of communicants will be first and foremost men and women engaged in human service. The condition for admission to the new church will be not a profession of faith but an exhibition of deed. Does a man care enough for anything worth while to put strenuous effort into its accomplishment; does he care for it not for his own sake primarily but for the sake of enhancing the life of his fellows and his world—it may be to discover a cancer cure, or to invent a dishwasher, or to make a better school—such a man or woman is welcomed into the new church. However circumscribed his ideal may be, inasmuch as it is an ideal of service it is the divine in him that is coming to life. He is already a worshipper.

By this token, there will be no place in the new church for the man who is anxious about his soul or who thinks much of what will happen to him after death. He belongs properly in

the congregation of self-seekers; not in the church of the divine life.

The new church, in short, will be primarily a clearing-house of service, to which men will go not to save their souls but to save their world. It will be a spiritual centre, so to speak, of all service-activities; a place for comparing notes, for learning of each other, for the heartening of one another in their worthwhile tasks. The leader of such a church will be a man not only deeply interested in and in touch with the agencies and activities of human betterment, but versed likewise in the fundamental sciences that make for a finer direction and control of life. His theology will be not an occult research of supernatural relationships and powers, but physics and chemistry, biology and sociology, ethics and philosophy—all the fundamental approaches, in short, to the problem of human self-realization.

### III

Yet splendid as such religious life may be conceded to be, it will apparently lack one of the primary consolations of the older belief, the assurance, namely, that the fundamental government of the world is just and good. "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world." If, as we have been urging, God is not in his heaven, it may indeed, for all we know to the contrary, be all wrong with the world. A few years ago we were very much perturbed by certain conclusions reached by the accredited masters of science. The universe was running down, they said, and would end a lifeless, frozen mass. The thought of an ever-living God was then a comfort against such ominous prophecy. If God lives, it follows that all things of value will live, that the world cannot go to ultimate ruin.

That old prophecy, however, of a frozen and lifeless world no longer has honor in our land. Recent discoveries of new types of energy, a more penetrating analysis both of the mathematics and mechanics of the situation, show the prophecy to have been made on wholly insufficient and insecure grounds. The old dogmatic materialism has had to give way to a critical and open-



minded evolutionism which tends more and more to regard the cosmic process as one of expanding power, in which the values for which we deeply care—conscious life, purposive direction, science, art, morality—appear to have a place of growing security and effectiveness. And yet the evolutionism of the day, unlike the older religious thought, finds no cosmic certainty upon which it may utterly bank. The universe, with all the high values that have been achieved, *may* indeed go to ruin. There is no absolute guarantee for the future. All that modern evolutionism can say to us is that looking over such history of the world as is accessible, and analyzing the processes there found, it seems highly probable that the line of the future will be a line of advance, an advance from relative disorganization to organization, from a large degree of mechanical indifference to increasing organic solidarity and integration, from antagonisms and conflicts to mutuality and coöperation. But it is only probable. There is no God who holds the destiny in his hands and makes it certain of accomplishment.

In view of this uncertainty as to the world's government and outcome, it may be asked whether the new type of religion will not be weaker in moral and spiritual vigor than the old. Do not vigor and initiative spring from hope and sure confidence in the fundamental rightness of the world? In answer to this one has but to ask the question: in what type of situation does the human character grow strong and heroic,—that in which there is no doubt of the happy outcome, in which the individual plays his part, assured that nothing can happen wrongly; or that in which the outcome is uncertain, in which the individual realizes that he must fight his way, knowing not whether victory or defeat will greet him, but assured only that whatever happens, he must fight and fight to the end? Is it unfair to say that the old religion with its confident, childlike resting on God ("He loves the burthen") developed a type of character that was not, in the mass, conspicuously heroic? "God knows best"; "It will all come out right"; "Thy will be done"—these are not expressions of fighting men; they are expressions of men who resign themselves to the ruling of powers greater than themselves. A civilization characterized by such an attitude will not be one strenuously

alive to eliminate the sorry evils of life. But the men who believe that the issue of the universe is in doubt, that there is no powerful God to lead the hosts to victory, will, if they have the stuff of men in them, strike out their manliest to help whatever good there is in the world to win its way against the forces of evil. A civilization of such men will be a tough-fibred civilization, strenuous to fight, grimly ready, like the Old Guard, to die but never surrender.

There is, in short, something subtly weakening about the optimism of the traditional religions. Like the historic soothing syrup, with its unadvertised opiate, it soothes the distress not by curing the disease but by temporarily paralyzing the function. "To trust God nor be afraid" means in most cases—not all—to settle back from a too anxious concern about the evils of the world. "God will take care of his own!" How different is this from the attitude: "The task is ours and the whole world's and we must see it through!"

#### IV

But from another point of view there was an element of power in the older religion which seems at first blush to be utterly lacking in the type of new religion we are describing. A prominent world-evangelist of the Young Men's Christian Association was recently lecturing to the college students of New York City on the ethical and religious life. It was significant to note that most of his talk to students concerned itself with temptations and that the invariable outcome of each talk was that the one infallible means of meeting temptation was to realize God's presence in one's life, to companion with God, to feel him near and watchful, ever sympathetic, ever ready with divine help. Students do indeed get power from that kind of belief. They feel themselves before an all-seeing eye, a hand is on their shoulder, a voice is in their ear; and when the difficult moment comes they are not alone. How utterly uncompanied, how lonely, on the other hand, must be the student who knows no beneficent, all-seeing, and all-caring Father. When his difficult moment comes he stands in desolate isolation. Victory or defeat then must hang



upon his own puny strength and wavering determination. It is a favorite argument with Roman Catholics that the belief in God is the one surest guard against the sexual irregularity of young men. Remove God, the one strong bulwark, from their lives, and the flood of their passions will sweep them to their destruction.

Such considerations as these must indeed give one pause; yet I feel assured that they need not hold us long. How does a man get strength for right living? He begins—in his childhood as in the childhood of the race—by getting it through fear. The child is told, upon pain of punishment, not to do certain things. There will come a time when it will know why it ought not to do these things; but in its first months and, in a degree, through its early years, it refrains from doing them simply by reason of the pressure of the superior power of its parents. Later it refrains through unconscious imitation and affection. It lives in the light and love of its parents; and it consciously and unconsciously shapes its life after the pattern of their lives. When difficulties press, the child flees to the mother or the father for comfort and advice. Those are delicious days, of warm trust and joy and loving security. The child nestles up against the stronger power of those it loves. But the child grows to manhood and womanhood. Whence then does it get its strength for right living? The fear of the infant days, the imitation and affection of childhood and youth are now transformed into a new attitude,—an understanding of the reason in the right and the unreason in the wrong. There are many factors and influences that now take the place of parent power and affection: the love and admiration of one's group, the customs of one's people, the stimulus of great persons. But the essential power now is the power of *insight*—of so understanding the forces and principles of life that one's whole self is surrendered in deep reverence and service to the things that ought to be. Assuredly, no character is mature until it has reached this last stage. There is indeed something beautiful about the boy who in the midst of temptation goes to his father and talks it all out with him; who clings to the father's hand to lead him safely through the dangerous ways. But the

boy is only on the way to moral and spiritual maturity; he is not yet morally and spiritually mature.

The doctrine that the great evangelist and the evangelical churches in general preach is a doctrine admirably adapted to a condition of moral and spiritual immaturity; it is a doctrine, in short, for little boys and girls; it is not a doctrine for morally and spiritually mature men and women. I doubt even, in fact, whether it is a doctrine for college youths and maidens; for I note in my own relations with college men and women that there is among them the growing consciousness of right for right's sake, a growing cleanness and earnestness of life; and this is so, I take it, not because they believe such conduct and attitude to be commanded or because they are aware of a heavenly Father who watches, but because their eyes have been opened to see the truth and the truth has made them free.

I believe that the problem of how to teach a young man to meet temptation is a deeply serious problem. But I believe small good will come of falling back upon the old easy expedient of half-frightening, half-cajoling the young man into submission by reminding him of the all-watching eye and the all-considering heart of the great Father. That way is so easy that it is really unfair to the victims. It is like hypnotizing a man into morality. The way of the new religion is the harder but more lasting, more self-respecting way of developing the whole moral self of the boy and the youth and the man,—beginning far back in childhood and unremittingly, understandingly continuing the training, until when the child becomes the youth and the youth the man, righteousness is the firm, sweet habit of his life. We human beings have an inveterate love of shirking our tasks. We neglect the essential moral culture of the infant and the child; we let the moments and the days slip by in the life of the youth without putting any hard thought upon his training in self-control, in courage, in moral insight; and then suddenly, when signs of danger begin to show in the young man, we grow panic-stricken and implore him to call on God to save him. The fact is that the task was ours and we shirked it. Ours was the responsibility; and we had no right to put it off on a miracle-working Deity.

“When half-gods go,” says Emerson, “the gods arrive.”



When once we give up this easy way of moral and religious hypnosis; when once we believe that God, the watchful policeman of the universe, no longer exists, we shall solemnly and seriously take up the task we have so long cast upon a deity's shoulders—*our* task of shaping and directing and making strong the moral possibilities of the children we bring into the world. From the old consolation, in short, of divine protection, we shall awake to a new loyalty to our fundamental moral obligations.

It is significant in this connection to note that the farther we go back in the history of religion, the more the moral reference of situations is secondary and the supernatural reference primary. The ten commandments, for example, were first of all a divine behest, and only secondarily a series of laws founded on the essential requirements of human well-being. But as we come nearer to our own day, the moral quality of situations tends more and more to usurp the primacy of the old supernatural reference. The limit of such evolution is the disappearance altogether of the supernatural, the evaluation, ultimately, of all situations and activities in terms of their inherent good or bad for the life of humanity and the world.

The old loyalty, in short, was the loyalty of loving children; the new loyalty is the loyalty of strong-charactered men and women. Has the time come for moral and spiritual maturity? To some of us there is no longer an alternative. "When I was a child I spake as a child; I understood as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." In the light of spiritual maturity, the god of magic, the god of miraculous power, the god of loving protection, the god of all-seeing care—the Parent God—must give way to the God that is the very inner ideal life of ourselves, our own deep and abiding possibilities of being; the God *in us* that stimulates us to what is highest in value and power.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

*August 18, 1914*

### MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:

I suppose that every thoughtful man in America has asked himself during the last troubled weeks what influence the European war may exert upon the United States; and I take the liberty of addressing a few words to you in order to point out that it is entirely within our own choice what its effects upon us will be, and to urge very earnestly upon you the sort of speech and conduct which will best safeguard the nation against distress and disaster.

The effect of the war upon the United States will depend upon what American citizens say and do. Every man who really loves America will act and speak in the true spirit of neutrality, which is the spirit of impartiality and fairness and friendliness to all concerned.

The spirit of the nation in this critical matter will be determined largely by what individuals and society and those gathered in public meetings do and say; upon what newspapers and magazines contain; upon what our ministers utter in their pulpits, and men proclaim as their opinions on the streets.

The people of the United States are drawn from many nations and chiefly from the nations now at war. It is natural and inevitable that there should be the utmost variety of sympathy with regard to the issues and circumstances of the conflict. Some will wish one nation, others another, to succeed in the momentous struggle.

It will be easy to excite passion and difficult to allay it. Those responsible for exciting it will assume a heavy responsibility; responsibility for no less a thing than that the people of the United States, whose love of their country, and whose loyalty to its government should unite them as Americans, all bound in honor and affection to think first of her and her interests, may be divided into camps of hostile opinions, hot against each other, involved in the war itself in impulse and opinion, if not in action.

Such diversions among us would be fatal to our peace of mind



and might seriously stand in the way of the proper performance of our duty as the one great nation at peace, the one people holding itself ready to play a part of impartial mediation and speak the counsels of peace and accommodation, not as a partisan, but as a friend.

I venture, therefore, my fellow countrymen, to speak a solemn word of warning to you against that deepest, most subtle, most essential breach of neutrality which may spring out of partisanship, out of passionately taking sides.

The United States must be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another. My thought is of America. I am speaking, I feel sure, the earnest wish and purpose of every thoughtful American that this great country of ours, which is, of course, the first in our thoughts and in our hearts, should show herself in this time of peculiar trial a nation fit beyond others to exhibit the fine poise of undisturbed judgment, the dignity of self-control, the efficiency of dispassionate action; a nation that neither sits in judgment upon others nor is disturbed in her own counsels, and which keeps herself fit and free to do what is honest and disinterested and truly serviceable for the peace of the world.

Shall we not resolve to put upon ourselves the restraint which will bring to our people the happiness and the great lasting influence for peace we covet for them?

WOODROW WILSON

## ATAVISM

KARL REMER

THE city had withstood its besiegers for a long time. The guns on the mountain had poured down shot, the guns on the north and on the south had battered the old walls. The walls had crumbled and fallen. The walls were old and they had been considered picturesque for so long that it was as if they had forgotten the sturdy virtues of their youth.

Through the breaches came the soldiers. Tribesmen they seemed of the old days of the Grand Khan.

The soldiers were thinking. They were not accustomed to thought. Was it true, ran their thoughts, that their leader had promised that there would be no looting? He had promised, this they knew, that there would be no looting after he entered the city. What was the meaning of that "he"? Did it mean the army or did it mean the general? Did it mean the soldiers? There was the rumor that the general could not leave his present quarters for three days. Rain, or snow, or ice, or drought prevented. What was the meaning of that? Did it mean three days of fine, bloody looting?

The soldiers entered the city. Like the tribesmen of the Grand Khan they poured in. Through one gate, through two gates, through three gates they came. It was a sullen business and silently did they press forward. They had not made up their minds about those three days. They were not sure about the general. Perhaps he was playing one of his grim jokes. Was he, perhaps, already within the city? He had promised before many that there would be no looting. The foreigner, the Jesus-religion man in black clothes, had stood beside him. It was hard to tell, where foreigners were concerned, how much to believe. Foreigners were an unusual sort of people. Most of them did not look dangerous, but any one of them might have power. It was one of the inexplicable things about foreigners that one could never tell the amount of power a foreigner had by the amount he used. To have power and not use it, to have rice and not eat it—strange men these foreigners.



The soldiers poured into the city. Like the tribesmen of the Grand Khan they came; but not like the tribesmen of the Grand Khan. The loot and the fun were before them, yet they restrained themselves.

The soldiers were yellow and clad in yellow, and they poured through the gates as the yellow Yangtze pours between its banks. Silver and silks were before them, but the hand was withheld from the knife and a sullen silence was around them.

Some one began it. There came a curse and an answer, a taunt and a gunshot. So it began.

Here was a shop boarded, bolted, and locked. A crowd of soldiers gathered before it. They demanded that the shop be opened. No reply came from within. The demand was repeated and emphasized with a blow of a rifle butt against the boards. Still there was no reply. More gun butts fell upon the boards and they began to creak and snap. A scared man within began to dicker for life, property, and family. He paid and paid high—for nothing. The shop was broken open. Stripped and wounded, the man was sent down the street. His goods became the playthings of the soldiers. His wife lay above, outraged and stabbed. His daughter was in the hands of other tormentors. At the command of the soldiers, his son began carrying his father's goods and piling them as the soldiers directed. There was a look of death upon the boy's face; he was sick and weary. The soldiers demanded more silver. The boy knew there was no more. He knew that his father had paid it all to save the family. He was so sadly sure he would not look. The soldiers cut him down and went their way.

There was a ricksha coolie who had sunk frightened against a wall in a side street. He had hidden his family, but he, himself, had come forth from hiding in the hope of much work and large pay. With quaking knees he had pulled loads of loot for the soldiers. At last the horror had overcome him and here he cowered against a wall. He was called but he could not move. He knew that he could not pass down the bloody streets again. The call was repeated and still he did not move. They shot him as he lay and took his ricksha from him. That street also, a little street and a quiet one, had its spreading mark of red.

A poor barber lay trembling upon his bamboo bed. He had no family and few friends. Why had he not run away? He lay thinking and thinking but he could think of no good reason. As he lay thus they came upon his shop. Down came the boards. He paid them all his savings, a pitifully small sum, and they demanded his wife and children. They killed him because he had neither the one nor the other. "For," said they, "no honest man is without a family."

There was a girl of eighteen whom the soldiers seized. Guile or temporary insanity prompted her to play her part as if with pleasure. She smiled on them and shrugged her shoulders most coquettishly. She bandied jokes with them and made advances. A petty officer accepted her advances and, later, had her beaten to death. The soldiers approved. "These people must be taught," said they, "that modesty is a woman's duty."

For two days the riot continued. For two nights there was no sleep but the sleep of death. The moans of the women, the groans of the men, fire and fresh alarms made sleep a thing that seemed years away. The city was red and the blood flowed. Loot and the lives of men, silver and the bodies of women, these things did the victors take as is old custom in China. Then came the third day and the general.

The foreigner in black clothes, the man of the religion of Jesus, had lived through these two days and two nights. "One can never tell," said the soldiers, "what power these foreigners have." "That is the foreigner's house," said the soldiers, "let it alone."

The foreigner had lived through the two days and the two nights, but he had not slept. He had been thinking of the promise of the general. "There will be no looting after I enter the city"—these were the general's words and the man who had spoken them had not yet entered. As a joke the speech was not bad, but too much blood and no sleep spoils the taste for jokes.

The general entered with an important noise of trumpets. Where he rode the looting stopped. He seemed weary, however, and did not ride far. The smoke of the many fires may have hurt his eyes. The day may have been too hot. In any case the general seemed discreetly weary and discreetly blind.



The man of the religion of Jesus came to the general. His words were to the point. "Is this the way you keep promises?" he asked.

The general did not like directness and he did not care to argue. "There is no looting," he said, and with a smile he pointed down the street.

"There is looting everywhere except before your eyes."

"There is none," said the general. It was characteristic of him to add, "What there is must be stopped."

"By whom?" asked the foreigner.

"Take one hundred men," said the general, "go up and down in the city. If you see looting or outrage, cut off the guilty man's head. As for myself, I have seen none."

The foreigner hesitated, but thoughts came to him of the last two days. If he did nothing, who would act? Opportunity seemed to him duty. So in despair and rage he agreed and at the head of his hundred he set out.

They came suddenly to a corner where a soldier was searching a dead man's clothes. Here was guilt so plain no proof was needed. The man was quickly sentenced and in another moment his head was off. "Justice," said the foreigner to himself, "must upon occasion be swift."

They came upon a house where a widow and her young daughter lived. The house was small and until now it had been overlooked. A noise of scuffling caused the foreigner to look within. The younger woman lay bruised and naked upon the floor, the mother was still struggling with her assailant. Two heads fell and the foreigner smiled. "Payment," said he to himself, "is a thing dear to the Lord. Here two have paid."

The hundred and their leader came upon a half-crazed soldier who was trying to run up a narrow street with two mattresses which he had stolen. The mattresses brushed the sides of the buildings upon the narrow street so that, as the man's load struck gate or door-post upon the one side or the other, the man reeled as a drunken man does. They caught him and made him kneel upon those very mattresses. The hundred went on and the man's head was left resting softly upon the stolen goods. The mat-

tresses were becoming red. "The blood of justice is red also," said the foreigner.

Thus did the man of the religion of Jesus and his hundred make progress through this city of great suffering.

They seized a soldier carrying a woman. She was groaning. He protested that he was carrying her to shelter. The man had earrings and a chain in his belt. The woman's ears were bleeding. The good knife descended and again punishment found guilt.

They went on and as they went there came a great joy into the heart of the foreigner. "These people," said he to himself, "are children and they need a lesson. By God's help they shall have it. Many lessons are hard but many must be learned."

They seized an old soldier who was picking up the trinkets that had been dropped before a jewelry shop. He swore that he had robbed no man, but the man in black decided against him and off came his head.

As the hundred passed on they sent fear before them and left a trail of red justice behind them. The joy burned brighter in the heart of the man in black. "Have I not talked to these people of the justice of God?" said he to himself. "Now they are seeing it. Now they will know it to be swift and terrible. A knife with a keen blade, a judge with a clean heart, these things this people needs."

They came upon two soldiers who were quarrelling over the division of a sable coat. Each had an end and the altercation was proceeding over the outstretched garment. They protested that they had bought the coat not two hours before and that they had paid for it. One begged piteously for his life, but the man in black shook his head.

So the expedition of the hundred became a thing of blood and more blood. The heart of the man of the religion of Jesus was filled with a grim ecstasy. It seemed to dance within him. "Am I not," he chanted to himself, "a messenger of the Lord to a sinful people? With what measure they have measured, have I measured unto them. As they have pitied others, so have I pitied them. Blood must flow, for blood alone can cleanse. Blood alone can cleanse."

A young soldier was caught as he climbed the stairs of a



small house. He was brought into the street and told to kneel. "I have heard of your Jesus and his forgiveness," he said; "now I know." He knelt with a sort of dignity, the dignity that death brings to the brave, and his head fell.

His words struck through the blood fever to the heart of the man in black. For a second he closed his eyes and when he opened them again he saw with his old clearness. He knew that blood is blood and shame came over him.

He sent back his hundred, saying: "Go. I have done wrong."

He came to his own house and to his own small room where a crucifix hung above the bed. He knelt and remained for a long time with his eyes fixed upon the figure. The words, "Father, forgive them," came from his lips as from the lips of a stranger. For two days and for two nights he had not slept. He sank slowly to the floor and lay still before the quiet figure on the cross.

## THE CHANGING TEMPER AT HARVARD

GILBERT V. SELDES

THIS article is not intended in any sense as a reply to the *Confessions of a Harvard Man* published several months ago in THE FORUM by Mr. Harold E. Stearns. The importance of those articles, as Mr. Stearns had reason to point out, lay not so much in what they told about Harvard as in what they told about him. Precisely. Analyses of the temper of Young America have their place. The temper of Harvard itself, however, is something quite apart, and it is to that alone that this article is devoted. The importance of it lies only in the number of significant and true things it tells about Harvard.

And that, perhaps, is importance enough. I say this in none of that college spirit which makes a man believe that his college, because it is his, is singled out for the peculiar attentions of the high gods who brood over academic welfare. A change, such as I am describing, if it took place at any other college, would be quite as important. The fact is that it could have taken place nowhere else.

Which brings us to the old Harvard and the popular misconceptions of its character. It was supposed to create a type of man, effeminate, detached, affecting superiority, incapable, and snobbish. Certainly men of this order did graduate from Harvard, but the great truth is that there was no Harvard type; there were always Harvard men, but there was never a "Harvard man." The importance of this distinction is inestimable, because it points to the fundamental thing in the older Harvard life: its insistence upon individuality. In that the old Harvard struck deep through superficial things and came at once upon the fundamental thing identical in democracy and in aristocracy. It bestowed each man in accordance with his deserts and, following Hamlet's dictum, according to its own nobility; and gave him according to his needs and according to his powers. Like every truly democratic institution, Harvard was aristocratic; like every truly aristocratic institution, Harvard was democratic. At the very moment when it was supposed to be breeding aristocratic



snobs, Harvard was fulfilling the great mission of *democratic* institutions in encouraging each man to be himself as greatly and completely as he could. At the very moment when it was supposed to exercise a mean and narrowing influence over its students, it was fulfilling the great mission of *cultural* institutions in helping each man to a ripening of his powers, to enlargement of his interests, and to widening of his sympathies. Its effeminate went to war against dirt and danger and disease; its snobs devoted themselves to the advancement of social justice; its detached men became bankers and mill-owners and journalists; one of its weaklings conquered the world. The great thing was that in all of them the old impulse to a deep and full life remained; the tradition of culture was beginning to prosper. So that Harvard could send out a statesman who was interested in the Celtic revival, a *littérateur* with a fondness for baseball, a financier who appreciated art and a philosopher who appreciated life. At the same time it graduated thousands of men who took with them into professional life and into business life a feeling, perhaps only a memory, of the variety and excellence of human achievement—men who without pride or shame, which are equally snobbish, tried to substitute discipline and cultivation for disorder and barbarity. It is no petty accomplishment.

To achieve it Harvard had to stand with bitter determination against the current sweeping toward the practical, the immediate, the successful. At the same time it bought its cherished democracy of thought at the price of social anarchy. The college as a body made very little effort to protect or to comfort its individuals. It was assumed that he who came could make his own way; if the way were hard, so much the better! The triumph would be sweeter. The great fraternities grew in strength, possibly because there was no countervailing force issuing from the college itself. But there was never a determined organized attempt to make the individual life of the undergraduate happy or comfortable. In its place there was a huge, inchoate, and tremendously successful attempt to make the intellectual life of the individual interesting and productive. Each man found his own; fought to win his place, struggled against loneliness and despair, and emerged sturdier in spirit, younger and braver and better.

Some fell. They were the waste products of a civilization which was harsh, selfish in its interests, generous in its appreciations, a microcosm of life. A pity that some should have to fall! But it would be a greater pity if for them the battle should cease. Because the fighting was always fair. The strength which developed in many a man in his efforts to make a paper, or a club, or even in qualifying to join some little group of men, was often the basis of a successful life. With it came an intensification of personality; the absence of a set type made the suppression of the individual at Harvard almost impossible. I am certain that no one with a personality worth preserving ever lost it there.

I wonder whether those who speak and write about democracy at our colleges ever realize the importance of this intellectual freedom. Mr. Owen Johnson is not unconscious of it, yet his whole attack upon the colleges, practically unchallenged, was on account of their lack of social democracy. It is considered a dreadful thing among us that rich A should not want to talk to poor B; but it would never occur to us to be shocked if they had nothing to say to each other except small talk about baseball or shop talk about courses. And if the choice is between social promiscuity and intellectual freedom, we must say, "Let their ways be apart eternally, so long as they are free."

The terrible fact is that the undergraduate in his effort to attain social unity has sacrificed the liberty of thought. It would be indelicate for a Harvard man, however generous, to condemn other colleges. Let Mr. Johnson speak for Yale: "It is ruled by the tyranny of the average, the democracy of a bourgeois commonplaceness." And an undergraduate wrote in *The Yale Literary Magazine* that "we are accounted for as one conglomeration of body first, head next, and last and least, soul. As one we go to chapel, as one our parental authorities would like to see us pastured at Commons, and as one we are educated." For Princeton *The Nassau Lit* writes this significant editorial: "It is not long before the freshman learns that a certain kind of thinking, too, is quite necessary here, and from that time on, until graduation, the same strong influence is at work, until the habit of *conforming* has become a strongly ingrained second



nature. . . . Four years of this . . . results in a certain fixity of ideas. . . . We are brought up under the sway of what seems to us a rather bourgeois conventionality."

Apart from the fact that the term "bourgeois," contradictory to the aristo-democratic ideal in essence, occurs in two of these statements, I do not think that they call for extended comment. These things, at least, no man has been able to say of Harvard; even to this day there remains a fierce, jealous, almost joyous tradition of intellectual freedom—in spite of all!

I say "in spite of all," because I am now leaving the old Harvard and am about to record the deep conversion of recent years which says a prosperous and Philistine No to everything the old Harvard has said, and which is surrendering its spirit to the very forces against which the old Harvard made its arm strong and its heart of triple brass. I do not mean that Harvard will cease to be great; I do mean that it may cease to be Harvard. It is hard to deal with a phenomenon of this sort solely by means of actualities. I am describing the disintegration of a social background, the subsidence of one tone and the emergence, not yet complete, of another. But, yielding to the present insistence upon "facts," I shall name a number of significant developments which indicate the nature of what I have called the changing temper at Harvard.

They are of two orders, social and intellectual. In the first group we have the senior and freshmen dormitories; a new insistence upon class lines; a new emphasis upon college spirit and with it a disquieting resurgence of that great abomination, "college life"; a change of attitude toward our much maligned "Harvard indifference" and "Harvard snobbery." In the second class come the group system as opposed to the free elective system, the failure of cultural activities, the contempt for dilettantism, the emergence of the scholar. The last phenomenon is mentioned out of no overbearing desire to be either thorough or fair; it has a significance of its own.

Superficially the most striking of these changes is the extraordinary importance attached to class lines. It will be remembered that when President Wilson tried to reform Princeton with the Oxford system as a model, he was balked by precisely this feel-

ing of class unity. At Harvard the thing was not unknown; but it was not important. Princeton men rejoice that their freshmen are compelled to wear caps, black shirts and corduroy trousers for the first three months of the year, so that no snobbery may develop! To the healthy Harvard man this seems sheer insanity—democracy run to seed. Such solicitude for promiscuity seems to intend a horrible mistrust of something, and certainly a beautiful misapprehension of what democracy means. I am speaking not from mere personal experience, but from that of generations of Harvard men, when I say that it has been possible for a man to go through his four years without knowing more than ten men in his own class intimately, yet acquiring all that college could give by knowing the finest spirits in a whole college cycle. The new order will change all this. It will not forbid a man to seek his acquaintances outside his class; but it will suggest and presently it may insist that his duty to his class can only be fulfilled by cultivating the acquaintance of all who entered college on the same day as he. We may live to see the time when Harvard will emulate the Yale man's boast that he knew all his classmates (but one) by their first names!

The outward forms of this change are the senior and freshmen dormitories. The former resulted from the great schism of 1909 when the Gold Coast was defeated in the vote for class officers by the poorer men living in and about the Yard. It was considered intolerable that a class should be so divided and a decided effort was made to get the rich society men to live in the Yard, beside their poorer fellow-students, during their senior year. This has been a great success! A group of men, friends for three years, bound by steady companionship and natural affinities, occupy one entry of Hollis. Another group, equally bound by totally different sympathies and activities, occupy another. They nod to each other as they come from class. If a man in one group is taking the same course in Engineering as a man in the other, they may discuss a problem or denounce a "stiff" hour exam. in common. There their ways part. It seems inconceivable that the heads of a great college should have been able to believe that the mere accident of adjacent rooms could actually be the basis, or even the beginnings, of a



true democratic spirit of fraternity. And—let me anticipate—*if the college had not ignominiously failed in its effort to supply a true basis of fraternity, it would not now be driven to a method so childish and so artificial as that of class grouping.*

But if the senior dormitories are merely silly, what can be said of the plan to house all the freshmen together in a group of buildings far removed from the centre of college activities? It is not here a question of whether they "will work," but of the spirit which prompted their foundation. They will not be as bad as their opponents may imagine, because nothing will break down the tradition of free intercourse, and the man who writes or the man who jumps will inevitably seek out his own. But it is certainly a weakening of Harvard's moral fibre that an effort should be made to "help along" the freshmen, instead of compelling them to fight their own way. That the change really drives into the spirit of Harvard can be judged by these significant instances of the attitude taken toward the new scheme by graduates, undergraduates, and by the college authorities. First consider the testimony of an alumni organization secretary. In a conversation he said, "We have found it the hardest thing in the world to persuade graduates that Harvard needs freshmen dormitories. They are perfectly willing to subscribe for dorms, but they balk at the freshmen restriction." Among the undergraduates there exists a peculiar feeling of relief that they came to Harvard before the buildings were up. Even those who defend them and say that they "will be a good thing for the freshies," do not regret that the "good thing" was not for them. Articles have been written in undergraduate publications defending them, but I do not know a single man in the present (1914) senior class who passionately regrets that they were not built four years ago. And finally from the college itself came distinct and explicit denial that there is any intention of tucking the freshmen into bed at nine o'clock each night. *Hein!*

And the result: a wonderful renaissance of the demand for "college spirit." College spirit is, of course, nothing in the world but undergraduate jingoism. The desire to cheer his team is one which no man can afford to miss, but it points to an undeniable falling off in democracy when the "rah-rah" spirit can dominate

a college and call those who will not yield to it unfaithful and unworthy. Under that tyranny Harvard is already beginning to suffer. Further, men are beginning to be urged to do things not because they want to do them, but for Harvard's sake. They are urged to back their teams for the sake of the college and its reputation. It will seem incredible, but there actually appeared in the columns of an undergraduate publication an ominous exhortation "not to be behind Yale" in showing our spirit.

Disagreeable as these things are, they are inconsidered trifles beside the change of attitude which has taken place in regard to the serious work of the college. I cling, in spite of successive disillusionings, to the belief that *the function of the college is to create a tradition of culture*: it is not to create gentlemen or scholars unless it can effect the combination of both, and it is certainly not to prepare men for success *in business*. Success in life is a different matter. College should not spoil a man for life; it should enable him to appreciate life, make him "able and active in distinguishing the great from the petty." That is what culture means; and that is precisely what Harvard has decided not to do. Emphasis there has borrowed from emphasis everywhere. The advantage of President Lowell's system of course grouping is that the undergraduate is no longer able to take 17 uncorrelated courses and achieve a degree; he must know a good deal about one thing at least. But aside from the obvious fact that a great many freshmen are incapable of choosing their life work and choose what is easiest for them, the group system has a terrible defect. It has come about that men choose their group from worthy or unworthy reasons and consider that they have acquired all the good of a college career if they have done creditable work in that particular group. The other courses are merely "fillers." The majority of men are content to concentrate, to narrow their interests, and the whole meaning of college, which is to prepare the way for future enlargement of sympathies, has been lost. Figures cannot be cited for or against this assertion. But some tendencies now discernible at Harvard may be illuminating.

First, the scholar has emerged. He has become respectable; he has also become a specialist, Economics, Government and the practical sciences being the favored groups. Second, there has



grown up a great and loud contempt for the dilettante and æsthe-  
tete. I hope these words will not be misunderstood. The  
dilettante at Harvard is any man who writes, thinks, talks well, is  
not particularly athletic and does not go to the moving-picture  
shows which have become the chief attraction at the Harvard  
Union. (This last, by the way, is not fantasy but fact; the  
“ movie ” has proved the great agent for class solidarity at Har-  
vard). An æsthete at Harvard is one who has any diversity  
of interests and activities. At Harvard it is almost a crime to  
be interested in art, anarchism, literature, music, pageantry,  
dancing, acting; to write poetry or fiction, to talk English, to  
read French (except de Maupassant) for pleasure. Mr. Eric  
Dawson, whose article in *The Yale Lit* I have already quoted,  
advises the Yale man to keep it darkly secret “ if he cares for  
etchings, prefers Beethoven to Alexander’s Ragtime Band, and  
Meredith to Meredith Nicholson.” It is a terrible commentary  
on Harvard’s intellectual life that the words should be applicable  
now.

They are. Within the past three years the degeneration of  
every cultural activity has been persistently rapid. *The Lam-  
poon* alone resists, and it is marked by its satire on all the new  
movements. The Socialist Club was founded in 1909. Its boast  
that it included the active intelligence of the college was always  
a gross exaggeration, but it was in itself active and intelligent.  
This year it is practically dead; free, incisive thinking has gone  
out of fashion. The Dramatic Club started at about the same  
time with high ideals and even higher achievement. Its record  
for the past two years has been one of protracted failure. (There  
is some excuse; other organizations have taken some of its most  
talented actors.) The activity is too “ detached ” for Harvard  
men of the brave new stripe. Even more disastrous has been  
the career of *The Harvard Monthly*—*The Atlantic Monthly* of  
the colleges—which was founded about thirty years ago and has  
had on its boards such men as George Santayana, Professor  
George P. Baker, Robert Herrick, Norman Hapgood, and a  
host of other distinguished men. It always lacked popular ap-  
peal, but there were always enough men at Harvard to produce a  
superior magazine and almost enough readers to make the pro-

duction worth while. Within the last few years it has been found almost impossible to keep the *Monthly* going, and its dissolution is imminent. It may combine with *The Advocate*, another paper of other ideals, once graced with infinite wit, now failing because that too is out of fashion. It is possible that these activities may revive, that succeeding generations will take up the slack. That is the work of individuals. The creation of a receptive body is the work of the college, and that has been forgotten.

And if you ask what the Harvard man is doing, what he is talking about, while these activities are being ruined before his eyes, the answer is not merely as Mr. Stearns gave it, that the Harvard man talks smut. So do most other men. The terrible thing is that the Harvard man talks very little else that is worth listening to. Lectures, cuts, assignments, exams, and shows; baseball, daily news (a mere "Did you see that?" conversation), steam engines; girls, parties, class elections, piffing nonsense—that is the roster of the college man. I am terribly conscious of the intolerable stupidity of "intellectual" conversation; I do not wish that conversation at college should consist of nothing but considerations of the Fourfold Root. But it does seem rather unfortunate that the men who are, theoretically, to be the leaders of the next generation, should never talk or think about art, should have *no* interest in ideas, should be ignorant of philosophy and impatient of fine thinking, should use their own tongue as a barbarous instrument, should be loud and vulgar of speech, commonplace in manner, entirely lacking in distinction of spirit and mind.

The college has failed to make intelligent activity the basis of democracy; there is no community of interest in things of the mind or spirit and that is why artificial means, with the peril they bring to the individual, are resorted to. How far President Lowell is responsible for that which has happened in his administration is a question I cannot answer. He has seen the signs of his time; he has warned Harvard of the terrible danger which has come to it with the decadence of individual study and independent reading. He is trying to make intellectual activity the basis of Harvard's democracy at the very moment when he is



the ablest of those who in reality help to sustain all that I have here ventured to criticise.

It has been in no reactionary spirit. I have not intended to say that Harvard actually produces the type I have described. The truth is that it does so little to refine what it gets. The care of the superior individual, which always results in the greatest benefit to all, has ceased to engross the college. The new order will not be of the same heterogeneous excellence. That change all suffer, and all resent. Granted that the new Harvard will be glorious and great, was there not room, besides all the State colleges and the technical schools, for its intransigent detachment, its hopeless struggle for a "useless" culture? It will be said that for such a training men should go to smaller colleges, like Amherst, where they will receive the special attention they may deserve. But I think of what William James said once of Harvard, and I wonder what Harvard men, and what the country, will do when they realize that it can never be said again:

"The true Church was always the invisible Church. The true Harvard is the invisible Harvard in the souls of her more truth-seeking and independent and often very solitary sons. . . . As a nursery for independent and lonely thinkers . . . Harvard still is in the van. . . . Our undisciplinables are our proudest product!"

## THE NEW STEERAGE

FRANCIS BYRNE HACKETT

ELEVEN hundred of us, perhaps twelve hundred, were booked steerage from Liverpool to New York. We had been brought to the dock at noon, away from our friends, though we heard the vessel was not to leave till five. On the other side of a stone pier rose the huge *Lusitania* with her four funnels. Everyone on our tender moved expectantly forward. There was an official cry: "Britishers first!" The chosen of the Lord! But the horde of ignorant foreigners came surging ahead. Miscellaneously we crowded up the gangway. Another gangway sloped for us on to the *Lusitania*. Several British policemen and stewards faced us to keep us in line. At so many guardian angels we began to feel depressed.

Medical inspection. The instant we put foot on the deck of the *Lusitania*, this was our first business.

"Have your Inspection Tickets ready." Before we could inquire what was going to happen, it was happening. We were passed in a slow trickle between two officials. "Take off your hat." "Take off your glasses." I stood blinking while the doctor deftly plucked up my eyelids. He waved me ahead, my ungranulated eyelids made harsh by the handling. Hundreds were before us on the deck, and those from behind began to press on our heels with the inevitable "myself first" impulse of human beings. We were a medley of races, Swedes, Greek, English and Welsh, Irish, Russian Jews, Poles, mute Lithuanian peasants, and men from a Northern race who turned out to be Finns. It was almost as cosmopolitan as the Third Avenue Elevated. We advanced with repeated hesitations and conscious slowness. A woman turned white in the crush and had to be helped to a seat near an open porthole. In front of me, a 12-year-old boy, dead beat, leaned against his big brother—and under his arm, if you please, wearily hugged a camp stool. "Why doesn't he sit on the stool?" The mother, a thin, strained, admirable creature, whose face showed the fine wrinkles of a life too intent, allowed me to open the stool for him. From his low seat he rewarded me more



than once with a look of confidence and smiling good-nature. They had travelled by rail all night, the mother volunteered, from a town in Wales. They were on their way at last to join the father in California. "I have two more in California"—the mother pointed to her children, who cheerfully smiled.

Women and children. During that weary wait I observed them here and there, standing submissively for three-quarters of an hour. At length, after the long halt, the tension was relieved, and we moved again, this time past another doctor. "Take off your hat." The doctor had apparently to inspect the unnaturalized polls on which that morning we had paid a four dollar tax. He was a man of great perception, the doctor, and the actual examination was an affair of split seconds. On completing the circuit of the deck our yellow Inspection Tickets (given to us at the office in the morning when we had paid our \$37.50 for the passage) received their first stamp. The Cunard Line accepted us as healthy live stock.

My Inspection Ticket said Room H 22, and a steward took me there. There were seven other occupants. Most of them were taking their ease in their berths and smoking. They were all English or American. I responded to their cheery hello, but their carbonic gas was strong, and the portholes proved to be immovable. I sat down on a lower berth, bumped my head against the top one, and had hardly room for my knees in the aisle. My carbonic gas did not improve the air. I felt discouraged, and went out. Nearby I saw a most capacious 4-berth room, and there was a vacancy in it. Henri Bergson says that "life proceeds by insinuation." I felt less gloomy. I found the bedroom steward and asked him whether I could be changed. He was amicable but not quite concrete, a bit of a Jesuit. About this time word flashed by that we were back at the Landing Stage for the cabin passengers: deferring the affairs of moment, I went on deck.

We all pushed aft for a good view, only to find a rope stretched across the deck, and a grim sailor guarding it. "That's all the scope you get." We flattened back against one another. And they let down a beautiful canopied gangway for the upper classes.

Braided officers stood in a row to receive, on a nice clear deck. All the stewards were lined up in fresh white coats. Against the sky line we studied the new angles of hat plumes. On they stepped with leisured gait, with an air of distinguished fatigue. "The daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks, walking and mincing as they go." Indifferently they handed their light burdens to the now demure stewards. I looked around at my comrades back of the rope. A child in arms next to me chortled as he bandaged his mother's eyes. She gently removed the bandage, only to be blinded again. Behind me, a buxom Swede looked open-eyed at her feathered sisters abaft. Everywhere the interest was intense and simple. I turned again to envisage the daughters of Zion. As in another world they moved—a world where policemen are unnecessary, where stewards are spring-heeled, where officers stand in line, where eyelids are not officially scrutinized nor polls inspected, where the gangway has a canopy and weariness is consoled. I admired "the bravery of their anklets, and the cauls and the crescents; the pendants, and the bracelets and the mufflers." Must it not be delightful, said I to myself, to merit so much attention from everyone, and to be so prettily arrayed? Must it not be pleasant to have eyelids so immune, and to have a quite uninspected poll?

The last piece of first-class baggage rolled aboard. Giant hawsers strained, and were released. It was departure. From my coign at a deck porthole the Landing Stage came into focus. I confess I exclaimed. As far as the eye could reach, on the water and street levels, the glance of thousands on thousands was rivetted on the vessel as she cautiously edged away. It was a beautiful afternoon, the sky innocently blue. All indifferent to us in the background stood the massive city of Liverpool, concentrated on affairs, but no less indifferent to the city itself ranged this childlike, almost awestruck, army of curiosity, silently intent on us as we receded into the river. From our porthole (I was joined by a Syrian) we could not help a glow of pride. My companion was not able to vent his feelings in English, but he was quite moved. His was an Indian-like head—high cheekbones, thin lips, hard, beady eyes. He dwelt on the vast crowd, ejaculating "ah-ye-ye-ye," and clucking his tongue. I smiled at his



solid wonderment. Then he craned out of the porthole to view the water far, far below. I followed suit. He pointed down, and gave a significant, cheerfully reckless laugh. I laughed, too. We were in for it, and no mistake.

The steamer's first evening was spent, doing nothing, out in the Mersey. The tide was in some way blameworthy. It seemed inefficient of nature, but as we lay opposite Liverpool the night-lights came out, definite and serene and friendly, and I took out my mental clutch.

Time came for supper. I reserved for the morning the mysteries of the cuisine. I had earlier gone below to the pantry, after some talk with a humane steward, and to my surprise I had been allowed to help myself to a cup of tea.

The first evening was one of extraordinary activity. Still in their best clothes, around our half of the entire deck poured streams and streams of passengers. It was almost impossible to tread one's way. And in several places these streams turned themselves into dancing whorls, where volunteers with a concertina had appeared. I happen to like the concertina, and I enjoyed it during five entire days, though not so much the concertina as the movement of life which it promoted. There were never any deck sports, nor games, nor organized distraction. But, except for one awful seasick period, there was endless dancing and singing. On this first evening I stood in the rings that framed the waltzers, and my blood raced with their pleasure. The Swedes in particular took part much and well. They occasionally ventured on those new forms, but only for dancing reasons. When Swedes really want to hug each other, they do it openly and for its own sake.

To increase the friendliness of the evening, everyone was willing to talk a little. I chatted with a Russian, a Greek, an Englishwoman and an Englishman. He was a young and unhappy Englishman, and in disgust at the ignorant foreigner. I later learned that he made up the difference and was allowed to go second class.

At 9 p.m., tired of repeated searches for my bedroom steward (he was dishing out in the pantry most of the time), I went to the assistant chief steward of the third class to see if I could be

transferred to the 4-berth room. He'd see, he said in a serious bass voice, he'd let me know. At 9.30 p.m. he again told me he'd see. Whether he has yet seen or not I have no means of discovering. At 10 p.m. I took the berth, with the consent of the other men in the cabin. I gave my tip to the bedroom steward, as I guessed he was the less Tammanyized. The assistant chief steward was a strong character, free from numerical superstition. He asked 13 cents for five penny stamps.

In my room the bedding proved simple—a coarse white bag of straw for mattress, and one dark blue horse blanket for clothing. A small pouch of straw served as pillow. No linen, of course, and no frills of any kind. There was an iron spring frame. I found it ascetic but clean. The single blanket was not enough. I used my rug, and my fellow passengers used overcoats and rugs, too. The mattresses, I was told, serve just one trip. They are dumped overboard as soon as the steamer is out to sea on the return voyage. In my bed I was the only living creature present.

Those who rose early had advantages. They had first use of the tin basin in their own room, or of the bowls in the general washing room. They had a bid for the solitary bath tub in male steerage. They were up in time to be allowed to walk all the way aft, and look down the wide lane of jade and white in the wake of the *Lusitania*. And they were in time for the first sitting.

Those who did not rise early had to listen to the tramlings that began long before sunrise. Despite this, I got up late. Fifty of us waited over half an hour outside an iron grill at the head of the dining room stairs. The dining room is quite inadequate, so there had to be four sittings—first come, first served. When we reached below we took seats where we could. There was an understanding, however, by which Britishers were grouped together. This was made effectual by stewards who stood where the ways parted, and thrust Jews and Poles and mid-Europeans to one side, and Britishers and Scandinavians to the other.

On the whole, the food during the trip was edible. I could not eat the bacon or the beef. I did not try the eggs. The tea was vile and usually not very hot. The coffee was vile. But the bread, served in individual loaves, was most palatable. The



Swedish bread was excellent. The oatmeal was edible, even with the wretchedly thin condensed or dried milk. We had herrings and at another time sausages, and both were fair. The potatoes were always excellently boiled and good of their kind, but the browned potatoes were invariably overcooked and not fit to serve. The cold meats for supper could be eaten. The boiled rice was insipid. The stewed prunes and stewed apricots were palatable. I had very good baked beans and navy beans, good pea soup and fair broth. I had no complaints to make of the food. I never decided whether it was butter or margarine, but I ate it willingly. It certainly had not that callously metallic taste that margarine used to have.

The service was on bold, wholesale lines. Twenty sat at each table, and there were two equipments of bread and butter, sugar, salt, pepper and vinegar. A disconsolate plant decorated each table. One steward took charge of each ten people. I sat at a different table practically every time, and most of my companions were delightfully obliging and unaggressive. Only those who so wished had to stand up and harpoon their bread roll. There were a few tiresome people who damned the food and failed to pass the salt. The stewards were elusive, or rather that one-tenth part of a steward who was your share. I regretted on one occasion to discover egg shells in my dessert, and the next day I was pained to find a knob of beef in my stewed apples. My sympathetic steward remarked: "Puts you a bit off, don't it?" It do.

From about five in the morning till eleven at night these stewards are working. Work is a good thing. It is strange that the stewards look unhealthy and fatigued. It is due to the inherent inferiority of stewards.

Queenstown was the distraction for several hours on the first day out. The Cunard and White Star Lines have just discerned that the harbor is unsafe for big boats. At what point of profit, I wondered, would Queenstown harbor suddenly and miraculously become safe again?

As we left the coast of Ireland there came an unctuous swell upon the sea. You would not think it could upset anyone, but when I ascended after dinner I was horrified. Rows of passengers lay where they were stricken, all too evidently ill, ghosts of

their braver selves. The stewards were in the dining room and could not come, and did not come, for well over an hour. For well over an hour no effort at all was made to clean the decks. I now understood this grave disadvantage of third class, to which the company itself contributes. But there was much kindness to the decimated, and much tolerance. Later I admired immensely the work of the matrons. I seldom met three more splendid, capable, sympathetic women. There were superior passengers who despised the childishness with which simpler people gave in. I myself laughed when I saw a girl lying with complete abandon plumb on top of another girl. The grim sailor heard me and muttered: "Only an ignorant person 'd laugh at anyone was seasick."

During this distressing hour a Russian came flying to the master at arms. "The doctor! the doctor!" "You can't have the doctor," said the man in blue, not unkindly. "We can't help seasickness. It's got to be expected." "The doctor! Not seaseek! dead!" He made a ghastly face. "Oh, all right," said the master-at-arms, and we went straight below.

Terrific pleading calls shook the cabin. "Sonya! Sonya!" The master-at-arms walked right in, and emerged supporting a sack-like girl, very white and inert. "You could cut the air with a knife," murmured the weary master-at-arms. He assisted her on deck, and she was wooed to consciousness.

At this time, on the enclosed deck, there was much commotion. A striking red-haired Jewess, clad in green, had fainted and was put sitting on a bench. A venerable Jew appealed to her excitedly while an earnest young soul at the other side cried for water. It made me furious to see the limp woman propped up, but they were evidently playing according to the rules of a different league. The water at last came and much to my surprise the earnest soul put it to her own lips. But not to drink it. In her the Chinese laundryman had an efficient rival. She was the most active geyser I ever saw. After a time there was a feeble motion of protest, to the regret of the delighted spectators.

On the open deck during this weather the Jews monopolized one corner. I counted thirty of them huddled inseparably together in their misery, like snakes coiled in the cold. As they be-



gan to recover, a leg would wiggle from under one blanket, and a head be thrust out from under another. Later they sat up and drank their tea out of glasses, nibbling the sugar. They soon littered the place with apple peels and orange peels. After generations of inhibition they probably needed to be told that they were permitted by a merciful dispensation to use the sea as a waste basket.

As the sea fell slumberously still, life recovered its audacity. Again the decks became clamorous, multitudinous. People thronged the promenade, or swarmed on the benches that do duty for deck chairs. They began smoking everywhere again, and out came the stewards and the Black Crowd to enjoy a sociable cigarette. There was little to do but talk, until the dancing began. The grim sailor looked pityingly on Babel, as he patrolled the Second Class partition. He was for smaller ships. "On a smaller ship," he deigned to remark, "you can come up and throw your weight around."

Differences in manners obtruded. The third day out a youth emerged whom I took to be a swineherd from the beech forests of Croatia. He was not handsome. His fringe encroached upon his little eyes. His chin was unformed. Up over his trousers, as if he had just waded through the piggery, his socks were drawn. There he stood, plastic youth, a hand in his pocket, pivoting a heel, surveying the world through his own hirsute thatch. Suddenly, deliberately, he blew his nose Adam-like. A Swedish woman next me turned livid. "De dirty pig." I felt myself the brother of a Swede. The Croatian saw us but beheld us not. His mouth ajar, he ruminated afresh on the fleshpots of Croatia. Raw material, simple even to the verge of our ancestral slime. I prayed "God be with thee," and looked elsewhere.

That evening amid the throng which waited for admittance to the dining room appeared a Greek. The glaring electric light concentrated on that swart face, flung-out chest, and bared neck. He was incredibly blasphemous and incredibly self-important. "Seventy-five dollars, see. American money!" He showed his money to us, and gave a chuckle. His lip curled. "They only Hunkies," indicating his companions who connected themselves with him by slavish eyes. "I in America before, Christ, yes!"

His eye roved boldly, and he showed his white teeth. "I got more money still, you bet your life. When I get over I marry no Hunkie. I marry Henglish girl. Yeh, Christ, you bet!" He antagonized us, and yet we watched him eagerly. He lapped up our interest. Overcome with the savor of attention, he incontinently spat. I drew away. "It's a' right," he said half-obsequiously, "I know what I do. I no' spit on American." He felt too much kinship to spit on an American.

So things happen, but only in the steerage. At the door of the café below, you will not find a Polish count informing the steward: "I marry a Henglish girl. No penniless Hunkie for me." Nor will the first-class steward answer: "Who cares? Who'll buy a beer?"

In all these days, among all these peoples, there was no friction. Some youths did start to make boisterous fun of two barefooted Italian women, walking up and down in bright petticoat and kerchief. But the Italians smiled and skipped back and sat down, and there was no more "fun." Between congruous people intercourse was easy and frank. The fresh-hued Scandinavians were exceptionally lively. A little English group revolved quietly together, with a private afternoon teapot for central sun. Another little group, including two girls in service, a cotton spinner and a grocery clerk, often sat in the prow and talked amiably about anything from the food on board to their notion of a God. They say that "sociability proceeds from weakness." Steerage, at any rate, is highly sociable. In some cases it was also frankly amatory. The attractive girls, so soon well known, seemed to have no fear of the predatory males. They took each other lightly. But at 9.30 p.m., all the feminine kind, even the rebellious, had to leave their conquests and go below. This rule was enforced to the letter.

Two days before landing we had another medical experience. We learned that American citizens in the third class were immune from smallpox and need not be troubled on that score, but that aliens in the third class must all be vaccinated. It was said there were ways of evading this, but I found none. For several hours we were assembled while the women filed in. After an hour in line, our turn came to enter the surgery improvised in the com-



panionway. On a table flamed a number of small spirit lamps, over which the stewards sterilized the metal scrapers. I bared my arm, as per orders from a pasty youth. The doctor answered my queries by taking my arm, scraping it gently and applying the lymph. "It is not our law," he said politely. "Take this chap," motioned a bullet-headed assistant, and I was shoved to another group. "Rub it off," whispered a friendly scullion, but I let it stay, out of curiosity. The new group crowded around another big table. An additional hour's standing brought up my turn to answer the clerk's questions. He recorded on the manifesto that I was destined for Brooklyn and had friends. This was added to the facts I had provided when I engaged passage. I was now catalogued for Ellis Island.

The day before landing there was, I believe, another medical inspection. We got in line for it, but the crowd simply disregarded the stewards, and I never even saw the doctor. On that evening the barriers were partly down, and the Goths and Huns invaded two decks.

It was Friday morning before we came into the yellow waters of the harbor, and passed under the cliffs of Manhattan. Already a fissure had appeared in the steerage. On one side, separated from us more and more, went the naturalized citizens, each armed with his papers. On the other, we aliens congregated, to be shipped in due time to Ellis Island.

It was an inhuman morning, a morning of harrowing strain and confusion. Though the inspection of baggage amounted to nothing in itself, especially as there had been no preliminary declaration, there was the uncertainty, and the three hours' delay. Searching for baggage, waiting for inspectors, hectored and shouted at, the poorer immigrants reminded one of Laocoön. And then we had to wait for the boat to Ellis Island, and we had to lug our hand baggage with us for the hours that were to come. This fact alone made the day an ordeal for all except the strongest, a brute ordeal to which wealthier folk would not submit for two successive days.

On the Ellis Island boat we were crammed like cattle. "Move up, I say, move up. God! move UP, you damned kike!" So spoke our burly exemplar of American citizenship.

We "moved up" until the last square foot of floor was shut off from sight by close-packed bodies. We coöperated with the U. S. Government as well as we could to provide conditions for another Slocum disaster. When such a disaster does occur on one of these old boats, every editor in the country will demand with magnificent emphasis: "Fix the responsibility!" Let us by all means wait till the steed is stolen.

Ellis Island basked in the sun. It was handsome and trim and restful, after the swarming pier. We entered the fine examination building single file, always lugging our suitcases and bundles and bags and wraps and boxes and babies.

Medical inspection, a real inspection this time. We passed through a cleverly arranged aisle, and at each angle a new doctor in khaki sought for blemishes. I finally impinged on a man who asked me if I could see well without my glasses. I answered: "Not at all." He leaned over, and made two crosses in blue chalk on my raincoat. At the exit from this trap an attendant wrote another little piece on my raincoat, "Vis.," short for vision. I was allowed to lay down my bags, and sit and wait for half an hour.

When the special examiners were ready, we were led up a corridor and shown into a bright room. Around the walls were men and boys in all stages of dress and undress, as at a bathing beach.

"Ken you read English?" I said yes. "Read that over there." A familiar oculist test card hung on the wall. Being already so tired that I would have welcomed deportation, I resentfully choked out: "B, T B R, F E B D," and so on. "All right, doc.," said the attendant, and a civil man at a high desk silently handed me an initialled slip. Outside this was taken, and my dilapidated Inspection Ticket was stamped "Specially Examined." I had passed the test, and went back for my baggage to the ante-room. A woman there, flushed and petulant, commented on her being examined. The attendant turned away contemptuously. "Aw, she's ben hittin' the pipe, or somethin'."

Up the steps into the great hall I proceeded. It resembled a big waiting room, where to my delight benches ran the length of the room. It was now nearly three, and I had neglected to eat



anything all day. In the particular bench decided by my Inspection Ticket, I emphatically sat down.

At the far end of these benches ran a long screen at right angles. In that screen were a number of gates. Each gate was guarded by a seated official with our manifestoes on the desk before him. Through those gates we immigrants were being sieved into the United States.

At last I was in the sieve. The guardian of the gate was kind of voice. "You have a brother in Brooklyn, eh?" "How much money have you got?" I was not asked to show it. "All right, pass on. No, there is nothing further. You can go as far as you like now!" Two of us from the *Lusitania* whipped down the steps, bags and all, and delivered up our Inspection Tickets at a last, final door. The sun shone outside. The air was fresh. The light danced on the sea. There were no more policemen, stewards, masters-at-arms, doctors, baggage examiners, attendants, inspectors. I drew a deep breath, and tried to forget the benefits of civilization.

On the ferry to New York there mingled future Americans from the Anchor Line and the Red Star Line, as well as from the Cunard. Already I could find only a few of my former companions. Some had gone before. Some were still on the Island. In the present crowd they were absorbed, obliterated. The little world of the *Lusitania* was already annexed by America, as a little meteor is annexed by the burning star. I regretted this absorption, this obliteration. For six days I had belonged to them, and they had belonged to me. I thought of their geniality, their simplicity, their naturalness, their long-suffering. I was sorry to say good-bye.

## THE C. T. U.

GEORGE CRAM COOK

THE battle began Monday morning when Assistant Professor Clark seated himself facing the President in the President's office.

"I want permission," said the lanky, trim-bearded young man, "for Vida Martin, who is here raising money for the striking button-cutters of Manistee, to speak in Assembly Hall."

The President's grey eyes opened a little wider, then narrowed shrewdly. He swung a little in his swivel chair, and pulled his graceful iron-grey moustache. Then he said gently: "Would you regard it as proper for the University to take sides to that extent in an industrial dispute?"

"We listened to Judge Graham's Menace of Syndicalism."

"An address which was general. This is a specific conflict."

"Judge Graham talked about it."

"In illustration of his general point. Miss Martin, I understand, talks of nothing else. She is an extreme radical—a professional firebrand. I am surprised to find a man of your standing in sympathy with her ideas."

"I'm not—together," replied Clark. "That is scarcely a sufficient reason for not listening to them. I want our students to hear her side of the case—undistorted."

"We cannot lend unsound cases the weight of university authority," said the President.

"Judge Graham's case was thoroughly unsound," said Clark. "Vida Martin is, as you say, an extreme radical. But we have listened to an extreme reactionary. If it is the policy of the University not to take sides, it cannot invite him to speak and refuse to let her. Her subject, I ought to say, is general—the Ideals of Syndicalism. As to her soundness: she knows industrial unionism from the inside—her own experience as organizer. She knows its leaders personally. All Judge Graham knows is his own prejudice against labor and some newspaper stories."



The President swung back to his desk and arranged some papers.

Clark sat there looking irritatingly thorough.

"What made you take the responsibility of discussing this with Vida Martin?" the President demanded.

"I met her on the train from Manistee last night. I used to know her at Hull House. She spoke of the dismissal of Brooks and Gleason here last year for insisting on their right to express their real ideas, and made the sweeping claim that there is no free speech in any American university. I said I'd disprove that by getting Assembly Hall for her. If she can't have it, it seems to bear out her charge against us."

"Haven't you yourself enjoyed freedom of speech here?"

"Yes, I have. But frankly, I'm afraid I've never had anything to say that was dangerous."

"Afraid! Your talk with Miss Martin seems to have had a singular effect on your point of view."

"It has," admitted Clark. "I never put such new life into the thinking of any student as she put into mine last night. Six years ago in Chicago she was not unlike me. If the labor movement makes her what she is and the University makes me what I am—there's something wrong with the University. I think we should try to understand her."

"By all means—those of us who have not already done so."

Clark smiled.

"Understanding her is one thing," said the President, nettled, "and giving her violent doctrines such sanction by the University as you propose is quite another. You've been carried off your feet. When you regain your balance you'll thank me for not granting this wild request of yours. Is there anything further you wish to say?"

Clark rose to go. "Only that I regret this failure—of the University."

"It's not the University that's in danger of failing, Mr. Clark," said the President significantly.

Having sufficiently endangered his career to no purpose, Mr. Clark strode out of the Liberal Arts' Building, past the black bulletin boards on which the announcement of Vida Mar-

tin's lecture would not appear. He marched down the old flagstone walk beneath the oaks and budding maples and across to the hotel—a three-story brick building painted slate-grey.

There, with a local labor leader and the editor of a Bohemian paper who were helping her organize her meeting for the following night, he found Vida Martin, a trim, strong woman of thirty, not yet at the height of her vivid powers.

She handed Clark the first draft of a handbill. To his dismay it announced as the place of her meeting—Assembly Hall.

“That's gone to the printers,” she said casually.

“I—I'm sorry,” said Clark. “I have misled you. My confidence in the University's impartiality was misplaced. You must let me stand the difference in your printing bill. You have been refused the use of Assembly Hall.”

Vida Martin smiled at him the smile of a wicked minx. “You didn't mislead me a bit, dear Kenton Clark,” she said. “I have already engaged the Opera House for to-morrow night.”

Dear Kenton Clark stared at the handbill. “Engaged the Opera House and printed Assembly Hall on your dodgers!”

She nodded. “My æsthetic sense,” she explained. “I thought how nice it would look to have a cunning red line through ‘Assembly Hall’ and ‘Opera House’ stamped on in red with a rubber stamp. Don't you love to use a rubber stamp?”

As the guile of the agitator dawned on him he started to disapprove.

“It's just a shame,” she said, catching his expression, “for me to come contaminating the innocent professorial mind with the spectacle of fighting tactics.”

He laughed. “The professorial mind isn't wholly infantile. The University deserves what you're going to give it. I shall announce your meeting in my classes.”

“Have you something else to do when you lose your job? Do you know that one of your Regents, H. P. Denton, owes his appointment to Steve Treadley of the Manistee Button Factory?”

“Rather than be controlled by considerations like that I *will* lose my job!” Clark replied hotly.



That was the mood in which he marched to his eleven o'clock lecture.

After it, at noon, he came down the central walk amid the sweaters and corduroys and fresh-filled pipes of the gossiping throng which carries books in straps, books in green bags, and books in spilly armfuls. His friend Guthrie of the English Department overtook him.

"What's this about Vida Martin?" Guthrie inquired. "They say you're lambasting the University because it won't let her set up her soap-box in Assembly Hall."

"Subtract the cheap fling and you have the idea," Clark answered.

Guthrie shook his fine, big head. "Well," he reflected, "you're unmarried. But it isn't a chip you have on your shoulder. It's a log."

"John," said Clark, "your education is hideously defective. You've got to meet Vida Martin and learn what a soap-box is. Come to lunch with her now."

Guthrie said he couldn't because his wife was expecting him.

"Telephone her and come," insisted Clark.

With an adventurous sense of breaking with routine and doing something interestingly dangerous, Guthrie telephoned, and came.

Five minutes after he met her he was quarrelling like an old friend with Vida Martin—over Thompson and Geddes' "rustic reinterpretation" of evolution. Vida would none of it, holding that Nature's creative centres are now great cities—where evolution is kept entirely too busy making a new kind of soul in women to bother with bugs and things.

Of the woman's revolution Guthrie had a literary knowledge, but in his cooped life Vida was the first who embodied it—the first who viewed life with the unshockable tolerance of science, the first whose mental background was wholly non-theological, the first even who was wholly conscious of her economic independence and its implications. The new ideas and feelings alive in her made him see the paleness of what he had got from those plays, novels, and sociology books. The quiet fearlessness with which she gave him and Kenton Clark to understand that she had

laid aside ready made morality, "the parasite code of woman subordinate," took his scholarly breath. She had replaced it, he gathered, not with another code, but with a habit of discrimination "confronting apparent good and evil with armed light—the Ithuriel spear of woman free." So unprofessorily the professor phrased it when the thoughts she stirred in him began to sing. He was not aware of it, but they sang the sooner because her heavy black hair had copper glints in it and the joy of thinking made her eyes such wells of light.

"I've been thirteen years here in my treadmill," he said to her as he was leaving. "You, from your wonderful cities, make me realize that I have taught all the life out of my old knowledge. I need new contacts with the life of to-day. I must have more significant things to teach. I want to see all I can of you while you're here, and then—it would help to keep in touch with you and your world through letters."

He started to ask her and Clark to dinner, but reflected that he must first go home and lead up to that.

"There's a living soul," said Kenton Clark when Guthrie had gone.

"And with a flickering creativeness," Vida added. "I wonder if anything could gather the flickers into a flame?"

"A passion for a woman," Clark surmised.

"Or a cause."

Afterwards they remembered her saying that, and looking back it seemed a premonition.

## II

When he reached home that afternoon, Guthrie expended half an hour's skilled energy in overcoming Mrs. Guthrie's instinctive objections to the unusual, and the dinner invitation went over the telephone to Clark and Vida Martin.

Guthrie's mind was full of glow and movement. His impulse was to draw in from Vida Martin as with a deep inhalation all the modernity he had missed—not merely her thoughts but her way of thinking, her inner feeling and her technique of con-



veying it. Her manner he felt to be not her own unaided invention but a social growth—a collaboration of many men and women moving in the same direction. He felt a need of moving with them.

The most tangible thing for him was an accent of sincerity in Vida which compelled her listener into an answering sincerity. He coveted the secret of that social power—the power of being and doing that. It rested down on a greater democracy than he had known—upon her sense of oneness with others, her feeling of non-superiority, her assumption: “You and I are fundamentally alike.”

He wanted to be with her long enough to catch that feeling, to have and to use it, giving it forth in turn to others. What a power to fill his students with! The teacher in him craved that secret of living. He wanted it to transmit; he wanted it as seed to sow in a more human seminar than he had yet conducted.

It meant scrutinizing, accepting and conveying the actual human truth about one's own feelings and motives—without thought of whether they were or were not admirable. It meant the acceptance of one's self as the most authentic human document—a desire and firm resolution not to embellish or in any way falsify that text in the mind of another.

One couldn't do that and continue to set one's self up professor-like as an example to youth. The power could be exerted only by taking youth completely into his confidence. Only one's real, uncensored thoughts and impulses as they sprang out of one's own nature had that quality he sought. He felt that he needed the help of Vida, with her long habit of truthful self-revelation, in learning to read that intricate, much disregarded text—himself.

In his new spirit he spoke to Mrs. Guthrie about the secret he wanted to acquire from Vida Martin, hoping to rouse in Anna a desire to acquire it for herself.

But Anna Guthrie was not prepared to take John's grouping of himself and her as two human beings who had something to learn from a third. She was hurt that her husband should find in another woman something valuable which she herself lacked, and she thought him perfectly brutal in the bald way he

came out with it. Things like that which would hurt people ought to be concealed. She herself concealed such things.

"Practising sincerity is like making a bargain," Guthrie reflected. "It takes two. Not everyone is ready for it."

To Vida arriving with Clark for dinner, Mrs. Guthrie was conventionally gracious—a manner she put on as she took off the all-over apron which protected her next to best dress in the hot kitchen. The green young Bohemian girl there was chiefly useful to Mrs. Guthrie as a topic of heartfelt conversation.

Vida avoided it by starting some talk with Lucy and Harold, aged ten and eight, who sat at a little table behind her. By the time she had them laughing Mrs. Guthrie's prejudice began to thaw.

Their father noted their expressiveness with Vida. "They get it too," he reflected. "They're more human than I've realized. Anna and I have had too much the ideal of a child as a little obeying machine."

When Mrs. Guthrie heard that the evening paper had a story about Vida's exclusion from the University and Clark's insubordination, she was perturbed by the question: "What will the President's wife say of my having such a woman to dinner?"

The discussion which gave that dinner its importance sprang from Guthrie's deploring, *à propos* of the danger of Clark's dismissal, the fact that a professor could not act in accordance with his own judgment in such a matter without endangering his position. He gave a dozen instances of tyranny which seemed to have created in him only a sort of reflected personal resentment against particular presidents and regents.

"Why do you scholars allow the power to remove you to be placed in the hands of outsiders like the regents?" asked Vida, whose mind worked promptly from individuals to the system they stood for.

"Oh, that can't be changed," said Guthrie, off-hand.

"Why not?" she challenged.

"It's as natural as sunrise," he said. "We're all controlled through bread and butter channels."



"Other classes of workers are testing out ways of controlling their own bread and butter. Bread and butter freedom is precisely what the world now needs and seeks. Are university professors less capable of thought than button-cutters?"

"No," said Clark. "But less capable of concerted action. We're too confoundedly jealous and individualistic to work together."

"How do you know that?" Vida demanded. "Have you ever tried it? With things as they are you certainly can't fulfil your social function. You'll either have to get together and secure your freedom or remain in a position where you cannot really influence your students."

"But they do influence them!" protested Mrs. Guthrie.

"About all the students look to us for," said Clark, "is credits. A credit costs on the average so much time and attention. A little more and they resent your overcharge, a little less and they gloat because they've been able to underpay."

"Imagine their having such an attitude toward a live man dealing with live ideas!" exclaimed Vida. "Toward Bernard Shaw, for instance, lecturing on the necessity of extending to unmarried women the right to have children!"

Mrs. Guthrie looked apprehensively at Lucy and then at the young Bohemian girl who was bringing in the dessert. "Fortunately," she said, "our professors do not care to deal with things like that."

"No," said Vida, "they prefer to let society continue unwarned its present insane treatment of illegitimacy."

"There's no question about our lack of freedom," said Guthrie hastily, "nor about our need of it. But what means do you suggest to us, Miss Martin, for gaining it?"

"Well," said Vida, "here's Kenton Clark, one of the best economists in the country, in danger of being kicked out for recommending my lecture. Brooks and Gleason went the same way last year. Who kicks you out?"

"The President," said Guthrie. "He holds his authority, however, from omnipotent Regents who can kick *him* out—and frequently do." That idea seemed rather pleasant to Guthrie. He smiled at it.

"Why don't you elect your own Regents and your own President—as Americans should?" asked Vida. "Why not insist that you shall be removable only by vote of your own colleagues? It's absurd that a body of men as highly trained as a university faculty should not be self-governing."

"Yes, yes," said Guthrie, "it is absurd. But here's the existing system. What force is capable of transforming it?"

"Organization," said Vida, fresh from her button-cutters. "How many college teachers are there?"

"Twenty-eight thousand," said Guthrie. "Five thousand of 'em women."

"But not five thousand of 'em men," said Kenton Clark with a malicious chuckle.

"They would be—with power," said Vida. "I'd like to see it. The scholar would become a real force. It would be good to see thinking married again to doing, after the long divorce that has made them both sterile."

"There's plenty of powder lying loose in discontented faculties," Clark mused. "If only it could be rammed together and—touched with flame."

"Be the flame!" cried Vida. "A movement nation-wide may sweep out from John Guthrie and Kenton Clark."

Mrs. Guthrie pushed back her chair energetically, indicating that dinner was over. "Shall we go to the parlor?" she said. The three were so absorbed they did not hear.

"Could we get a dozen men who'd hold together, Guthrie?" said Clark.

"There are more than a dozen—twice that many—radicals in the faculty," said Guthrie. "Whether they'd hold together——"

"The Regents would have to think a bit before they fired a dozen men," said Clark.

He and Guthrie tried to see how to get the substance of the labor union idea without taking the name or the form. Vida told them the name was immaterial, the form essential. "You can't get the strength of organization without organizing," she said.

Their instinct was against applying the working-class method



to their profession. They raised the difficulty of equal pay for unequal work and mulled around over it till Vida gave them up. "You've been too carefully selected," she said. "It's temperamental. No real revolutionist becomes a college professor."

That set Clark and Guthrie persuading her of the advantages of the union—which college teachers certainly had the brains to perceive.

"Yes," said Vida, "but the will to achieve them, the spirit to fight for them, the power to make sacrifices for them?"

Mrs. Guthrie sprang up. The movement, which drew all eyes to her, placed her unintentionally near Vida. "I don't want Harold and Lucy sacrificed!" she cried.

Her primeval cry made Vida's hand leap out and press hers for an instant. Mrs. Guthrie wavered between hostility to Vida's doctrines and the attraction of that wave of sympathy which swept her like a physical force.

"The wives of the button-cutters are facing that to-night," said Vida, her voice deepening. "Don't you see why, Mrs. Guthrie? Through the present danger they seek the children's greater safety."

"Sit down, Anna," said Guthrie. "This talk is going to lead to something."

"It shouldn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Guthrie. "It must not!" She turned to Vida. "The men who take the first steps—they will lose their positions. My husband's salary is all we have. For a father of a family—it would be criminal. We can live very well as we are, John, as we always have. The Regents have even appointed a committee to see about raising salaries."

"Our despotism is benevolent," said Clark, "—if we're submissive enough."

"Our positions are insecure *now*," said Guthrie. "To hold them some of us have to sacrifice the best that's in us."

"If it's that or the children——" said Mrs. Guthrie.

"Don't worry, Anna," said Guthrie. "If we go into this it will be because we see it will make us more secure, not less."

Mrs. Guthrie went to the children's table, leaned over Lucy's chair, and drew the girl's head against her breast.

"What do you think, Lucy?" asked Vida.

"Papa ought not to have to do his work wrong to get money for us to live," said Lucy. She rose and went to her father, who put his arm around her and hugged her.

Harold made a dive for the other arm. "I've got six dollars in my bank, Papa," he said. "I'll get along without the Indian suit and only buy the bow and arrow."

### III

In one of his classes next day Professor Guthrie, *à propos* of a literary-historical question of intellectual freedom, talked of the survival in American university government of the heretic-expelling machinery of the theocratic seventeenth century college. He said no professor who had a mind and spoke it was safe, and recommended the lecture of the syndicalist leader Vida Martin that night as promising to develop some new ideas on academic freedom.

It had never occurred to the students, accepting things as they found them, that it did not exist.

Vida's handbills appeared with the cunning red line through "Assembly Hall." Groups of students on the steps talked of the button-cutters' strike, of syndicalism, of Judge Graham and Vida Martin. There was hot denunciation and defence of Professor Guthrie's daring new ideas. He had stated the argument in the preface of Shaw's *Getting Married*. The insulation between the university and the thought of the living world was broken.

A newspaper clipping about Vida Martin's activity in university circles reached Regent H. P. Denton of Manistee, who caught a train from there that afternoon and called upon the President.

Some of the professors in the Opera House that night were furious at Vida Martin's attack—the contrast she drew between striking button-cutters and submissive professors—her characterization of them as thinkers who dare not think. It seemed unjust to them because their submissiveness was a life-long habit and unconscious.



Some who realized this said it was stinging but salutary.

Hostile or friendly they felt the speaker's personal force—the unfamiliar union in her mind of carefulness and fire.

During the lecture one ambitious assistant professor left to inform the President that he had been attacked in an alleged exposure of a connection between factory owners of Manistee and the Board of Regents.

The student president of the Y. W. C. A. who had recently acquired a taste for being shocked was disappointed because Vida advanced none of the ideas she was supposed to entertain regarding free love.

Mrs. Guthrie was in the dress circle with her husband and Clark. Reporters were watching them as the probable centre of a new storm in the faculty.

When Vida came to that "militant union which can restore the scholar's dignity and through the fearlessness of freedom make the university teacher a living force as in the days of Abelard," she surprised Clark and Guthrie by relating it closely to the syndicalist ideal. The organized college teachers should ultimately form a section of that part of the "one big union" which controlled education—a body of six hundred thousand teachers. She looked ahead to a far, fine goal. "Aside from its present, practical, fighting advantages," she said, "this organization is a necessity as germ of a social organ essential to the future. It should be the crown of the crafts composing industrial society, not aloof from the working-class in disdainful superiority, but understanding its solidarity with all—free but responsible, governed not from without as now by the economic control of another class represented by Regents, but from within by the high technical conscience of the guild." There a bigger vision of it opened to her unexpectedly. She spoke as awed by something mystic in her own unforeseen words. "The Scholars' Guild," she repeated. "It might become the central organ of the world's new mind!"

That closed her lecture religiously. While the bulk of the audience was moving out—full of little explosions of argument—a number of instructors and young professors gathered around the lecturer near the stage door under the balcony. She found

them surcharged with facts, and feelings, about the way they were governed.

When Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie reached the group, Sanders of the sociology department was talking energetically about recent magazine criticism of universities. "It's unpenetrative," he said. "They seem unable to see anything but undemocratic student fraternities. They don't get in as far as the fundamental undemocracy of unelected governing bodies—much less to the revolutionary idea of a craft organization of teachers."

"The last is new," said a statistics man. "The editor of *Science* has been hammering for years on election of president by faculty."

"The University of Washington has a big committee working on undemocratic government," said Hastings the mathematician.

"So's Illinois," said some one.

"Cornell's talking of letting full professors vote for a third of its board of trustees," said a professor of engineering.

"Wouldn't it be better," said Vida, "if you put yourselves in a position to compel such an elementary right as self-government, instead of waiting to have a third of it bestowed—perhaps?"

"Certainly," said the engineer. "The right is only secure if based on our own power to get and hold it."

"We ought to have got together last year when Brooks and Gleason were fired," said Hastings.

"Better late than never," muttered Sanders. "We might save the next man."

"Yes," said Searles of the French section, "but what some of us want to know is why we have not heard of this militant union. It's all right in the right hands. But who's responsible for the idea? When and where did it start? Whom can one write to about it? Why isn't it represented in our own faculty?"

Vida set her lips and looked at Clark and Guthrie. The iron was hot.

Clark struck. "It started in this faculty last night," he said.



The attention of the group, which included two newspaper men, centred upon him. "I was one of those present."

There was a little thrill at the courage of his declaration. Vida loved him for it.

"I was another," said Professor Guthrie.

Mrs. Guthrie caught his arm. "John!" she exclaimed beseechingly. The word filled the group with a sense of drama and danger.

"As senior in that discussion," said Guthrie, unshaken, "I regard it as my duty now to invite others who feel possibilities in a movement for freer government to meet and consider plans."

"When?" asked Searles promptly.

"And where?" Two or three spoke at once.

Mrs. Guthrie turned away despairingly and sank down in a theatre seat. The thing was going.

"I suggest my rooms now," said Clark.

"I will join you there as soon as I have taken Mrs. Guthrie home," said Guthrie. The footsteps of the pair echoed in the emptied auditorium as they went out.

The college teachers asked Vida Martin to give them the benefit of her organizing experience, and nine of them went to Clark's rooms.

There two of them, one a specialist on the American revolution, cautiously declined to commit themselves to any action at that time, but the revolutionists increased their number from two to seven.

They threshed their way through a lot of instinctive, irrational objections to formal organization, and planned to drag-net the faculty for members. In a few days, as things were going, they could make their position impregnable.

That the organization they sought was essentially a union of their craft became so clear that a scorn of disguising names like league, association, and federation prevailed even against the statistician's sarcastic suggestion that they dub themselves "Brain Workers, No. 1."

"Professors' Union" was rejected, not on account of its openness to ridicule, but because it did not include instructors

and assistants. In order not to exclude small institutions "college" prevailed over "university."

When they went home that night, glowing with their new communal hope, Guthrie was chairman and Clark secretary of the first local of the C. T. U.

#### IV

The brunt of battle fell next day on Guthrie. His eleven o'clock lecture was interrupted by a messenger with a note asking him to call at the President's office at noon.

When he faced the Ruler in his swivel chair, that representative of things as they are was friendly of manner but meant business.

"I want to talk to you about you and Clark," he said. "I have asked for Clark's resignation, and I am extremely anxious not to have to ask for yours."

"Clark dismissed!" exclaimed Guthrie. He realized that the President was striking too quickly for them, and groped for defence.

"I warn you fairly that the Regents are behind me," said the President. "You have your choice of severing with that preposterous organization formed in Clark's rooms last night or with the University."

"You may not find it so simple a matter to dismiss teachers merely because they choose to form an organization," said Guthrie, stiffening. "It is an open acknowledgment that freedom of action does not exist. Moreover, it is not two men you dismiss, if any, but—a considerable number."

"I have reason to think not," replied the President.

Guthrie was weakened by his lack of information, and by the fear that his colleagues had gone to pieces.

"Make no mistake," said the President. "I am prepared to dismiss *seven*—if necessary. There are other reasons for your own dismissal. You supported Clark in his insubordination with regard to Vida Martin."

"Since you did refuse to let her speak in the University what was there wrong in saying so?"



"Clark's tone. And yesterday you came out astonishingly for sex-radicalism. The student president of the Y. W. C. A. came to me and protested, saying a professor in this institution had no right to corrupt the youth of the State with any such doctrine as unmarried motherhood."

"Because I presented Shaw's argument!" exclaimed Guthrie indignantly. "If you are going to adopt this girl's point of view you will be compelled to maintain the position that the ideas of the most conspicuous living English writer shall not be mentioned to students of English in this University!"

"Well, Guthrie, you must know where the fathers and mothers of this State would stand in a fight about that. You cannot expect the University to rise higher than its source, and its source is the community."

"The University has no reason for existence unless it rises higher than the rest of the community," said Guthrie. "It is nothing if it is not able to lift itself out of the community's inertia and maintain itself against the community's prejudice. If you had not condemned without inquiry that organization formed last night, you might find that it contains the possibility of raising the faculty into precisely that commanding position."

"I know the purpose of your organization, Professor Guthrie. Its success would mean the end of all directing authority. An executive could not discipline men upon whose votes he was dependent for continuance in his position."

"That is absurd," said Guthrie scornfully. "An English premier, dependent upon a parliamentary majority, possesses power enough to govern the British Empire. He is not able to dismiss members of Parliament. There's no reason why the head of a university should have any such power. There is altogether too much disciplining of teachers for acting on their own honest convictions."

"I won't argue that matter of opinion," said the President. "The fact is plain that you have placed yourself at the head of an organization directed squarely against the legally constituted authority of this University, and unless you drop it you go."

Guthrie sat silent, facing what he felt must be a vain sacrifice of himself—and nothing gained for his cause. He heard

the rushing click of typewriters through the closed door of an adjoining office. Their frequent tiny bells of warning gave him a sense of time moving too fast, events crowding too close.

The President rose and walked slowly up and down the room. "Can you afford it, Guthrie?" he said kindly. "How about your life insurance? Will it lapse if you stop payment? How about your house? Still paying for it?"

"You are remarkably well informed as to my private affairs," said Guthrie coldly.

"You have given me reason to be. Your children are approaching their most expensive years. How about their education? Do you want Harold and Lucy Guthrie to sink back into the untrained, ignorant class?"

"That's the fiendish cruelty of this!" cried Guthrie. He saw the eager face of Harold offering to sacrifice his little Indian suit. "That's where you've got me," he said despondently. "No wonder one of the Regents offered to double Clark's salary if he would marry. There's something hellish in a system that makes a slave of a man through the needs of his children!"

"It is doubtful if any other university will want you when it becomes known why you left here," mused the President. "Don't do it, Guthrie. You've been a living influence with our students. Many an old grad. is grateful to you for kindling in him here a life-long love of letters. You ought to go on doing that for twenty years."

"It's just because I do not want to stop being a living influence—— A man must grow or ossify. Yesterday a new world of thought, a new secret of living, a new sincerity, came to birth in my mind. You want me to kill it. That is not being a living influence. That is spiritual infanticide. It means my extinction as a free teacher. And deserting that organization I helped to form last night—that means dishonor!"

"No," said the President emphatically. "You cannot be expected to sacrifice your career and your family because you happened to be carried away in a dramatic moment worked up by a professional agitator. You'll see that within a month. This means your salvation from some wild ideas and wilder conduct."



With an air of relaxing from strain the President dropped back easily in his chair. "That woman must be clever, Guthrie. Isn't she?"

"She's more than clever," said Guthrie. "She's a brave and skilful fighter for a great cause—a thing I cannot be. I cannot even face what every married button-cutter faces when he goes on strike!"

Partially realizing how low Guthrie was sinking in his own estimation, the President was not the man to let sympathy keep him from gaining his end. "Well, Guthrie," he said, "I take it that chiefly on account of your children I may count on your withdrawing from the College Teachers' Union." He smiled. "I say nothing more about the sex-radicalism, for I feel sure you will yourself see the need of soft-peddling that in the classroom and in public. I am heartily glad you are still going to be with us."

Guthrie went out of the President's office like a man who has been drugged. With an instinct to hide from every eye, he sought the noonday solitude of his seminar room, let the door lock behind him, and at the head of the long green table sank into that chair they called the chair of English.

There, in the hour of his degradation, he felt prophetically the ennui of the next twenty years—the dead thoughts he would there utter and reiterate—the bored young faces——

What had become of the interestingness of ideas? Where was that passion for the hard and glorious quest of the true truth within? Why had he been so fiercely bent on shaping new channels for his energy? He had no energy. His thwarted force flowed away from his will where it meant health and conquest into a morbid intensity of emotion—the road to melancholia.

He stiffened up. There was one pain he must meet now. There was that desire to hide to overcome—a self-revelation harder than any he had ever thought to make. There was shame to endure. "I have to tell her," he said.

He rose and left his solitude, went down the deserted central walk, and over to the drab-colored hotel. He looked between the open double doors into the dining room. There were

a dozen people. At the table by the window in the corner where he had sat with them two days before were Kenton Clark and Vida. They beckoned eagerly to Guthrie.

He found himself strangely unwilling to cross alone the moderately large square room. Its floor of alternate light and dark wooden strips seemed like a great open space in which something evil must happen. He yielded to the irrational fear which impelled him to slip around close to the wall.

Without waiting for him to take off his overcoat or sit down, Clark flashed news of his own dismissal—too much aglow with the war they were going to wage to perceive anything wrong with Guthrie.

“Searles wanted all six to resign!” said Clark in a low, eager voice. “Corking spirit, but we decided not. Six is too few. With six more—! If we’d only had a little more time! Never mind. The idea is sound. We’ll put it through. We’re going to raise a fund. I’ll give my whole time to it as organizer. Sit down, man, sit down!”

Guthrie shook his head.

Vida rose with sudden solicitude, came close and laid her hand on his arm. “What has happened to you, Mr. Guthrie?” she asked, so low that Clark barely heard.

“You are happy people,” said Guthrie, for a moment permitting her searching eyes to fathom his. “You will fight beautifully. I have failed you. The children were too much for me. I have caved in. I keep my job. I’m done for.”

He turned away, unable to endure their eyes. “Good-bye,” he said, and started back along the wall.

Clark sprang up, napkin in hand, knocking a knife to the floor. “Oh, here!” he protested.

Vida, with compassionate eyes on the retreating figure of Guthrie, stopped Clark with a gesture.

“That’s final,” she said. “He’s crushed. There’s no use torturing him.”



## THE CARDINAL'S GARDEN

### *Villa Albani*

WITTER BYNNER

**H**ERE in this place which I myself did plan,  
With poplars, oaks and fountains,—and with sculpture,

The rounded body of the soul of beauty—  
Here in this garden, by my own command  
I sit alone under the freshening twilight.

Not to my eyes shall be made visible  
Ever again morning or noon or twilight,—  
Not to my eyes—which are my servants now  
No longer, save as servants in the grave.  
But to my forehead and my finger-tips  
The days give touch of bud and opening  
And of their bloom and of their hovering fall.

The morrow shall be born with sighs and rain,  
But this is peace, this twilight, this is pause  
Between the sunny and the rainy day,  
Pause for the elements, and pause for me,  
As though it were a silver brook that ran  
Between a blinded day and blinded night,—  
Between the dust of life and the dust of death.

Why shall I sit here? Why are colonnades  
And paths and pagan statuaries more  
Adroitly dear to my unseeing eyes  
Than all the beaded letters of the Books  
And colorings of all the bended Saints?  
Because I hear the stealing feet of peace  
Among these marbles more than anywhere,  
Than in that cell itself where I have been  
True Christian and exemplar of the Creed  
To my own heart. There, not a Cardinal  
In a red pageantry of holiness  
Before all comers, but a penitent

In humble nakedness before my God,  
I found the potency of Jesus Christ . . .

And yet it is not there but here that I  
Find peace. Sometimes I think that Hell hath set  
An outer court for me within my garden,  
That it may mock me better in its own!  
But whether Hell or rank mortality,  
This garden which I builded for my body  
Is the one garden now wherein my soul  
Finds comfort, benediction of the twilight.  
There in my cell, drawn on the walls, arise  
Old memories of craft and violence,  
Of lust for carven images of beauty:  
How in the night I sent my men to take  
That obelisk which I had offered twice  
Its value for and been refused,—to bring  
That obelisk and set it in my garden.  
The Prince of Palestrina never dared  
(Such has my might been) to recover it!  
Still I can see him gaping at the trick  
And wishing he might strangle me, the trickster!  
And though these eyes that cannot see would make  
Me now no quick report if that same obelisk  
Should be abstracted on a newer night,  
Yet how these fingers and this heart would know!

Why shall my tears fall, as I sit among  
My oaks and poplars, fountains and my sculptures,  
Before my cypresses and Sabine hills?  
Have I not seen them all a thousand times?  
Are they not vanity? Would I behold  
Them more? Life, to an aged Cardinal,  
Blind and enfeebled, should but celebrate  
The Sacrifice of Jesus Christ who died.  
Time should grow short for prayer and preparation.  
Why is it then that life has seemed to pace  
More than enough its little path of vigil,  
But not to know the endless path of beauty  
Beyond the entrance and the mere beginning!



Pray for us sinners now and at the hour  
Of death! . . . And, even while thou prayest, I,  
Who should incessantly be praying also,  
I who am Cardinal and might be Pope,  
Sit with my blind eyes full of Pagan glory!—  
Sappho, Apollo and Antinous,  
And Orpheus parting from Eurydice!

First falls the breath before the drop of rain.  
Before the rain shall follow, I have strength,  
Praise God, still to support myself among  
These marble temples, columns and museums,  
These deities of beauty and of time.  
Hail, Mary full of grace, the Lord is with Thee!  
The obelisk is here. It has not been  
Retaken. Pray for us now and at the hour  
Of death! And I shall enter at my door  
And seek the chimney-piece and stand before  
My young Antinous from Tivoli,  
With lotos in his hair and hands, who once  
Belonged to Hadrian. And I shall touch  
Again the garment of Eurydice,—  
And wonder—when that final mortal touch  
Summons Eurydice, summons my soul,  
And when she turns and enters and is dark—  
If Christ shall follow her and sing to her.

## LADY ANOPHELES

E. DOUGLAS HUME

**I** HOLD no brief for the mosquito. She has always treated me as a mere restaurant, and I have provided her with so many meals that I feel all obligations to be already on her side. Also, her extreme talkativeness is almost as objectionable as her voracious appetite. Any one who has been kept awake by her buzz-z-z, buzz-z-z, buzz-z-z, on a tropical night must have come to the conclusion that "good will to all men" can never be strained to include good will to all insects. Moreover, the fact that the lady of the species alone feasts upon blood seems a reflection on the female sex. Yet, so it is: her husband is a harmless vegetarian.

All the same, when a sense of justice is strong, one does resent the misdemeanors of man being laid at the door of even the most exasperating insect. Certainly the sturdiest viewpoint of disease is to regard it as the outcome of inattention, personal or general, to one or other of nature's observances. Instead, nowadays, parasitic organisms are blamed for most of the aches and pains of humanity, while their distributors are searched for in the realm of insects and animals. The mosquito has, perhaps, fallen a prey to her own weakness. Had she talked less, it is possible that she might have evaded her doubtful celebrity. As it is, she stands accused of being concerned with a no less formidable array of maladies than elephantiasis, yellow fever, dengue, and malaria.

Let us here concern ourselves with the last-mentioned, and the hungry suspect, whose name has been coupled with the disease, her Ladyship Anopheles.

She may at once be singled out from her fellows by her habit of discreet silence and her odd proclivity for standing on her head when resting and feeding. Other mosquitoes remain on all fours, or rather, all sixes, when dining. This acrobatic insect is, as everyone knows, accused of inoculating her human prey with a protozoon, or microscopic animal organism, which in its turn is held responsible for the heats and chills, the aches, the pains, the languor, all the miseries of malaria. The idea is a simple one,



requiring little intelligence to be understood. Is it rude to ask, what wonder that it has become popular? Less marvel, too, when one reflects that the theory is safeguarded by dividing Anophelines into a variety of groups, and claiming that the guilty must be the right sort, and yet further, the right sort duly infected.

Now, the means of infection must come about through the insect having feasted on a malarial subject. That its subsequent bite might poison the healthy sounds a contingent by no means unlikely. The drawback to this probability is that the mosquito possesses the feminine characteristic of fastidiousness. Malarial subjects are the very ones avoided by her hungry Ladyship. Here I may interject that I am not writing of insects under control. What a famished mosquito may or may not eat during the course of an experiment, I am not concerned with. I refer to mosquitoes in a natural state, and personal experience has made me observe that the one benefit of malaria consists in the freedom it confers from mosquito bites. Though these insects are in the habit of treating me as a very Ritz or a Carlton among restaurants, periods of malaria always freed me from their ravages. They like their food to be of the best, and the blood freest from fever is the provender for their delectation. During nineteen years of tropical life, my mother never experienced a single attack of malaria; yet she was always the chief *pièce de résistance* for every mosquito within her vicinity. It may be noticed that the individuals least susceptible to malaria are those most feasted upon by mosquitoes, including the suspects, though whether these be *Anopheles Umbrosus*, *Anopheles Maculatus*, *Anopheles Christophersi*, *Anopheles Albimanus*, *Anopheles Argyratarsis*, or any others of high-sounding title, I should certainly not presume to discriminate.

Why should this general evidence count for less than the few experimental cases upon which the mosquito theory is built up? These latter are mostly conspicuous by their weakness. Take, for example, the mosquito-proof hut placed at Ostia, and inhabited for three months by Dr. Sambon, Dr. Low, Mr. Terzi, and their servants. What analogy does this well-ventilated erection, raised above the soil, bear to many of the insanitary homesteads

of the Campagna? What analogy is there between its healthy inhabitants, further fortified by zest for a theory in dire need of proof, and the permanent dwellers in those unpropitious surroundings? If we admit strength in the case of the infected mosquitoes sent to the London Tropical School, whose stings are said to have produced attacks of fever in the late Dr. Thurburn Manson and Mr. George Warren, we must also remember that Abele Sola in the Santo Spirito Hospital in Rome, according to the account quoted by Herms in his *Malaria: Cause and Control*, is claimed to have fallen a victim to this disease from the bites of mosquitoes that had developed from larvæ in his own room, and therefore could not be reckoned as infected. Moreover, they numbered hardly any Anophelines, and of the very few present, it was not known whether any stung the patient. Yet, according to the modern theory, Anophelines alone could have been responsible for the mischief. The proverbial grain of salt seems a necessary condiment for the cases of experimenters.

In the short space at our disposal, we are not concerning ourselves with the micro-organism, first discovered in Algiers by Dr. Laveran, and considered to be the parasite of malaria. Without in the least committing oneself to a general belief in the germ-theory of disease, there may, here and there, be maladies produced by parasites. Yet, apparently, fever, bearing all the clinical symptoms of malaria, may occur without the presence in the blood of such organisms, no matter whether parasitic or inbred. On page 8 of the Medical Report of the Federated Malay States' Government reference is made to an unusual swarm of sandflies, and the following commentary is given. "Whether sandfly fever exists we are not prepared to say, but many cases *with all the clinical symptoms* were noted and *no malarial parasite was detected* on blood examination." Hence the sandflies come under suspicion! Might not another moral be drawn, and that is that fever may be due to causes less crude than the inoculation of parasites by objectionable insects?

The conditions that produce mosquitoes seem to be the same as the conditions that produce malaria, and, in any case, it is these that must be attacked, no matter whether Lady Anopheles be proved innocent or in any measure guilty. The mysteries that



surround the subject, the occasional outbursts of disease when areas have been drained, the usual method of improvement, the occasional betterment of health when the reverse process of flooding has taken place, may possibly be explained by the law of subsoil water. Dr. Charles Creighton writes in his *History of Epidemics in Britain* (p. 278): "According to that law, the dangerous products of fermentation arise from the soil when the pores of the ground are either getting filled with water after having been long filled with air, or are getting filled with air after having been long filled with water. It is the range of the fluctuation in the ground-water, either downwards or upwards, that determines the risk to health."

However, far be it from me to descant upon the mysterious causes of malaria. My object is only to try to prove the un wisdom of rivetting attention upon the anopheline mosquito. Deductions as to her innocence may be drawn from the accusations endeavoring to prove her guilty. We are told how noticeable among troops the difference in fever rate has been between those that slept on shore and those that remained on board ship in malarious districts. But as the mosquito is free to come aboard too, how does that statement tell against her? I remember a host of such insect invaders on the *Sydney*, the French mail boat, when anchored at feverish Saigon. We carried a shipload away with us, and when out at sea they feasted on me to such an extent that I arrived at Singapore looking as though stricken with a rash, but otherwise none the worse for their greediness.

Again I was scarred for a long period after the venomous attacks of mosquitoes and sandflies combined at Kuala Klang, on the Malay coast, in its old days of fever, before it started a new sanitary career under the name of Port Swettenham. Yet these myriad bites produced fever of no sort, although I was at that time pronounced a malarial subject. I did not remain in Kuala Klang long enough to be affected by its unhealthiness; but, had Lady Anopheles been justly blamed, the terrible biting I underwent should have taken effect, irrespective of my removal. On the contrary, my own experience of fever was connected entirely with locality and never with mosquitoes. Intermittent fever, the genuine article, with its burnings, its icings, its whole programme

of miseries, had me constantly in its grip during residence at a particular house in Kuala Lumpur, the Capital of the Federated Malay States. My one compensation was freedom from mosquito bites. When I left that abode, fever left me, and soon after mosquitoes began to feed on me again with infinite relish. What matter? It was a proof of sound blood, freedom from that worse scourge, malaria!

To turn from the personal to what is far more important, the general, let us consider the Medical Reports from that haunt of malaria, the Malay Peninsula.

The year 1911 in the Federated Malay States held the unpleasant distinction of being particularly malarious. The mosquito theorists explained as cause a great influx of, often, unhealthy coolies from India, and much clearing of land, which distributed the mosquitoes, and drove them into the houses and among the inhabitants. But, if mosquitoes be culpable, why should this same year have also been particularly unhealthy in regard to most diseases, phthisis excepted? Yet the Medical Report for 1912 shows that, concomitantly with a fall in malaria, 1,010 fewer cases of dysentery were this year treated in hospital. There were 77 notified cases of smallpox, as against 286 in 1911; 29 cases of cholera, as against 620; and 5,676 cases of beri-beri, as against 6,402. The greater prevalence of disease in general in 1911 surely shows that the causes for its specific forms must be deeper seated than mere insect bites. Yet so dominating is the fashion to rivet attention on such factors as these that fundamental troubles, even when known, appear often to be unheeded.

The F. M. S. Medical Report for 1912 provides a good instance, taken from the portion dealing with the Institute for Medical Research, Kuala Lumpur.

On page 25 it states that the occurrence of several cases of bubonic plague in and near Kuala Lumpur rendered it advisable to consider the possibility of the disease appearing as an epidemic and measures to avert such a calamity. A short paragraph refers to reported cases of plague, and then follow nearly four pages devoted to rats. Toward the bottom of the fourth page come the pregnant words: "Nearly 50 per cent. of the plague-infected rats came from the small stretch of Ampang



Street, about 150 yards long." The short description of this small area surely reveals a source of danger. "At the back of most of the houses there is a kitchen or bathing-place from which an open brick drain, covered with planks, runs through the house to the front of the shop and under the pavement of the five-foot way into one open drain at the side of the street. The plank covering of the house-drain is usually buried beneath sacks of grain or other heavy articles, so that the drain is not often cleaned. The open cement street-drain forms a convenient highway for rats, which can readily gain access to the house by the unprotected house-drains leading into it. Some eighty yards away the main drain empties into the Klang River, here a shallow and muddy stream with irregular, foul banks covered with reeds, rank grass and collections of garbage." Now, who could expect rats to keep well in the vicinity of such a drain "not often cleaned," and such a river, "shallow and muddy," with "foul banks covered with collections of garbage"? Surely gratitude is due to the rodents, who, being nearer the level of the bad conditions, get ill first, and thus give human beings a fair warning of the sickness likely also to be their due, unless surroundings are made healthy for all animals, four-legged and two-legged. Yet, actually the Report has not a commentary upon these palpable ills, and, though it has by no means exhausted itself on the subject of rats, proceeds to vary the topic with fleas, the meteorological conditions that affect these high-jumpers, and the uses of guinea-pigs as flea-traps. The results of searching questions to medical men on the subject of flea bites are even given. "Of eighteen who replied one stated that he had never been bitten by a flea in his life" (p. 31). Most people must wish they were equally lucky. But not a single mention again of the uncleared drains and the river choked with garbage during the course of pages all the more diverting because intended so seriously.

When such open evils can be so ignored, what wonder that the more occult sources of malaria should not be arrived at? And when will they be understood while accusations against particular insects require to be held in reverence as dogmas? In the F. M. S. Report for 1911 Dr. Sansom allows (p. 3) "there exists in the minds of a great many people a doubt whether the

mosquito carries malaria or any other disease "; and proceeds to add " until this heresy has been corrected." Heresy indeed! Is not free thought the first fundamental of science? Having thus labelled disbelief in his theory, Dr. Sansom in his next Report for 1912 has to admit (p. 5), " I have visited many (rubber) estates where anti-malarial work has not been completed *or even begun*, so that infection remains as bad or nearly as bad as ever, yet, from the time the laborers have been fed, down has come the death-rate." If food has so much to do with the trouble, why lay all the blame on Lady Anopheles?

And just as too little food helped to make the coolies ill, is it not likely, if it be not rude to ask, that too much food was part cause for the malaria that troubled the prosperous members of the community of Kuala Lumpur, the Federal Capital, so long as a need of drainage left much to be desired in their surroundings? Who acquainted with the Far East does not recall the many courses of the Chinese cook, and the constant refilling of the champagne glass at dinner parties? There seems small wonder that the carnivorous feeder and spirituous drinker from a chilly latitude should fall a victim in the East to malarial and other fevers: and this without any assistance from Lady Anopheles or her sister mosquitoes. To her a meed of praise would seem due, for where the mosquito exists there is proof of a need of drainage, clearance, and general sanitary attention. But man, who has stoned the prophets throughout the ages, equally execrates the insects that come as warnings.

That non-proven is the verdict upon Lady Anopheles' guilt seems well shown by Dr. Fraser's Report, incorporated with the general Medical Report for the Federated Malay States for the year 1911.

After rather shakily chanting the orthodox creed of the mosquito theory, Dr. Fraser negatives faith by fact in the most heretical manner. " It appears to have been assumed on inadequate grounds," he writes, " that a small number of malaria-carrying species in an area is necessarily associated with a low incidence of the disease. Certain observations made in the course of the present inquiry would appear to controvert this view. On some estates where the maximum spleen and parasite rates pre-



vailed few anophelines of any sort were to be found, while in other areas, where malaria-carrying anophelines were numerous, these rates were low. Also it was noted that where different classes of laborers were under identical conditions so far as the mosquito factor is concerned, such as free and indentured laborers on the same estate, the parasite rates varied widely in the two groups. It is clear that factors affecting the general well-being of laborers, such as the quality of the food supply, housing, etc., are by no means negligible in the prevention of malaria, as they are equally not negligible in the prevention of other diseases. To these factors attention must be directed as well as to measures which aim at the reduction of mosquitoes, if the disease is to be combated successfully in the conditions which obtain in this country."

Precisely! We must attend to general sanitation and personal hygiene, and then, having removed the beam from our own eye, we may be able to see clearly to cast out the mote in the eye of the Lady Anopheles.

## SUMMONS

MARY LERNER

WITH the velvet springiness of turf under his feet, the sense of urge and strain, as of something inexorably drawing him, relaxed at last; the blind hurry slackened. Out of the whirl came quiet and ordered perception, out of the breathless confusion, peace. And the years which his journey seemed to have consumed ran together and were as a single night. Between white cloud-fleets, the Irish sky began to show blue as Mary's cloak, and the soft May morning was sweet with dripping green things,—thorn and gorse and heather. Christopher knew from the well-remembered "feel" of the air that the west wind was due to resume its hearty music. Almost out of sight above, a lark sang, and he could see innumerable swallows diving and skimming. At once, the old rhyme of *The Seven Sleepers*, forgotten these thirty years, rose to his lips like a bubble to the surface of a stream;—

"The corncrake and the watersnake,  
The cuckoo and the swallow,  
The bee, the bat, the butterfly—"

All these tiny sleepers were awake to-day; himself awake, too, and aware, with some super-awareness, of the last stages of his oft-promised journey home, achieved at length after the long, oppressive interval of weariness and restraint. This interval was fast receding now, and he made no effort to recall it, for he was eager to slough off all memory of that heavy weakness as well as all shackles of solicitous and hampering devotion. He'd had his will at last, however, though how he could not well imagine; and here he was, free of them all,—comely, stylish wife; modern, masterful daughters. They could spare themselves the pain of drawing long faces over him; he'd no mind to give up with his visit home unpaid.

A good, dutiful family, no doubt, God have them in his care; but this was a time when a man must cut free of all bonds of maturer years and turn to the land that gave him birth,—and to



his mother, long unvisited, but by no means forgotten. Many a money-order had crossed the counter at the country post-office, and of late, many a cheque. But the first years had been bitterly hard, and all the years breathlessly busy. That land over-seas took you and drove you whether or no; but its rewards were adequate.

Foot-loose on the old sod now, no longer earthbound but light with a marvellous buoyancy, the reek of peat in his nostrils, the cornrake's homely tune in his ears. His eyes strained forward for familiar landmarks, carrying always before them the expectant image of a white cot in a green hollow. Uplifted by an exhilaration that seemed stranger to any possible fatigue, he pressed on again, this time with a pleasant sense of anticipation in place of the former gnawing avidity, keenly alive to the delights of this long-desired green world, brilliant with sunshine yet fresh from frequent rains, and rocked with the rising wind.

At last the silver stretches of the Shannon appeared, and a certain well-known white ribbon of road, winding among farms. As he went, the trees began to take on the look of friendly faces;—tall beeches, whispering limes, blackthorn bushes, white with blossom. A field of gorse, ablaze with yellow spikes of bloom, sent out its heavy bitter-sweet perfume. Grassy hills, lined with grey stone walls, beckoned him, each with its happy memory.—The brook! where trout hung under the bank and water-cress wove its green mazes. The sight of its pebbly bed recalled the chilly prickle of gooseflesh on adventurous legs. He leaned over the rude railing to watch its spring rush, giving himself to its cool voice, its freshness on his face. He felt clean now at last of the dusty breath of cities.—Here, too, were the elder bushes, all abloom. To think of the “scouting guns” he'd hollowed out of their pithy stalks, filling them with water by means of a piston-like wadded stick to discharge on good-natured passersby!

The happy sense of expectancy quickened. He topped a sudden rise, and there, secure between two steep hillsides, drowsed the object of his quest; a low, stone cot, whitewashed, with thatched roof and overhanging eaves. What beds under that cosy roof!—of live-plucked goose feathers (well he remembered grap-

pling the kicking bird between his knees!), mounted on heavily "platted" straw, and yielding such sleep as no bed in the new world could afford. As he looked, the high wind seemed suddenly stilled, and everything appeared to wait breathlessly. From the chimney, a thread of smoke crept up, straight as a string in the quiet air.

Then, along the lane, he suddenly descried a group of children, whom he knew at once for his youngest sister's. Impatient of this reminder of a new day and a new generation, he drew aside till they should have passed, for he was passionately desirous that, for to-day at least, everything should seem as it had been. The children charged past, laughing and calling, fair heads and dark, apple cheeks and clear eyes, as if there were no stranger within miles of them. And their heedless youth and vivid life made him all at once an alien and unreal creature.

Thrusting aside this unwelcome impression, Christopher pressed on to the house. A little old man with a black cutty between his lips was taking the sun in the garden, his narrow shoulders humped under a shiny coat. Christopher cast a careless glance at him; *his* father, though not tall, was a personable man, a man of thews and solidity. This old one would be some charity guest of his mother's.—"Ye'll have us eaten out of house and home with your beggars," his father used to protest. "Every tramp between here and Gingleticooch has you covered with blessings. I wonder we don't be rolling in gold, the good wishes we do be enj'ying."

At the gate, Christopher caught the scent of wild hedge-roses, of sweet-briar and hawthorn, spilling a fragrance as of honeysuckle. At once the years rolled back, the old boyish yearnings kindled. His mother!—her arms would be open to him still, despite all delays and neglect. She was never the one to "fault" him, whatever the blame. As he neared the low doorway, he glimpsed the blue ware on the dark oak dresser, the black, shining kettle on the hob, the long table spread with homespun white linen. On the trimly swept hearth, turf glowed, and beside it, his mother sat in her high-backed chair, bending over her heavy prayer-book.

Through all the years he had thought of her as a tall woman



still in the prime of her days, though he knew well she was long past seventy, and though she had reported herself in laborious letters as "growing down like a cow's tail." All images of her had flaunted a blue and yellow print, French calico, which had delighted his childhood; blue as cornflowers and hung with golden chains. To her years he had conceded grey hair, softly waving under a lacy cap above a face still fresh and pink.

She wore to-day no chain-decked gown of cornflower blue, no roses in her withered cheeks. A cap, indeed, did crown her, coarse, but lily-white, and it shook ceaselessly with the trembling of her head. Yet, though her face was seamed beyond recognition and her full grey eyes sunken under lids plucked into innumerable tiny wrinkles, he knew at once that it was she; and the sight of her shrivelled body caused a contraction to close about his own frame. Her hands, twisted, spidery, and corded with blue veins, clutched at his heart. Where were the strong, firm hands that had so often lifted and soothed him,—dragged him home howling, too, and soundly smacked him?—He found himself longing for that heavy hand on his shoulder as for the kiss of his beloved.

He crossed the flags and spoke her name, holding out eager arms. Just then, the house-door blew back with a clap and she turned her head and looked past him unseeingly, shivering a little as at the sharp mountain wind.

"She does not know me," he thought, conscience-stricken. "My fault!—how could she? I'll not be alarming her with a stranger's face." Then, as she dropped her dim eyes to her book again: "She cannot see far. 'Tis old and weak her eyes are—she thinks it's himself. I'll go see can I find and prepare him; 'twill be best for him to break the news."

So great was the comfort the place bestowed, however, that he must watch her a few minutes, drawing near behind her chair. The years fell away and he felt as if he had recovered the very heart of his lost youth. A little four-legged stool stood close beside her skirts, and he longed to sit at her knee as he used, leaning his head against her and staring into the dull glow of the peat. The old ballads she used to sing to him there!—fresh coned from sheets bought at the fair and set to tunes of her

own adaptation; the stories of "the people" who steal and change children; the saucer of cream you must set out All Hallows' Eve for the fairies; the long Christmas candle of welcome, which burned before the open door against the coming of the Infant Saviour. What prayers grew on that hearth-stone!—rosaries for May nights, litanies. The rigors of fasting and abstinence he had known; black fasts, too, cheerfully kept. There had been then no timorous seeking of dispensation.—A question of health? Nonsense; a question of backsliders and turncoats! Men lived not by bread alone in those days, but by "the faith," valiantly.

Drawn to her irresistibly, he looked over her shoulder at the swaying book, eager to mark her special May devotion to Our Lady.—Would she be saying, "Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Grace," or reiterating, "Morning Star, Pray for us; Health of the Weak, Pray for us; Comforter of the Afflicted——"? He bent his head to the black-marged page. She was tracing with tremulous finger, "Prayers for the Dead."

A chill breath touched him and he drew back a little. For whom did her old eyes read the prayer? Eager to share her mourning, he gently laid hand on her bony shoulder, but she did not turn at his touch; only bent her head the lower over her book and let a little rising murmur escape her moving lips.

At her failure to respond, he shuddered with a sudden uncanny sense of remoteness. Then a terrible desolation seized him. "She's not herself any more, that's it; childish, and they never told me. I'm too late, then. She'll never see me more. And I meant to come, always; God knows, I meant to come."

Fearing to alarm the quiet figure with an outburst of the grief that choked him, he slipped out and sought the old bench under the hedge. Here the tranquillity of the little farm laid a soothing hand on him,—the sight of the speckled hens pecking in the long grass; the white goats tethered at a safe distance from sheltered heaps of potatoes; a red cow, deep in the lush grass of the meadow, who swung her head threateningly at a decrepit setter that limped across her path. For a moment, looking at the old dog, he thought: "That'll be Sojer; he'll know me." But at once, with newly swelling heart, he realized that many springs had



drifted the white blossom of the thorn across old Sojer's grave. A friendly yearning made him rise and seek this other dog, so like the companion of barefoot jaunts; a descendant of the old fellow's, no doubt,—a bond across the hostile years.

At the touch of his hand, the setter cowered away, shivering in every limb, his dark soft eyes full of anguished terror. When Christopher tried to speak reassuringly, the dog set up a sobbing whine, and, struggling to uncertain feet, hobbled for the house with his red-feathered tail between his legs.

On Christopher, as he stood there in the sunny morning, a chill dark descended, and he felt isolated beyond the farthest star. Foreboding shuddered through him, but he cried obstinately, "No, I'll not accept it! It can't have come to me yet." But, in spite of his gallant refusal, he turned, like a child from the night, to his mother, as if that little, age-worn woman could soothe his terror as of old.

From the door, he saw her still seated on the hearth, which looked ominously black now and desolate. Her bent finger held the dread place in her book, and, with her right hand, she caressed the head of the old setter, who was crowding to her knees and whining woefully. For the first time, Christopher heard the broken quaver of her voice.

"Eh, Princie, what ails you, doggie?—Are you feeling it, too? There's a power of terrible things about, the day. Waking up of me I mistrusted it sore, and now I'm certain sure, for three times the kettle's after dancing on the hearth, and I've seen a tall shadow cast in the full sun.—'Tis our boy, Christy, I'm thinking. He's gone. A young man yet, and I to be left sitting here alone. My grief! that I'll never see the lad more.—Christy, Christy, the best son!—but there, every crow thinks her own bird the white one.—Whisht, Princie; be quiet, let you. I must be reading the prayers for my son."

And standing there in the sunlit doorway, Christopher knew indeed that, by this time, it was, as she said, too late. He would never see her more, as men see one another. Yet no sudden terror, no dread of things unknown could wholly rob him of the consolation of her presence, and, even as he felt this dream-scene, too, relentlessly slip from him, he was able to savor the exquisite

satisfaction of fulfilment, the transcendent solace of release. Rest! and he had been so harried; completion, and life had been so long! Green hills to blot out remembrance of dusty cities, fresh winds after the smother of narrow streets. "I'll come back one day, be sure of that," he'd told her, and through all warring circumstances, he had stood committed to that promise. Now, freely, triumphantly, he had made good his word.



## FASHION AND FEMINISM

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

**H**ITHERTO, dress reform has always proved a failure. And this is because dress reform has usually been only the effort of a few scattered individuals to force their personal taste upon the world. And while social consciousness is often awakened by the daring examples of such pioneers, all real social growth comes from a collective consciousness, which is born in a body of people, by reason of some economic or moral pressure which affects them all. When such a body begins to murmur of a reform, that reform is almost certain of accomplishment. And such a murmur, concerning dress, can be heard to-day among those women who are banded together by the fight they are making for freedom.

Dress seems, at first glance, to be one of the least important of the questions which modern women are taking up: but the smallest examination into its practical aspects reveals the fact that it affects all their other interests—not as a mere expression of vanity, but as a serious economic factor.

When we women first entered factories and workshops in numbers, we met unfair conditions on every side. This was particularly true of the garment trades, which were among the first to employ a great many women. And when we met this unfair treatment, women dreamed of legislating virtue into manufacturers. But it can't be done! And now it is dawning upon the consciousness of a number of women that the way to reform clothing manufacturers, textile manufacturers, etc., the way to cut down insane speeding, overwork, underpay, is to change our insane conception of clothing—to strive to make it a normal, useful thing, instead of a hampering, exotic, extravagant thing, which works one group of women to death at a miserable wage, because a far smaller group of parasitic women wish to be arrayed like peacocks! Knowing this to be true, one naturally turns to the fundamental question, and asks—what is dress—what is fashion? And what, indeed, is dress? Is it simply a means of protection from cold? A concession to so-called modesty, a

means of displaying wealth, and advertising leisure? Of attracting the opposite sex? It has been all of these in the past, and many of the same factors are still apparent in our present-day use of garments: but a new interpretation of the word has come in with our new industrial conditions. Dress is an enormous economic factor the world over, and nowhere more so than in America, where it is an over-exploited industry, whose markets have been stretched abnormally, not only by the increasing production of inferior articles, but by a psychological factor, far more potent even than the law of normal supply and demand; and that factor is Fashion: a purely hypothetical need of change in order to meet a purely hypothetical standard, which is entirely ephemeral and continually altered, artificially.

Year after year, we are made to put the money we begrudge, that we can ill afford, money we would honestly rather put into other things; money, often, *that we have not got*, into that particular twist to skirt or coat or hat which will keep us as ridiculous-looking as our neighbor, while, at the same time, safe from his ridicule; in other words, to save ourselves the discomforts of being out of style. And yet, detesting fashion, as I think the majority of us do in our most secret hearts, we are often hypnotized by it to such an extent that free action is prevented.

If the number and character could be estimated of those people who have stayed away from entertainments for lack of a new gown, or dress suit, or some accessory thereof, almost every human being who has ever received an invitation would probably be included in the list. That people stay away from church for the same reason is traditional, and a favorite method of imprisonment has always been to take away formal clothing, and substitute loose garments. This trick has been successful in the instance of white slavery, for it is found that the girls are unwilling to go out into the street in the brilliant "parlor clothes" furnished to them.

So deeply rooted is this fear of being wrongly dressed, and so serious may its consequences become, that it is high time that an examination into the forces behind the accepted forms of fashions be made, and our slavish adherence, not only to fashion, but often to discomfort, be shown for what it is, *a chimera which*



*we ourselves protect*, and which gives a lot of more or less unscrupulous business men their opportunity.

Most people believe that fashion is a matter of our own free choice and approval; but this is not actually the case. For there is in existence to-day such a thorough understanding between the big combine of designers, department stores, wholesalers, manufacturers, textile-mill owners, etc., that our pocket-books are drained by them as systematically and coöperatively as though they belonged to a single corporation: and their profits actually and directly depend upon the extent to which they can play upon our hysterical fear of not being dressed "correctly." Of course, the first principle of playing their game is to get control of fashion itself, to be able to swing the public taste by forcing constantly changing styles upon it: in other words, garments *must not be permitted to continue in use until they wear out*. Before a garment has come to a state of disuse, a radically new model must be presented which will make the old one look ridiculous by comparison. In the cheapest grades of manufactured garments, whose purchasers, it is safe to suppose, would keep a garment until it was worn out, by reason of poverty, the desired change is accomplished through the use of shoddy and inferior stuff.

The dress of the rich woman will be discarded at the slightest hint of a change in style, while its cheaper imitations, worn by the poor, *are made of stuff deliberately calculated to last only for a season of three months!* Needless to say, the fact is not advertised to the working-woman who spends her savings on a suit at a price varying from five to eighteen dollars!

But, to a certain extent, this scheme of constant changing has reacted against the manufacturers, especially those engaged in articles pertaining to dress, rather than the garment makers. These former are completely at the mercy of the most apparently insignificant change in fashion. As a natural result, there is a tremendous lot of bribery coming the way of the designer and the retailer. "Swing the fashion my way!" is the constant cry of those who make trimmings, such as buttons, braids, fringes, laces, etc., and it makes all the difference between success, and, sometimes, bankruptcy, to the manufacturer, whether or not

dozens of little silk buttons are being used on women's tailored suits, or if there are two bone buttons less on men's coat sleeves. And the same thing is true of the fringe maker or lace factory. For instance, since the introduction of the narrow skirts which women have been wearing for the past three years, the lace business has been nearly ruined. The close-fitting dress permits of no lace-trimmed lingerie: the ruffled petticoat is a thing of the past, and it was to the white goods manufacturers that the imitation lace man sold his wares. On the other hand, the introduction of pleated chiffon, as a substitute, has raised the occupation of side-pleating from a scattered, ill-paid basis, comparable to that of a cobbler, to the status of a real business.

But while change of fashion leaves one or another trade high and dry in turn, lack of change is still more deadly, especially to the textile mills. For two years, 1911-12, women varied the making of their garments only very slightly. The textile mills lost thousands of dollars in consequence, and, at last, in the summer of 1912 began a campaign to alter conditions. Their methods were so flagrant that they would have been funny if they had not been so disgraceful. Everywhere they offered bribes to designers. "Draw full skirts," they said; "draw pleated skirts, and draped gowns and draped waists; we want to sell our overstock!" The current fashion was taking only six or eight yards of material to a gown, and the obvious way of improving the matter was to establish a demand for gowns which would require fourteen to eighteen yards instead, or gowns which would require the more profitable full-width materials; above all, gowns which the old, straight styles *could not be remodelled to imitate!* The bribery was as well handled as political "favors," and as to the result, behold the manner in which our women are swathed in mummy fashion to-day!

That people should wear any clothing which is not exactly suited to their need and honest desires seems too ridiculous to be true, and yet that is exactly what most people do, usually without thinking of the matter. How many men really like to wear a stiff collar, or a dress suit? Or how many like to wear dark, thick suits in summer instead of a kind of glorified pajama? And women! How long will they continue to wear corsets?



Not one really wants to. But it is not so much these blatant ills of dress which harass one. It is the useless accessories, the keeping up of irrelevant trimmings and embellishments, the elaborate fastenings, which are the real annoyance.

Not for an instant is it suggested that people should cease to make themselves attractive in appearance, or that uniformity of dress ought to be adopted. On the contrary, a greater individuality is to be desired, but, above all, comfort and convenience. One should be able to wear what one pleases without coercion of any kind or the impertinence of criticism from some one whose tastes happen to differ. To one man a collar may be a comfort; to another it is an abomination. And there should be no rule, written or unwritten, which compels either to sacrifice his comfort and tastes to the other.

The true feminist recognizes that one woman may like to swathe herself in draperies, and the next may prefer the plainest, freest form of garment; and that one should be made to feel uncomfortable and ill-at-ease because big financial interests have approved one rather than the other, is an outrage upon the right to mental and physical liberty!

## GERMOPHOBIA

HELEN S. GRAY

SEVERAL years ago Dr. Charles B. Reed of Chicago obtained considerable notoriety by the invention of a cat-trap or gibbet to be baited with catnip and operated in back yards. The accounts in the newspapers related that he had found four dangerous kinds of germs on a cat's whiskers and was therefore urging the extermination of cats as a menace to health; that Dr. William McClure, of Wesley Hospital, was examining microscopically hairs from cats' fur to ascertain how many different kinds of germs there were on it; and that the secretary of the Chicago Board of Health had issued a statement that cats are "extremely dangerous to humanity." From Topeka came the report that six different kinds of deadly germs had been found on a cat's fur and that the Board of Health had in consequence issued a mandate that Topeka cats must be sheared or killed! But why stop with shearing them? There are germs on their skins. And now public penholders in banks and post-offices are under suspicion; an investigation is being made by the Kansas Board of Health, *The St. Louis Republic* states, and individual penholders may have to be supplied. From time to time a health board official or some other doctor gives out a statement for publication condemning handshaking as a dangerous and reprehensible practice.

The hair of horses, cows, and dogs is full of germs, which they disseminate. Germs are everywhere. Why should cats' whiskers be an exception to the rule? If Thomas and Tabby could retaliate and examine doctors' whiskers, doubtless numerous virulent varieties of germs would be found there. Doctors are a menace to public health, for they disseminate germs. Therefore, exterminate the doctors! But perhaps, being doctors, they don't carry germs. Their persons are sacred. Germs are afraid of them and keep at a respectful distance.

All the leading works on bacteriology admit that a person may have germs of diphtheria, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, pneumonia, or any other disease within his body without having any of



those diseases. Since that is the case, it is obvious that germs of themselves cannot cause disease. They do no harm in a body that is in a healthy condition. But so prejudiced is the medical profession on the subject of germs that the true causes of disease are overlooked and disregarded.

Among the four kinds of germs found on a cat's whiskers, Dr. Reed mentions a germ "which causes a variety of infectious diseases, including kidney disease." As if any one ever got kidney disease because he unwittingly swallowed some germs of the kind found in diseased kidneys, if he had not abused those organs by gross eating or gross drinking! But it relieves the individual of all responsibility for his condition to put the blame on germs and the cat. There is no personal stigma attached to such a cause; for it is commonly supposed that anybody is liable to be attacked by germs, that, like rain that falleth upon both the just and the unjust, germs attack both healthy persons as well as those whose bodies are saturated with auto-toxemia.

An inspection of the family dietary usually reveals the cause of a man's untimely demise. But his death is piously attributed to an inscrutable visitation of Providence. His wife drapes herself in crêpe, observes all the conventions of grief, and overworks her lachrymose glands for a season. His friends pass resolutions of condolence, lamenting that their dear brother has been "called to his eternal rest," a flattering implication that he had so overworked himself during his brief span of life that he needed an eternity of rest in which to recuperate, and was entitled to it as a reward. Whereas the only thing overworked was his digestive organs in disposing of his wife's cooking.

If deadly germs are found on cats' whiskers, what of it? It is as valuable a contribution to science to know how many and what kind of germs are to be found on cats' whiskers as to know how many devils can be balanced on the point of a needle. Verily, a fool and his time are soon parted.

That a cat has germs on her fur and whiskers does not prove that she is a menace to health; but doctors are often a menace to life and health. Much of the surgery performed is unnecessary and frequently results in death. Vaccination and the administering of serums and antitoxins are frequently followed by

death or impaired health. One of the gravest charges against the prescribing of medicines is that they suppress or mask the symptoms and do not remove the cause of the disease, but leave the patient to continue in the error of his ways until overtaken again by the same trouble or an equivalent that has cropped out in some other place; and by that time the malady has perhaps reached a fatal stage.

In some respects doctors are like cats. They caterwaul, and occasionally they purr. When a woman patient calls at a doctor's office and he does not know just what is the matter with her or what to do to cure her, if he belongs to a certain type in the profession, he holds her hand and purrs and is so sympathetic that she leaves his office in a transport, walks on air, and goes home convinced that no one understands her case as well as he does. Or else he tells her how beautiful she looked on the operating table. After such a subtle appeal to her vanity she pays without demur his bill of \$300 or \$400.

He takes great care not to offend his patients by telling them unpleasant truths, but instead resorts to delicate flattery. If a woman comes to his office suffering from some ailment brought on chiefly by eating devitalized foods, he purrs softly while he determines the latitude and longitude of her pain and gently inquires if she has had a shock recently. She thinks hard for a moment and recalls that she has had, that the news of the death of a child of an intimate friend was broken to her abruptly. Yes, that must have been what caused her condition.

Lacking the ability to direct patients headed for perdition by reason of wrong living how to live so that they can regain their health while continuing their work where they are, he sometimes recommends a change of climate or that they take a rest. Change of scene or occupation usually affords some slight temporary alleviation that the patients regard as a cure.

When patients have a cold or the grippe, instead of making plain to them what laws of health they have violated and that their illness is a direct result, the doctor, it not infrequently happens, tells them that it is "going around." Colds and grippe are consequently in the popular mind of mysterious origin, and



the victims complacently regard themselves as blameless but unfortunate.

It is because the medical profession teaches people to look outside of themselves for the causes of their maladies that we see such spectacles as Caruso, obliged to break professional engagements that would have yielded him \$100,000, ascribing his case of grippe to external influences. "I like everything in New York except its colds and grippe," he is quoted as saying in an interview. "I think I can boast that I have had the most expensive case of grippe on record. It has cost me \$100,000. The public says I am a great singer. I should be a greater man if I were a scientist who could drive grippe out of the country. See if you can't drive it out of New York before I come back."

Note the boast. As if ill-health and operations were something to be proud of! Instead of telling our acquaintances of our ailments in the expectation of getting their sympathy, we ought to be ashamed to be sick. They may understand what internal conditions colds, grippe, and other ailments presuppose, and have a feeling of repulsion toward us, not of sympathy.

The germ theory of disease is in great vogue at present with the regular—or allopathic, as it is sometimes called—school of medicine. Some of the leading physicians of other schools, however, predict that the day is not far distant when the contagiousness and infectiousness of disease through germs, vaccination, the injection of serums as preventives or cures, and the resorting to the use of medicines by deluded people as a substitute for correcting their habits of living, will be generally regarded as superstitions. When that day comes, we shall cease this Pharisaical self-righteous attitude, this dread and suspicion of others as germ-laden, and face the truth that we build our own diseases.

Even some of the regulars do not hold orthodox views; for instance, Dr. Charles Creighton, an eminent English physician. He has made a special study of epidemics and was engaged to write an article for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on vaccination. At that time he was a believer in it, but changed his views when he investigated the subject. What he wrote was omitted from the American editions. "As a medical man," he once declared, "I assert that vaccination is an insult to common sense; that

it is superstitious in its origin, unsatisfactory in theory and practice, and useless and dangerous in its character." He testified before the British Royal Commission on Vaccination that in his opinion vaccination affords no protection whatever. He has written several books on the subject.

If germs are not the cause of disease, then what is? To this Dr. J. H. Tilden, of Denver, one of the most distinguished of those who do not accept the germ theory of disease as true, makes answer as follows. I quote excerpts taken here and there from his writings in *A Stuffed Club Magazine* on the subject of the causes and cure of disease, the germ theory, contagion and infection, and immunity.

"Disease is brought about by obstructions and inhibitions of vital processes. . . . The basis is chronic auto-intoxication from food poisoning. It is brought about by abusing the body in many ways . . . by living wrongly in whatever way. . . . Bad habits of living enervate—weaken—the body, and in consequence elimination is impaired. . . . The inability of the organism to rid itself of waste products brings on auto-toxemia. This systemic derangement is ready at all times to join with exciting causes to create anything from a pimple to a brain abscess and from a cold to consumption. Without this derangement, injuries and such contingent influences as are named exciting causes would fail to create disease. This is the constitutional derangement that is necessary before we can have such local manifestations as tonsillitis, pneumonia, and appendicitis. . . . Every disease is looked upon as an individuality; which is no more the truth than that words are made up of letters independent of the alphabet. As truly as that every word must go back to the alphabet for its letter elements, so must every disease go back to auto-toxemia for its initial elements. . . . There can be no independent organic action in health or disease."

If drugs, serums, etc., do not cure disease, what does? Correcting whatever habits caused it; for instance, eating too much, bolting food, neglect of bathing, ventilation, and exercise, harboring worry, jealousy, or other destructive emotions, and living on a haphazard dietary of carelessly and ignorantly cooked foods. "Nature cures when there is any curing done, but nature



must have help by way of removal of obstructions to normal functioning." There is nothing spectacular about a real cure. It means self-discipline.

"Germs are in all bodies in health and in disease. . . . I do not recognize them as a primary or real cause of disease any more than drafts or any such so-called causes; at most germs can be only exciting causes. . . . They are innocent until made noxious by their environment. They are victims and partakers of it. They act upon it and are reacted upon by it. As they must be amenable to environmental law, the same as everything else, they necessarily change when their environment changes. Because of a change in their habitat, the germs that are native change from a non-toxic state into one of toxicity. . . . They are not something extraneous to the human organism, but are the products of lowered vitality in the individual, of lost resistance. . . . Microbes are toxic when the fluids of their habitat have become toxic—when the resistance of the body has fallen below the point at which the fluids maintain their chemico-physiological equilibrium and decomposition sets in; it is at this stage that germs multiply rapidly; they absorb the poison that is generating, and it is not strange that their products are poisonous, for the changed bodily fluids on which they feed are toxic. . . . My theory is that the toxicity of germs is due to being saturated with poisonous gases. The germs of typhoid fever, for example, are not poisonous until the patient is sufficiently broken down to cause the generation of toxic gases, after which all the fluids and solids of the body take on a septic state, poisoned by the absorbed gas. . . . Bacteria are not the cause of disease; wrong living, which puts the system into such a condition that the bacteria can readily multiply, is the real cause; the bacteria are simply necessary results. . . . Germs are scavengers. When an environment becomes crowded with them, it means that there is a great accumulation of waste in a state of decay. . . . They are normal to a certain limit in our bodies. If they become more numerous, common sense and reason would say that they must be a necessary factor in the process of elimination, or, if not a necessary factor, lost resistance has permitted them to multiply

beyond the restrictions set to them by an ideal physical condition or normal resistance."

To those who accept the germ theory, it seems that there must be specific germs to account for the different types of disease. The leaders among those who reject it are able to explain satisfactorily without it why all sick people do not have the same disease. They give as the reasons for variation geographical location, the domestic and local environment, the season of the year, atmospheric conditions (e. g., hot, humid weather favoring putrefaction both in the digestive tract and in animal and vegetable matter outside it), defective anatomism, congenital or acquired, injuries, age, occupation, temperament, food, habits, and mode of living.

"Immunization means that normal alkalinity of the fluids of the body exists. . . . Health is the only immunity against disease. If there is any state that man can be put into that will cause him to be less liable to come under disease-producing influences than full health, then law and order is not supreme and the world must be the victim of caprice, haphazard, and chance."

"Epidemics and endemics feed upon the auto-toxic and stop where there are none. . . . The belief of the medical profession that contagion and infection pass from one human being to another—from a sick man to a healthy man—is an old superstition unworthy of this age. Disease will not go from person to person, unless they are in a physical condition that renders them susceptible and unless environmental states favor decomposition—those of the household and the general atmosphere where the proper amount of oxygen is deficient. So-called contagious and infectious diseases are self-limited. If it were not for this self-limitation, the world would be depopulated every time an epidemic of a severe character succeeds in getting a start. But the medical profession believes that vaccination and anti-toxin do what nature has been doing since the world began, namely, set a limit to the spread of disease."

"Tuberculosis is a seed disease. The seed must come *from a previous case*," Dr. J. N. McCormack, official itinerant lecturer of the American Medical Association and "mouthpiece of 80,000



doctors," as he terms himself, is wont to declare in the plea that he is sent out to make all over the country for the establishment of a "national department of health and education to bring the benefactions of modern medical science to every household." But if one contracts tuberculosis from the germs of another case and he in turn from some one else, how did the first case that ever happened originate? ask the leaders among those who reject the germ theory. Did the causes that produced the first case of tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid fever, measles, diphtheria, or other diseases commonly regarded as contagious or infectious, quit the business after producing one case, disappear, and go out of existence, or do they still operate and cause all the cases that occur? That troublesome first case is the missing link in the chain of the theory; but it happened so long ago that it has been lost sight of, and doctors are seldom embarrassed by being asked to account for it.

I know a druggist's family in which all of the six children had adenoids. Adenoids are not regarded as contagious, so far as I have ever heard. So contagion cannot be made the scapegoat in this instance. The children had adenoids because the mode of living was the same for all. In like manner, when several members of a family contract tuberculosis, diphtheria, or measles, do they not get the disease because they all lived in the same manner and were exposed to like influences, instead of through contagion or infection with germs? Disease is sometimes spread, however, through the contagion of fear and suggestion.

The opponents of vaccination and serum therapy deny that the use of vaccines and serums has served to check the spread of disease. They hold that epidemics are less prevalent and less virulent now than formerly because of improved sanitary conditions, such as drainage of the soil, municipal disposal of garbage, street cleaning, water and sewer systems, the consequent increased facilities for bathing and household cleanliness, etc.

A false theory of cause not only leads to a false theory of cure, but diverts attention from the real issue. For example, in the Middle Ages and later, in England people used to empty garbage and other refuse in the yards and streets, and in conse-

quence a plague broke out from time to time. Instead of attributing it to the accumulated filth, they accused the Jews of poisoning the wells. So, too, in the case of a girl on whose neck a gland enlarged to the size of an egg; there was at once talk as to whether it was tuberculous in nature. Her mother wondered, if it was tuberculosis, if Minnie got it from the cat! She had always played with the cat a great deal. In this she reflected current medical talk in the papers. She could not understand how it could happen. There was no tuberculosis on either side of the family, and Minnie had always been so strong and healthy. Before she was twenty-five there was nothing left of Minnie's front teeth but a few black snags—evidence of her having lived largely on sweets, starches, and meat, and that she had not been healthy. But her mother never thought of looking in that direction for the cause.

So long as people are led to believe that vaccines and serums are a safeguard, they do not seek others, but continue to live in filthy surroundings and to have injurious habits of living. In the mad chase after imaginary protection, real immunity is overlooked and lost sight of.



## MEASURE FOR MEASURE

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

**A**ND ONE ANSWERED: Lord,  
Of a truth, brave Lord,  
I am all the follies and yet  
I have sinned not blindly,  
But bravely, as a man; so let  
My punishment be brave,  
Albeit courage win not Heaven.  
*What hast thou done, brave man?*  
All things that man can do, brave Lord.  
*Whatsoever Hell thou choose,*  
*That Hell is thine.*

AND ONE ANSWERED: Lord,  
Of a truth, kind Lord,  
I am weak but humble, and yet  
I have erred not often,  
And kindly have I been; so let  
Thy judgment be as kind,  
Howbeit meekness gain not Heaven.  
*What hast thou done, kind man?*  
All things that man would do, kind Lord.  
*Whatsoever Heaven thou choose,*  
*That Heaven is thine.*

AND ONE ANSWERED: Lord,  
Of a truth, O Lord,  
Who am I to answer? . . . And yet . . .  
I have lived, Life-Giver,  
And O, how sweet was life! so let  
Its sweetness cling and lo,  
I shall but live again . . . in Heaven.  
*What hast thou done, O man?*  
Thou only knowest true, O Lord.  
*Whatsoever Heaven thou choose,*  
*That Heaven is Mine.*

# THE AMERICAN FARMER AS A COÖPERATOR

E. E. MILLER

**W**HEN one speaks or hears of coöperation among farmers, it seems the natural thing to think first of Denmark or Ireland. These and other European countries have made so much greater progress in the business organization of farmers and farm life than America has, that it is almost inevitable that they should be held up to us as examples of what we might but do not accomplish. Various reasons are advanced for this American backwardness in what is unquestionably one of the great economic movements of our time. The American farmer's individualism and dislike of restraint is often given as the reason. Professor G. Harold Powell goes so far as to say that "the investment of the farmer must be threatened by existing social and economic conditions before he can overcome his individualism sufficiently and can develop a fraternal spirit strong enough to pull with his neighbors in coöperative team work." There is no doubt much truth in this, but I am inclined to think that lack of knowledge as to how to coöperate has been almost as much a hindering factor as has lack of desire to coöperate. The attempts at coöperation among farmers have been sufficiently numerous, if they had been successful, to have made coöperative effort in rural communities a familiar form of activity to us all. As it is, instances of really successful coöperative ventures among farmers, while rather impressive as an aggregate, amount to very little indeed compared with the vast volume of yet unorganized business carried on by them.

Europe seems to have had wiser leaders in the coöperative work, as well as more docile followers. The American passion for bigness has largely ruled both leaders and followers. Where the Old World peoples were content to begin with small organizations for a definite purpose and let these organizations grow and develop into powerful institutions, the farmers of America have thought in terms of a continent, tried to organize nationwide societies to transact every kind of business—and failed



lamentably. It has been only a few years since a great noise was made by a society which proposed to unite all farmers in one great society which should fix a minimum price on all farm products and so settle matters out of hand. Just a year or two ago Farmers' Union leaders in the South were telling the cotton farmers that only a great national organization could be of any real help in the marketing of their crop. The disastrous failures of the big organizations which were going to "finance the cotton crop" and the successes along various lines attained by some local and county organizations have discredited these leaders who mistook rhetoric for business sense and possibly also taught them a few things they needed to know.

The great trouble with farmers' coöperative organizations in this country has been that they were too loosely organized and attempted to do too much. It is just beginning to dawn on the mind of the average farmer that a coöperative business must be conducted on the same general lines as an individual business and that he cannot secure the benefits of coöperation without giving up some of the privileges of individual action. He is learning, too, not to despise the day of small things.

The lesson has been learned by some, however, in the long years of struggle for fair prices and fair treatment by the commercial world, and here and there all over the country are to be found groups of farmers who have found out the principles of business coöperation and put them into action to their own decided profit. These organizations are interesting not only for what they have done, but also for what they teach.

Take the Southern Produce Company, of Norfolk, Virginia, for example. This association was organized in 1870 and now has 400 members. It handles most of the truck grown in the vicinity of Norfolk, handling for outsiders—at a fixed percentage—as well as for its own members. It not only sells the truck the members grow, but buys their seeds, fertilizers and other supplies. It has bought and equipped an experimental farm near Norfolk, turning it over to the State to run, and lately has erected a six-story office building in the city, building and lot costing \$135,000. All this has been done without putting

in a dollar except for the capital stock which is limited to \$15,000.

Equally notable successes have been attained by the Hood River apple growers and the citrus fruit growers of California. The organization of these growers has not only resulted in better prices to the growers, but in a standard quality of goods and less fluctuation of prices in the retail markets. Since California growers learned to market their oranges and lemons through organization, there has been brought about a uniformity of distribution which "has resulted in a lower retail price to the consumer and gives a larger proportion of the retail price to the producer." These very successful organizations have one definite purpose—to sell the fruit their members grow. They are organized on strictly business principles. Each member's crop virtually belongs to the association, and is picked, graded, packed, and sold as the association directs. Details of cultivation and spraying which may affect the quality of the fruit are also looked after by the association, and the grower has no right to sell his fruit except through the association. In the case of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange this right to the privilege of handling the crop is claimed in the first place by the Local Exchange against the grower, next by the District Exchange against the Local Exchange, and finally by the General Exchange against the District Exchange. It is an up-to-date business organization these men have; the grower belongs to a Local Exchange, the Locals form District Exchanges, and these, in turn, the General Exchange. Each is independent in matters that concern it only, but all must submit to the general voice in matters which may be of concern to all.

Fruit and truck crops seem to be especially adapted to co-operative marketing; or possibly the uncertainty of profit in their production and the big share of the final price absorbed by the middlemen have forced fruit and truck growers to co-operate to a greater extent than farmers in most other lines. At any rate there are quite a few successful coöperative associations among these growers. In Texas such an association does a business of \$1,500,000 annually. The Grand Junction Fruit Growers' Association, of Colorado, is another notable



success. California nut growers market their product through a coöperative organization. Florida citrus growers claim to have raised the net price received by growers for oranges from \$1.15 in 1909-10 to \$1.96 for the season 1912-13. Western North Carolina fruit growers have organized, as have Georgia peach growers, and fruit raisers in many other sections. In an Alabama town a truckers' association with 190 members has standardized its products until it obtains prices considerably above those secured by individuals, and from a small beginning has grown to be the most important business concern of its town.

These stories might be duplicated many times; and it is not too much to say that the fruit growers and truckers are rapidly coming to realize the benefits of coöperative organization. I do not believe it any wild prophecy to say that within a dozen years the trucker seeking a location will inquire into the marketing organization conducted by his fellow truckers just as he now inquires into the locality's shipping facilities. And some time all the local coöperative organizations marketing perishable truck and fruit will unite to conduct a great central marketing exchange. Then the present-day scarcities of certain fruits and vegetables at one town, while in another these same products are decaying and going to waste, will be avoided.

Coming back from the things that may be to the things that are, it is worth while to note that in 1911 2,120 out of a total of 6,284 creameries in the United States were conducted on coöperative lines, and that of 3,846 cheese factories, 349 were coöperative. In Minnesota 608 out of 838 creameries were coöperative. In Wisconsin 347 creameries out of 1,000 and 244 cheese factories out of 1,784.

In these as in other lines of business coöperative associations are largely localized. A successful coöperative creamery in a locality helps to organize other creameries near it on a coöperative basis, and so on. Similarly, the successful coöperative rural stores of the country are largely grouped in Minnesota and Wisconsin, having spread from one or two unusually successful ventures in small towns. The coöperative grain elevators of the country are mostly located in Iowa, the Dakotas, Minnesota and Illinois, although Nebraska and Kansas have

over a hundred each. Where one farmers' telephone line is organized another is likely to follow, and whole counties have been covered in this way.

In short, the coöperative spirit is like the little leaven which spreads and spreads until it leavens the whole lump.

It is not only that a successful coöperative enterprise leads to the establishment of similar enterprises in nearby communities. More notable and striking still is the fact that a successful coöperative enterprise in a rural community seems often to put new life into the whole community and to give the farmers entirely new conceptions of their own capacities and the possibilities of their vocation.

Take, for example, the story of Svea, Minnesota, as told by a recent visitor to that town—a visitor, by the way, who went to Svea simply to see how the farmers there were working together and what profits they had from so doing. I quote:

“In Svea they have established and operated thus far without one single failure, a coöperative creamery, a coöperative telephone company, a coöperative grain elevator, a coöperative stock-shipping association, a coöperative store, a coöperative insurance company, a coöperative bank (now forming). Moreover, they also have as a result of what we may term coöperative effort, a thoroughly equipped high school with agricultural and domestic science teaching, a consolidated church with a resident pastor, a school library and a State teaching library, neighborhood social meetings three times a month under church influences. They have made their neighborhood a reading neighborhood. Almost every farmer takes two to four farm papers and other reading matter in proportion.

“In other words, the Svea farmers have become ‘business men’ as surely as commercial men in the towns, and are doubling their profits as a result, while they are at the same time developing a high degree of culture and that satisfying social life, without which mere money is valueless, while also maintaining moral and spiritual influences which town life tends to destroy.”

The first enterprise was the creamery which was started in 1896. It paid so well that the coöperative telephone line came four years later; and, having once learned how much it helped



them to work together, they have continued all along to find out new ways in which they could coöperate for the upbuilding of the community. The coöperative store, strictly on the Rochdale plan, was started in 1909, and to show how coöperation pays, the experience of the town pastor may be cited. He took \$100 stock in the store, giving his note in payment. He then went on for a year buying goods from the store at the usual retail prices. When settlement was made, ten months later, it was found that the dividends due him—the rebate on his purchases—amounted to \$150.60. He had, without spending a cent or paying any extra prices for merchandise, cancelled his note and the interest on it and acquired a balance of \$44.60. In other words, if he had bought his goods from a regular merchant, he would have paid that merchant \$150.60 in net profits, whereas by coöperating with his neighbors and trading with himself so to speak, he was enabled to return the whole sum to his own pocket. With such examples of the benefits of coöperation before their eyes, it seems but natural that the farmers of Svea should be the prosperous, progressive, broad-minded, hopeful folks they are said to be—the sort of folks who are able and willing to vote upon themselves a tax of \$1.70 on the hundred dollars of property to build and equip the kind of high school they want.

Take, as another example of how the coöperative leaven works, Catawba County, North Carolina. The farmers and other business men of this county decided some five years ago that they needed a county fair. They got together and had it—a fair with liberal prizes but without entrance or admission fees. Everything was free to all who came, and the authorities saw to it that there was nothing to injure or deceive anyone who came. The fakers and cheap side shows which are the big end of some fairs were not allowed to stop in Hickory where the fair was held. The fair was a success, and has been a success since. Last year the townspeople did not feel inclined to contribute to it, but the farmers had learned how to work with each other in the meanwhile and they went ahead and had a fair just the same, out in an oak grove surrounding a rural high school. Fifty horses and mules on exhibition, 50 pure-bred cattle and other exhibits to match. Those who have attended Southern fairs will

know at once from the livestock entries that this was truly a good county fair. I doubt if these farmers could have held this fair, however, if it had not been for the coöperative creamery. This institution, established in 1910, when the farmers found themselves developing a dairy industry without a convenient market, has been the coöperative leaven in Catawba County. It was started with a capital of \$1,500, the money being borrowed and the machinery purchased from a creamery "promoted" somewhere in Georgia by the agent of a creamery-selling concern which persuaded the farmers that if they got a creamery outfit the cows would somehow come to it. The creamery was a success from the start; soon it began a new work of service by handling the farmers' eggs on a coöperative basis, teaching them how to produce and market eggs of quality while securing more than the regular market price for these eggs. The lesson was quickly learned: it paid farmers to work together. Now they have a farmers' building and loan association, a "Sweet Potato Growers' Association," rural school improvement associations, women's clubs, and are preparing for a coöperative laundry. The women meet and discuss the needs of their schools—as many women do—and then lay out a plan of action and go to work to supply the needs—as too many women do not. The Farmers' Union in one district recently made a complete survey of that district and can now tell just what each farmer reads, what he does for his neighborhood, almost what he thinks, in so far as thoughts may be determined by actions and conditions. In short, "Catawba is a live county," as any North Carolinian will tell the inquirer, and coöperation among the farmers has made it live.

At first thought it may seem strange that the intellectual and moral progress of a rural community should be so quickened by business coöperation among the farmers, but a little thought will show why this must almost necessarily be so. It is beyond question that the lack of organization, of unity of purpose and concert of action, is as great a hindrance to rural progress and development as is the traditional conservatism and inertia of the individual farmer. The farmer has simply not learned how to use all the multitudinous committees and boards and sundry



group organizations which the city dweller has found so effective in many ways. Once the farmer gets into the habit of working with his neighbor for a common end, he sees all sorts of desirable ends to be worked for, and if a "divine discontent" with existing evils or needs is present in the community—as it usually is—it is almost certain to be no longer hemmed up in the hearts of two or three persons but set free in the consciousness of the whole community. Then action follows.

The man who would improve social and moral conditions in the country districts can make no more effective start than to organize the farmers into coöperative business associations. The American farmer has, it seems to me, demonstrated himself an efficient and whole-hearted coöperator, when once he learns the trick and gets the habit.

And he is learning rapidly. Before me, as I write, are reports from various Southern States of coöperative tobacco and cotton warehouses, coöperative and semi-coöperative stores, produce-selling exchanges, fertilizer and supply buying associations, cotton marketing associations, coöperative buying of machinery and livestock, and so on. There is even an account of a coöperative church—a whole community uniting to make the church a social centre and a help to all. The work of rural organization, either for business purposes or for intellectual development and social improvement, has just begun; but it is something that a beginning has been made, and I, for one, am not yet willing to admit that the American farmer is inferior to the farmers of any other country in either common sense or neighborly feeling. Unless he is so deficient, he will become as good a coöperator as any of them, for both his business interests and his sense of neighborliness demand a new organization of country life to fit the new conditions of our time.

## RELIGION IN THE MODERN NOVEL

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

OF all the many accusations brought against our much abused young twentieth century, there is none more popular than that of materialism. For all its deficiencies, whether artistic, social or ethical, this parrot-cry furnishes a convenient explanation; but unfortunately for those who welcome such catch-phrases as a ready means of avoiding any necessity for trying to exercise their disused and rusty thinking apparatus, convenient and accurate are seldom—perhaps never—synonymous. If this age of ours really is what it has so frequently been called by capable judges, the Age of the Social Conscience, that fact is in itself ample disproof of materialism; for if conscience in its every manifestation be not spiritual, what is? True, we have done away with the old scorn of the body and of that generality once known as “the world,” but this is simply the natural result of an increased knowledge which has compelled an altered point of view, making such contempt appear rather childish. And because the new social conscience has developed so largely outside the orthodox church, it is not therefore any the less religious. Indeed, it is in very great measure the immediate cause of that re-awakened interest in what may for clearness’ sake be defined as strictly religious ideas which is now showing itself in so many ways and places, and especially in the modern novel.

That this new religious interest seldom takes a dogmatic form is probably one reason why the average reader has been and still is so slow to recognize it—of course we are in no way concerned here with those latter-day successors to the Elsie books which provide psychic water-gruel for the senile-minded of all ages—yet in the stirrings of a more or less vague discomfort he has become aware of those electric currents of spiritual unrest which are penetrating down even to the most respectable of the quarter-educated well-to-do. There is something more than a little pathetic in the way these latter welcome such an attempt to manipulate words, to stretch the ancient formulas and render



them broad enough to contain modern ethics and modern knowledge, as was shown in Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Inside of The Cup*—a novel whose popularity was due at least as much to its discussion of religious as to its treatment of social problems. For there is no class in the community whose size, the multiplicity of books and opportunities for learning taken into consideration, is so astonishingly great as is that of the half and quarter educated well-to-do.

The best of those modern novels in which the present-day religious interest reveals itself in its most significant aspect often treat it shyly, almost timidly. For with the crumbling of the ancient cosmogony and its dependent beliefs the old cock-sure attitude became obsolete. The writer no longer says, "This is the truth; no decent or sensible person will deny it"; but instead: "This is my opinion—what experience has given me; take it for what it is or may be worth." Very frequently it is only the consciousness of things spiritual which is clearly shown; their nature, with a deeper reverence than that of yore, is left indeterminate. Here and there appears an author whose belief is as detailed as that of Will Levington Comfort: usually, however, it is rather a reaching out, a sense of things unseen, the mental attitude one of obedience to Abt Vogler's advice: "Consider, and bow the head."

In this as in so many other phases of our modern thought and experience H. G. Wells has succeeded in stating lucidly that of which the majority of people are but more or less dimly aware. It is indeed particularly interesting to note the growth of spiritual and religious interest in Mr. Wells. Decidedly materialistic in much of his earlier work, it is only when *Marriage* is reached that we find the hero, Trafford, deploring the fact that his wife and himself have won "no religion to give them"—i. e. their children—"no sense of a general purpose." And, though foreshadowed in other stories, not until *The Passionate Friends* of last autumn does there come the description of a genuine religious experience, a description which is thoroughly characteristic of that sense of awe, of a greatness and power too vast to be expressed in faltering, merely human speech, which is often—it might be safe to say, always—the very crux of the religious

spirit as it appears in the modern novel. Stephen Stratton, who relates the experience, has reached the crisis of his life and knows not where to go nor what to do when, as he phrases it: "The great stillness that is behind and above and around the world of sense did in some way communicate with me . . . commanding me to turn my face now to the great work that lies before mankind." And having told him what his share in this work is to be, "the stillness" bids him: "Make use of that confusedly striving brain that I have lifted so painfully out of the deadness of matter." And Stephen, though he cries out, "But who are you?" obeys.

Detailed at greater or less length, it is this occasional awareness of communication with the Power outside and beyond "the world of sense" which is the shape in which religion is most likely to appear in the modern novel. Sometimes, as in *John Ward, M.D.*, this awareness, usually touched upon lightly, almost furtively, is clearly and strongly emphasized, but very seldom, and then under a slightly different aspect. The destruction of the old formulas has resulted in an instinctive distrust of creeds, an instinctive shrinking from anything which bears even the least appearance of an attempt to make new ones. The situation portrayed in William Arkwright's able, yet curiously uneven book, *The Trend*, wherein he shows his mystic, purely spiritual singer as escaping, horror-stricken, from an orthodox church service and denouncing it as an insult to God, is typical, though extreme. For the revolt against the materialism of Haeckel and his followers—not of Darwin and Huxley, who were not materialists and repudiated the name with the utmost vigor—has been accompanied by a revolt against the materialism in religion which rendered it vulnerable to the onslaughts of historical and scientific criticism. "We claim and we shall wrest from theology," said John Tyndall, "the entire domain of cosmological theory." The event has proved him a true prophet—and helped men to disentangle religion from theology.

The whole movement of the modern novel, indeed, has been toward a spiritualization which embodies within itself an essentially religious feeling; only this spiritualization not being of the monastic and ascetic kind which so long swayed the imagina-



tions of men, but of a social or humanistic order, has frequently been mistaken for other than its real self. It constitutes, too, a force active in all the affairs of life rather than one principally confined to certain of its details, and this fact can be glimpsed, sometimes from one angle, sometimes from another, in the more ephemeral as well as in the best examples of our twentieth century fiction. In an article published in the May issue of THE FORUM attention was called to the change which has taken place in the character of the fiction hero, who has lost his idle elegance and become a worker. That this work should so often be a part of the struggle for human betterment or a joining in the endeavor to right some especial wrong is both a portion of and a testimony to the idealistic spirit which quickens the modern novel, as is also the companion fact that its drama is in many notable instances mainly a psychic one. More and more is the inward effect thrusting the outward event into a position of subordinate interest; the story of a murder becomes an account not of the efforts to trace the slayer, but of the result of the deed upon his soul. The most interesting and important chapter of *The Devil's Garden* is that wherein William Dale reviews the inner life which has been so turbulent, while the outer was so calm; *The Debit Account* has little to say of Jeffries's career in the realm of finance but very much about his mental attitude toward himself and that "world without trifles" in which he lived; despite a charming heroine and an absorbing plot it is the influence of failure upon the character of Ralph Lingham which is the matter of supreme importance in *When Love Flies out o' the Window*.

To call this confused mass of struggle and revolt and aspiration "religion" may seem to many persons unjust and perhaps even a trifle shocking; but that is because of the popular confounding of religions which are many with religion, which is one in essence, whether it be manifested under the Buddhistic form of quietism or the social service activities within and without the present-day church. Modern thought has made the old-time easy shifting of responsibility impossible, and the changed belief which this involves, enforcing the conviction that the world is to be saved and the Kingdom of God established on earth not by miraculous intervention but by the earnest labor in well-doing

of many generations of devoted men and women, has had even among those who deny it an incalculably powerful effect. It may be too that the new humanitarianism which causes us to view with horror conditions which our forefathers regarded with more or less equanimity and makes reform one of the most familiar of words is to some extent due to the desire to escape from any effort to measure and explain the Infinite with mere finite instruments. Since the days when knowledge destroyed the foundations of that ancient stately tower of faith and authority which men had believed was based on truth's very rock, this attempt to find a working theory of life which shall not imply any dogmatic response to the riddles of the universe has been made in directions innumerable, and is being so made to-day; only, the way of escape by "practical" social labor has become more popular than any other and is a road along which travel in divers manners all sorts and conditions of men—among them many who would vehemently and even indignantly deny that religious and spiritual problems had anything whatever to do with their chosen path.

In the modern novel as in the modern world religion has come to be more and more a matter of service and aspiration; less and less a matter of accordance with fixed rules and formulas. And upon this, as upon so many other aspects of life, the writer of to-day can express himself with a freedom which only a few years ago would have brought down torrents of wrath upon his head. What in our parents' time would have been said of *The Trend*, for example, or even of *A Man's World*?

Thus religion in the modern novel evinces itself principally in four distinct ways: in revolt against the worn-out, cramping traditions; in a broad humanitarianism which has increased sympathy and given a fresh and vivid and impelling meaning to the word duty; in a quickened spirituality that has removed punishment and reward from the hereafter and even from the world of matter to the living human soul; and in a reaching out, vaguely, gropingly, but never futilely, toward "the stillness," "the Ultimate Force," "the Unknown Power," or whatever term men prefer to use in their desire to get away from the old anthropomorphic conceptions, and yet express their consciousness of the



Infinite and Divine. For "the obstinate questioning of invisible things" which began so soon as man developed from the primeval ape-forms and became Man, still goes on and will go on, in all probability, so long as the race endures; only the shape and manner of the questioning has changed as humanity has slowly learned something of its ability to mould its own destiny, the duty and privilege which it possesses of working out its own salvation. There have been many periods in the world's history when that questioning found few to voice it aloud, yet always after such a pause it has been renewed with fresh and greater vigor. One of these pauses came in the last century; to-day the questioning resounds all about us, and one of the means through which it is being uttered most clearly is the modern novel.

# GIOVANNITTI

## *Poet of the Wop*

KENNETH MACGOWAN

THERE are probably a lot of technical errors in Giovannitti's poems.\* I didn't notice. And perhaps that is one of the tests of great poetry,—not the faults that you can't find because they're not there, but the faults that will not be discovered. Something else absorbs you.

The significant thing is that here we have a new sort of poet with a new sort of song. And doubtless because of this song it will be many years before we see his greatness. For the song that he sings is not a pleasant song. It is the song of the people as he learned it in the Lawrence strike and hummed it over in the jails of Salem. He and his song are products of something that few Americans yet understand. We do not comprehend the labor problem of the unskilled, just as we do not comprehend the I. W. W. that has come out of it. A poet has arisen to explain.

Now the I. W. W. is no mere labor union; the A. F. of L. is enough. Giovannitti is no mere poet of labor; we have had plenty of such. He is not singing of labor alone. He is not prating of the dignity of work—you can't find it in the situation the I. W. W. faces. He is no aristocrat of handiwork, like the A. F. of L. He sings the people behind the work—active or idle, skilled or not—"Plebs, Populace, People, Rabble, Mob, Proletariat." He cries the awakening of that great mass of mankind that has always been typified as Labor because earning its bread in the sweat of its brow was its one common attribute—the primordial curse. He looks beyond work to emancipation:

Think! If your brain will but extend  
As far as what your hands have done,  
If but your reason will descend  
As deep as where your feet have gone,

The walls of ignorance shall fall  
That stood between you and your world. . . .

\* *Arrows in the Gale*. By Arturo Giovannitti. The Hillacre Book House



Aye, think! While breaks in you the dawn,  
Crouched at your feet the world lies still—  
It has no power but your brawn,  
It knows no wisdom but your will.

Behind your flesh, and mind, and blood,  
Nothing there is to live and do,  
There is no man, there is no god,  
There is not anything but you.

Against him Giovannitti finds the world—the world even of his own kind, bound in the chains of the past. The police, the law, the Church, another age shackling this, he has met them all in Massachusetts, arrayed against even the first steps toward his industrial democracy. The business of his verse is to destroy. In *The Cage*—the prisoner's pen in which he stood for murder—he deals with the mummy of authority. In *The Walker* he has painted the prison as no man, not even Wilde, has done. And the Church—even the Christ whom so many socialists are confessing that they may be numbered with the sheep—that also he denies. Christ, the heavy-laden carpenter, was still a man of peace. Giovannitti has his own sermon, "The Sermon on the Common": "Blessed are the strong in freedom's spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of the earth."

Materialistic—like all these socialists? Giovannitti has his answer ready for you: "While happiness be not our goal, but simply the way to get there."

Neither materialism nor happiness is likely to trouble the average American. What bothers him is "violence." And there is no disguising the fact that violence is an essential part of the I. W. W. and its faith. Love is as great a part, of course; but hate must spring just as quickly from the cruelty of the world of the few as love from the brotherhood of the world of the many. Giovannitti and his friends want something and they want it badly. They are ready to take it peaceably: Giovannitti pictures the spirit of Helen Keller as the Christ of loving forgiveness—the only true Christ—offering peace to the grinder of the faces of the poor. But, if love and forgiveness fail, there is another savior waiting, and a violent savior:

. . . The sombre one whose brow  
Is seared by all the fires and ne'er will bow  
Shall come forth, both his hands upon the hilt.

Whatever its future, the I. W. W. has accomplished one tremendously big thing—a thing that sweeps away all twaddle over red flags and violence and sabotage. And that is the individual awakening of “illiterates” and “scum” to an original, personal conception of society and the realization of the dignity and the rights of their part in it. They have learned more than class-consciousness; they have learned consciousness of self. The I. W. W. is making the “wop” into a thinker. And that is what Giovannitti wrote in his *Proem* when he said of his own verses:

They are the blows of my own sledge  
Against the walls of my own jail.



## EMERSON

### *A Mystic Who Lives Again in His Journals\**

WARREN BARTON BLAKE

EMERSON has been "discovered" again—this time in the France that he tried hard and vainly to understand. It all began with the publication of a critical biography by Madame Dugard in 1907. I was in Paris then, and read it, and was most of all struck by the comically dressy effect, in translation, of the simple lines beginning:

Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

In French, they correspond to an Emerson dressed in eighteenth century style, with wig and sword:

Adieu, monde orgueilleux, je retourne au foyer;  
Tu n'es pas mon ami, je ne suis pas le tien . . .

Yet the book is a good introduction to Emerson, and, since 1907, Madame Dugard and others have translated several volumes of essays for the French public. I wonder if they have won a reading—outside the university and professionally literary groups; I wonder if Frenchmen see far beyond what Robert G. Ingersoll called the "baked-bean side of his genius"? As the late Perpetual Secretary of the Immortals said, when the French Academy "crowned" the Dugard book:

"Emerson's influence in America, like Ruskin's in England, is a curious illustration of the need for an ideal which, at certain moments, the man of action, the Anglo-Saxon, feels. Such was the empire of contemplative monks over barbarian chiefs and of mystics over feudal armies. It was Emerson's fortune to launch his ideas at a time when America was largely without them. . . . Emerson, knowing that the great danger of democracy is atrophy of the individual conscience, set himself

\* *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson: 1820-1872*. With Annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Company. Ten Volumes.

to preaching individualism—the necessity of a high culture, the search for an ideal.”

## II

Eight years ago, when I read Mme. Dugard's volume, I was youthful—with all of youth's intolerance. It seemed no mere coincidence that Emerson's father recorded his birth in his diary between a dry note on the “Election Sermon” and a report of a session of his literary club at Mr. Adams's. Cheerful youth, not needing reassurance concerning the excellence of this world as an abiding place, is unlikely to set a high value on what contemporary reviewers, even in the American religious press, found to praise in Emerson's essays: “Their lofty cheer, and spirit-stirring notes of courage and hope.” I certainly had no conception of Emerson's influence upon my father's generation—an influence so great that Carlyle called his friend a new era in our history; so great that when some clergymen complained that he was leading young men to hell, Father Taylor remarked: “It may be that Emerson is going to hell, but I am certain he will change the climate there, and emigration will set that way.” Then again, I had no sympathy with Emerson because it seemed to me, in spite of all the long words and imported transcendentalism—or, partly, on account of them—that he didn't “get anywhere.” (I sometimes feel so still—but the charge is less damnatory. I do not wonder that Moncure Conway wrote of Emerson setting free in his heart—in his *heart*, notice—“a winged thought that sang a new song and soared—whither?”)

Emerson's dependence upon intuitions and praises of them as the springs of action and organ of inspiration conferring wisdom upon man seemed the less respectable because I hadn't read Bergson—who has made intuitions more than ever fashionable. Emerson lived in the spirit-world—a quite different place from any trodden by the student in Paris who is at home in the world of the Sorbonne and the Bibliothèque Nationale, and in the world of flesh-and-blood. To healthy youth, nothing is much more repugnant than the Wordsworthian ideal of wise passivity, while the notion of a Buddhistic Nirvana seems murderous of



"Nature"—however you define her. Moreover, I know not how to direct my inexorable thoughts, Emerson avows, and scarcely appears to think any direction of them needful. His best thoughts steal upon him in silence, and Truth flies out of the window when Will enters in by the door. "There is never a fine aspiration but is on its way to its body or institution," he confidently asserts. Too confidently, it seemed to me. Emerson, aged thirty, wrote that a system-grinder hates the truth; he loved the truth, and therefore—therefore?—side-stepped system. It was not till much later that he uttered the heartfelt cry: "If Minerva offered me a gift and an option, I would say, give me continuity. I am tired of scraps. . . .

" 'The Asmodæan feat be mine  
To spin my sand-bags into twine.' "

Perhaps the scrappiness of Emerson is less distressing to the youthful mind, eternally and quite needlessly refreshed by the comedy of life on every side of it, than the Emersonian "trick of solitariness," that he played as a Harvard undergraduate not less but perhaps rather more than as the Concord sage. When Madame Dugard's book on Emerson was published in Paris, I sat down and wrote a critique—stored with Rousseau analogies, à la Irving Babbitt. I was full of Rousseau then, and I piled on sentences that I meant to be cruel and crushing—not of Professor Babbitt, or Jean-Jacques, or Madame Dugard, but of poor Emerson. I showed my article, unfinished, to a dear friend—wiser than I; and then tore it up. Here is a part of the letter I had from my friend commenting on the little essay:

"I find your point that Emerson, the preacher of individualism, was himself thin-blooded and barren of true personality, interesting: whether or not it is true. I never happened to find it put just so before, and should certainly never have thought of it. But I suppose, after all, a certain kind of individuality might be expressed by impersonality as well as by any other instrument. I've only glanced through the Dugard book, but the point of view seems to be the conventional one that Emerson

was too far removed from the stress and pain of life to touch very closely vibrant, struggling souls. As you translate, 'he fills only the full, reassures only the optimists.' I suppose that is true enough. And yet—and yet, is any life so full that it does not need refilling; or any optimism so complete and so unshaken that it does not need reassurance, *expression*, from an articulate, a stronger spirit? Isn't optimism with many people a religious yearning rather than any truly temperamental attribute; a thing to be struggled for, and cherished, and reinforced from without? Whatever forces from within may have urged Emerson toward idealism and optimism, wasn't he at least equally an idealist, and optimist, from conviction, or faith, or whatever else you call the semi-religious element? The Emersonian idealism is more, I am sure, than the natural overflow of a serenely poetic disposition—to which you try to reduce it. You must not forget that essay of his on Destiny—Destiny, man's heroic, large-spirited friend, man's bolster against Fate (discouraging and enervating personage!).

"I suppose that it is fair enough to complain that Emerson gives light without heat, but how many writers throw off much heat and little light—to say nothing of 'darkness visible' . . . Not many philosophers and poets and friends of ours yield us both forms of power. Perhaps the combination of the two—light and, well, at least *warmth*—is the most remarkable thing about Christ and his system."

I feel less ashamed of my calfish distrust and dislike of Emerson now that I have read in President Eliot's centenary essay on the great New Englander his confession that he too, "as a young man," found the writings of Emerson "unattractive, and not seldom unintelligible, . . . speculative, and visionary." It is only after one has suffered from living that one fully values Emerson—only as one is gradually educating himself, in experience's school, that one appreciates his worth as a prophet of modern education; of the latter day social organization, its maladies and quacks and salves; of what Dr. Eliot calls "natural" rather than supernatural religion.



## III

For this descendant of a line of Yankee ministers, there is no dividing line between the secular and the sacred. To Emerson, life is itself sacred; and the universe no less holy than the Ark of the Tabernacle—

So nigh is grandeur to our dust  
So nigh is God to man.

“Christianity is wrongly conceived by all such as take it for a system of doctrines,” he wrote in his diary as a young man—thereby fortifying in some sort what Augustine Birrell was to say half a century later: “You cannot, however dogmatically inclined, construct a theology out of Emerson.” His stress was placed—as he was persuaded Christ’s was—upon moral truth; and at thirty he wrote: “I feel myself pledged, if health and opportunity be granted me, to demonstrate that all necessary truth is its own evidence.” Demonstrate? Emerson never did succeed in “demonstrating” very much. In Dr. Eliot’s words, here was no logician or reasoner, but “a poet who wrote chiefly in prose.” But his prose is certainly no less poetic than his poetry. The inspiration is in both cases moral; and, to paraphrase—

His every line, of noble origin,  
Is breathed upon by Hope’s perpetual breath.

Yet Emerson was intolerant of cant about immortality. “I notice that as soon as writers broach this subject they begin to quote. I hate quotations. Tell me what you know.” \*

\* “Emerson refused to dogmatize about what is necessarily obscure at present.”—John Albee, *Recollections of Emerson*. Emerson wrote in his essay on *Experience*: “In accepting the leading of the sentiments, it is not what we believe concerning the immortality of the soul or the like, but *the universal impulse to believe*, that is the material circumstance and is the principal fact in the history of the globe.” This is not far from the point of view of James, Bergson, and, nowadays, Sir Oliver Lodge. If Emerson “refused to dogmatize” about the uncertainties of the future life, he had all the same his nobler convictions. He writes in his *Journal*: “I know my soul is immortal if it were only by the sublime emotion I taste in reading these lines of Swedenborg: ‘The organical body with which the soul clothes itself is here compared to a garment, because a garment invests the body, and the soul also puts off the body and casts it away as old clothes (*exuviae*), when it emigrates by means of death from the natural world into its own spiritual world.’”

Emerson demonstrates, after death, one meaning of immortality by living again in his "Journal"—the tenth volume of which has just come to my book-shelf. Some complain of prolixity, but to read this Journal is to find the measure of the man: and that is all the more cheering to the lazy reader in that Emerson is far from being immeasurable. He set down from day to day not only the record of events and personages who impressed him, but many stray thoughts and reflections. He swept into his Journal all the chips from his workshop, and stored there all the rough materials he meant to carve and fabricate and ornament. Workshop? The word is decidedly unpoetical, and perhaps inapt; for, as Madame Dugard points out, he made of his soul a lyre whose strings vibrated to all the winds of the spirit (*his spirit*, that is); and in his Journal he notes these passing vibrations in phrases where words like *flow*, *flee*, *flux*, *fugitive*, *fugacious*, *current*, *stream*, *undulation*, occur and recur. Undeniably he sometimes forced himself; he acknowledged that his talent, like the New England soil, is good only while he works it. "If I cease to task myself, I have no thoughts." And adds: "This is a poor sterile Yankeeism. What I admire and love is the generous and spontaneous soil which flowers and fruits at all seasons." Many of his memoranda he developed later in the essay form—a procedure suspected by his own contemporaries\*—but I like the mere scraps. Very perfectly do they express the eagerly searching, earnestly austere man: reflecting all his sincerity and incompleteness just as the beautiful paragraphs they piled up as their sole monuments mirror the minds of Joubert in France and Amiel in Switzerland. There is no humbug here, though there are some few fallacies to reward those who read principally to prove, at the author's expense, their own astuteness. Emerson fully realized—at fifty—what his deficiencies were; he called himself an intellectual chiffonier,

\* In *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* for June, 1870, we read: "Rumor attributes to Ralph Waldo Emerson a peculiar method of composition. He keeps, it is said, a commonplace book into which go every striking thought, curious metaphor, keen epigram, which his own mind incubates or his various reading discovers. When he is called on for a lecture, he goes to his commonplace book. He culls from its pages enough of its best material for an hour's instruction or entertainment. Connection is immaterial . . ."



with a Jew's rag-bag of brocade remnants and velvets and torn cloth-of-gold. Truth to tell, he is all this no less in his essays than in these Journals—and is a literary architect no more than his friend Montaigne. As he repeated his lectures, and they gained in polish and conciseness, the defect still sometimes remained: he built more than one excellent house without stairs. It is in momentary flashes of intuitive communication with the great spirits—lightning flashes that suddenly light up the black night in which we spend most of our time—that his genius shines. Somewhere in his Journal he writes:

“One man sees the fact or object, and another sees the power of it; one the triangle, and the other the cone which is generated by the revolution of the triangle.”

He who has so often been reproached with aloofness looked at many common facts, and saw what we see there—and beyond. His first lesson of religion is that things seen are temporal, unseen things eternal; yet is the temporal much for the eternally-minded, who preserves the all-important sense of wonder. “Now that man was ready, the horse was brought,” he writes; and continues:

“The timeliness of this invention of the locomotive must be conceded. To us Americans it seems to have fallen as a political aid. We could not have held the vast North America together which now we engage to do. It was strange, too, that when it was time to build a road across to the Pacific, a railroad, a ship-road, a telegraph, and in short, a perfect communication in every manner for all nations,—’twas strange to see how it was secured. *The good World-Soul understands us well.*”

Nowise was Emerson a Ruskinian. To the railroad he says—“like the courageous Lord Mayor at his first hunting, when told the hare was coming: ‘Let it come in Heaven’s name, I am not afraid on’t.’” And this assurance is all the more welcome as one of the not too frequent flashes of his humor.

#### IV

While an author is often the worst-qualified critic of individual books or passages in his own work, he has almost always

expressed somewhere the final criticism of his total. So it is with Emerson. On one page he defines for us the type of idealism of which he was an exponent:

“We are idealists whenever we prefer an idea to a sensation. . . . Character is more to us. . . . Religion makes us idealists.”

On another page, he writes:

“Malthus existed to say, Population outruns food: Owen existed to say, ‘Given the circumstance, the man’s given. I can educate a tiger’: Swedenborg, that inner and outer correspond: Fourier, that the destinies are proportioned to the attractions; Bentham, the greatest good of the greatest number. *But what do you exist to say?*”

It is no tragedy if this sower of good seed said no one thing, and only repeated many unequally wise counsels, and, by the wireless telegraph of sympathetic genius, spelled out the dots and dashes that, for the rest of us, unschooled in science, might have remained dots and dashes till the day of judgment. Emerson’s contemporaries greatly needed the man and his serene preaching—so undisturbed—while

Theist, atheist, pantheist  
Define and wrangle how they list.

To paraphrase Thureau-Danguin, Emerson’s was the empire of the contemplative monks over barbarian axe-men and sword-bearers. To-day, while the prosperous shudder at every murmur of social unrest, and the not-prosperous are drunk with heady wines; while society is, as in Emerson’s day, still “devoured by a secret melancholy,” disguised in a hundred forms of madness; while the nations still glare at one another from behind their breast-works, and the classes still war or hate (with ever deepening consciousness of class): while all these things are so, democracy’s “great dangers” may well remain the vulgarizing of the arts, contempt of contemplation, “the atrophy of the individual conscience.” Emerson somehow soothes this conscience without putting it to sleep. His courageous faith in Destiny, his cheering theory of compensations, his deathless hope, his healthy,



exaggerated individualism: here are counter-irritants for more than one of Time's diseases. "If thought makes free, so does the moral sentiment. The mixtures of spiritual chemistry refuse to be analyzed." And Emerson did indeed "make free"; he was Emancipator, "not of black bodies, but of the minds of white men."

#### NOTE

The continuation of *The World of H. G. Wells* series, by Van Wyck Brooks, is postponed in consequence of the war.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### *The War*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The war and the new problems created by it are engrossing the attention of the entire British nation. Outwardly the life of London goes on pretty much as usual. Under the surface there is a tremendous lot of fermentation and premonition. It seems certain that the war will be accompanied or followed by a social readjustment on a scale hitherto undreamed of—and this readjustment will be entirely in a democratic and socialistic direction.

That a great financial crisis is due one can hardly doubt. So far the weaker elements in the commercial and industrial world have been carried along by artificial support, but that cannot go on indefinitely. Whether the moratorium be extended or not, the crash must come sooner or later. People are realizing this, and it has already caused a tremendous awakening. In the end it will mean additional surrenders on the part of the wealthy classes. The Kaiser has solved not only the Ulster and suffrage questions, as some one said the other day, but the whole question of social reorganization. What would have had to be taken under ordinary circumstances will now be given. This may seem an optimistic view of the whole thing, and may prove unwarranted at this point or that, but on the whole I think it will be found absolutely correct. A spirit of self-sacrifice is in the air, and I think the German war machine will prove possessed of just enough initial impetus to prevent that spirit from petering out without tangible manifestation. The more the Germans win to begin with, the longer the war becomes protracted, the more thoroughly will the spirit for which their ruling class stands be killed in the end.

Just how the financial precariousness of the European situation will affect America no one can hope to foretell with any certainty. It is possible that the distress of one continent will bring a "boom" to the other. But I doubt it. I believe that we shall have to suffer with the rest of the Western World, and if that proves so, it means that we shall have an outbreak of internal strife hardly less serious than the external strife on this side of the water. We are indeed—turn wherever we may—on the threshold of grave and portentous events, and may the Spirit of Life grant us all strength and patience and faith to live through them. There is a great darkness ahead of us—an ordeal of fire for the whole civilized portion of mankind—but beyond it awaits us the long, sunlit day of world-wide peace.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

LONDON



[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have just read your September editorial on War. How powerfully and terribly you write on the subject. I hope it may be read everywhere.

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

CHICAGO

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I am an old man. I watch with pain, almost with incredulity, the spectacle that Europe presents to the world. I see England fighting "lest the lights of freedom go out throughout the world." I see Germany fighting lest God and civilization be obliterated by barbarians. I see France fighting for her honor, her freedom, her existence. I see everywhere murder, and misunderstanding. So I write to you to thank you for the attitude you have taken: the big attitude. It will be remembered. It will have effects that, when you are old, as I am to-day, will bring you contentment. You have fought a better fight than any of the commanders in the field.

SENEX

CINCINNATI

### *"Piety"*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent "Twentieth Century" who writes under the above heading in the August FORUM is surely in a bad temper. His letter is good evidence in favor of the theory that our beliefs are determined by our wishes. He objects strongly to the doctrines propounded in the tract he mentions, particularly to the use of the word "damned," and, if he had the power, would stop the publication of such objectionable matter.

The only reason he gives for this is that he dislikes it very much and won't have Christianity of that brand at any price.

Now why is he so hot about it? Why does he use such epithets as "stupid," "disgusting," "criminal lunatics," etc.? If these doctrines are false, no one will be hurt by them—it may even be that some will be restrained from evil deeds by the teaching. On the other hand, if they are true, and no one can demonstrate their untruth, he and all those who despise the warning may find themselves in sorry case. Anyway Christians will try to get on without him and may be encouraged to know that the faith is still able to arouse such violent opposition.

J. P. DUNLOP

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for sending me the proof of Mr. Dunlop's letter. Mr. Dunlop has evidently rigid convictions which no discussion could modify. He may justly retort that I myself have convictions which I am unwilling to modify. But that would not be true. I am willing to modify any and every conviction that I have, if new evidence and new advances in knowledge make it clear that I have been partly or wholly at fault. But Mr. Dunlop clings fast to what he considers the faith of his fathers, though the thinking world has long discarded the idea of a God of Love who is supposed to punish his children for their faults in this life by consigning them to the flames of hell, in which they will suffer eternally the agonizing torments of fire. It is impossible to reason with the well-meaning and sincere, but utterly ignorant, people who are capable of believing such absurdities.

I am glad that "Christians will try to get on without me." I shall certainly succeed in getting on without the so-called Christianity which teaches that morality must depend essentially upon the fear of hell, not upon the love of God; and I will cheerfully take the risk of being punished for refusing to believe that God is in reality a fiend.

Mr. Dunlop assumes that I was in a bad temper when I wrote my previous letter. A certain *sæva indignatio* against lies and hypocrisy, wilful or unwilful, is entirely justified. Was Christ himself icily cold when he swept the money-changers and brawlers from the Temple? Did he speak in measured academic platitudes?

Mr. Dunlop does not realize that he believes what he believes merely because he has never used his brain, never investigated or tried to distinguish between the essential truth and the inevitable accretions of falsehood and folly. If he had been born in pagan times, he would probably have remained a pagan. In one age or country he would have sacrificed to Moloch: in another he would have worshipped Bacchus. But, of course, he cannot understand this.

I used the epithets "stupid," "disgusting," etc., because they seemed to me the most appropriate in connection with such a travesty of reason and religion as the tract referred to presented. And Mr. Dunlop is quite wrong when he says that "if these doctrines are false, no one will be hurt by them." Generations of men, women and children have been hurt by them; hampered and cramped and narrowed by them; prevented from living their full, free lives, and driven from the comprehension and sustaining power of Christ's Christianity by such grotesque inventions of little minds, striving to measure their God by their own paltry standards.

As I said before, it is time that the narrow-minded reactionaries should be taught that they are not the pillars of the true Church and the pillars of



the ideal society that they have supposed themselves to be; they are neither good, nor pious, nor useful. They are the real enemies of knowledge, reason, Christ and God. They try to murder childhood with ghastly lies about hell-fire; they try to enchain manhood and womanhood in shackles of mediæval, nonsensical, character-rotting superstitions. .

TWENTIETH CENTURY

NEW YORK

### *American Industrial Independence*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The peril of dependence on foreign nations for production and over-sea transportation is demonstrated in the European war of 1914 as never before.

The loss of human life in this war will be appalling, the resulting sacrifice of the fruits of the labor of generations inestimable, and the loss of capital will be enormous.

We must use our best judgment to prevent these disastrous conditions from weakening our industrial capacity. This is the time when we should think and think hard about conserving and developing industrial independence.

We have issued the following announcement:

“ *To American Producers:* Please report to us any article or articles (raw material or finished product) of use in agriculture, mining or manufacture in the United States, for the supply of which we are dependent upon any foreign country.”

We shall take up every article thus reported, investigate the possibility of successful production at home, and urge upon Americans the desirability of such changes in our existing tariff system as shall create new industries in every line where we are now partly or wholly dependent on foreign countries.

A. D. JUILLIARD

Chairman, Executive Committee,  
The American Protective Tariff League.

NEW YORK

### *Eugenics in Wisconsin*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—As supplementary to your editorial on *Eugenic Tests*, which appeared in the August issue of THE FORUM, I am submitting herewith my editorial on the general subject, which appeared in *The Milwau-*

*kee Daily News* recently. As, of course, you know, Wisconsin, at the last session of its legislature, placed on its statute books a law requiring certain examinations and tests to be made before the intending groom could secure a license to marry. The law provoked widespread discussion and far from general approval. It was thought, in some quarters, to be too drastic to be capable of full and complete compliance. However, it is still on our statute books, and while some of its most drastic provisions, like the laboratory tests, are not being insisted upon, the belief is general that the law is doing some good along new and, heretofore, untried lines. It gives notice that something beside matrimonial misery must be a condition precedent to the marriage relation.

However, your editorial suggestion that popular education rather than drastic legal enactments should be employed to secure a reasonable standard of health preceding marriage, is undoubtedly sound and should lead to what ought be the much-desired condition. Legislation, here as elsewhere, is not the panacea of all the matrimonial ills of which we know. But silence is an inexcusable crime in the premises.

DUANE MOWRY

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

### *The Fourth Dimension*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—With due deference to your valued journal, the article of Claude Bragdon, *Learning to Think in Terms of Spaces*, in your August number, is essentially illogical. The writer thus introduces his subject: "A point, moving in an unchanging direction, traces out a line; a line, moving in a direction at right angles to its length, traces out a plane; a plane, moving in a direction at right angles to its two dimensions, traces out a solid. Should a solid move in a direction at right angles to its every dimension, it would trace out, in four dimensional space, a hypersolid."

Now this may pass current in blackboard geometry, but does not hold good in the abstract. The physical point is indeed extended to represent the line, and the physical line, to represent the plane, etc. But these concrete objects are not to be conceived as true geometrical figures, which are not movable, for motion presupposes sensuous experience. Only matter is movable. The true geometrical line is not the extension of the point, nor is the cube formed by the extension of the plane. When a point "moves" it is no longer a point, and when a cube "moves" it becomes annihilated.

"Student," in a letter upon the same subject, speaks of a division of a cube into smaller cubes. But when a part of a geometrical figure is conceived the first figure is of necessity annihilated.

Mr. Bragdon, after expatiating upon the vastness of the firmament,



makes this extraordinary conclusion: "Viewed in relation to this universe of suns, our particular sun and its satellites shrink to a point. That is, the earth becomes no-dimensional." The last word is in italics. Now this is manifestly a misconception, since the most minute atom, notwithstanding its insignificance in proportion to the universe, cannot be considered as an abstraction, which a point really is. Those who are not satisfied with the intuitive evidence of the limitation of space to three dimensions, solely because no logical proof can be adduced of this limitation, would do well to read the essay of Schopenhauer on *The Methods of Mathematics*, in which is cited as an instance of the undue importance of logical demonstration the controversy on the theory of parallels. The eleventh axiom of Euclid "asserts that two parallel lines inclining toward each other if produced far enough must meet,—a truth which is supposed to be too complicated to pass as self-evident and thus requires a demonstration. . . . *It is quite arbitrary where we draw the line between what is directly certain and what has first to be demonstrated.*" (The italics are mine.)

I believe with Schopenhauer, who quotes Descartes and Sir W. Hamilton in support of his contention, that the science of mathematics has no cultural value. Far from affording "a new way of looking at the world," as Mr. Bragdon tries to convince us, "its only direct use is that it can accustom restless and unsteady minds to fix their attention." That such mental concentration may be woefully misdirected is instanced in the cases of Swedenborg and Madame Blavatsky, reference to whom by Mr. Bragdon is alone sufficient to cause a sniff of suspicion.

Indeed your author himself, while evidently well versed in bookish mathematics, has been unable to free his mind of its limitations. Upon a basis of phrases devoid of significance he builds his extravagantly mystical speculation; which dissolves in the light of reason, "into air, thin air."

PHILIP J. DORETY, M. D.

TRENTON, N. J.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *Soldiers of All Nations*

IT is difficult to realize that while this note is being written, men are dying, every moment: not in the fulness of time, for the glory of God and their own rest; but unduly and by wanton violence, in the prime of manhood, with the whole making and purpose of their lives incomplete and unrenewable. They lie in strange places, and must sleep, not unaccompanied, but uncoffined and without memorial: mere broken bits of life-stuff, shattered from the resemblance of humanity by machines that must be fed with the food that women travail for, and pray for, and, losing, break their hearts. Well, may they sleep soundly, these soldiers of all nations who will march no more to music, nor answer the reveille at dawn! God be gracious to them, gallant men all, if graciousness be needed where they have gone now!

### *Paying the Cost*

IF the death of warriors were war's only penalty, men perhaps might be forgiven for their battles, since heroes are made known by them. But the world has gone to school again, to learn the lesson that is enforced with cannons; and it knows the whole cost of war, and is paying it, and will continue to pay it for many a year. In this country, we have not contributed much, so far: only a hundred millions officially, and who shall say how many millions unofficially, in disorganized industry? But they have paid a large sum in Belgium, where the prices are plainly marked; they have paid in France (it is an ill winter that follows unreaped and rotting harvests); they have paid in Austria; and the bill for the other countries is being added up.

### *Christianity and Civilization*

BUT it is not true that Christianity has broken down, or that civilization has broken down, as some have said in the first flush of their indignation and sorrow. Civilization and Christianity



have never yet been tried in the world, so they cannot very well have broken down. What we have had, so far, has been a pseudo-Christianity and a pseudo-civilization. It is not so much that we have been deliberately insincere, perhaps; but we have not faced life and the problems of life as they should be faced; we have accepted the imitation instead of insisting upon the genuine thing; we have given lip-worship, but not heart-worship.

### *Rebuilding*

WE are living, and some of us are dying, in strange, wonderful, terrible days. There is no room for pessimism or for bravado. Barbarism is showing us what deeds it can produce. We must answer with deeds.

Let no man who has held high rank in the Government of any country think now that he has done well or deserves acclamations. So far as his vision led him, he may have tried to do his duty, with foresight, devotion, faithfulness. Yet he has failed. The Government which cannot save its country from war has failed, whatever its other achievements. The new ideas, the new hopes, have not been fully comprehended. And so suspicion and enmity have been allowed to grow steadily, and the thought of war has been constantly in men's minds, as the inevitable end to which the world was drifting.

The thought of war should have been as impossible as the thought of murder. The press of all nations, instead of pandering to misunderstanding and animosities, should have educated the people, day by day and year by year, until the curse of nationalism was lifted from the world.

For nationalism *has* been a curse, and will remain a curse, so long as devotion to one country can involve enmity to any other. We are brothers in one boat, as we pass from the unknown to the unknown. Let us learn to understand each other.

### *Benedict XV*

THE election of Cardinal della Chiesa was certainly unexpected, and it may be hoped that this element of surprise will

be extended to his general policies. But if his Holiness continues, as Pontiff, to carry out the principles of the Archbishop of Bologna, the Church will lose far more than she can gain. What is needed now is not a saint or a scholar or a skilful administrator, though saintliness and scholarship and executive talent are admirable qualifications. If the Church is to do anything more than merely mark time, or actually lose ground, she requires as her head now a man of profound imagination and unswerving courage. The tendency of the Papacy has been too much toward mechanical routine, the neglect of new opportunities, the discountenancing of new ideas, the refusal of new life. The creative genius of the great artist, the incommunicable imaginative insights of the great novelist or poet or painter, could give the Vatican a new leadership in the spiritual affairs of mankind. We have seen the Pope who condemned Modernism dying of a broken heart because Europe was turned into a field of desolation and slaughter. The impotence of the Pontiff to secure some regard for Christian teachings amongst supposedly Christian nations, is at once the measure of the Church's weakness and the condemnation of her methods. In the spirit of the Modernists, if not in the spirit of Modernism itself, Benedict XV could remove many of the mountains that stand in the way of the direct line for the Twentieth Century, Limited. Mountains may be picturesque: but, in the wrong place, they are merely a nuisance.

### *Uncensored*

THE press has not had an easy task in attempting to gratify the natural desire of the public for dramatic details of the war operations. But even after making the fullest allowances for all difficulties, whether due to the censorship, to broken communications, or to the indiscretions of partisans, one can scarcely congratulate the newspaper world as a whole upon its achievements. In New York, for instance, there have been two or three papers which have maintained reasonable standards; but most of the papers have published and republished so-called news of a kind that should never have found public record. Why should any journal waste time in announcing, in large type, that "the Servians



swear that the enemy will never enter the capital so long as one house stands and one Servian lives " ? This is mere bombastic rubbish, and has nothing to do with the patriotism and fortitude of the Servians. The appearance of perpetual " war extras," with no additional information, but with immense scare-heads, is another unpleasant sign of the shallowness and insincerity that we permit in these busy days. Frothy journalism may flourish for the moment: but the public has a better memory than it is sometimes supposed to possess.

### *" Civilized Warfare "*

SOME one, somewhere, appears to be laboring under a rather serious mistake, or we should not have been exposed so frequently during the last few weeks to the phrase " civilized warfare." There is no such thing, of course, as civilized warfare. All war is necessarily barbaric in its methods, and ludicrous in its assumption of semi-decency. When nations go out, in the name of God, to mangle and destroy their fellow-creatures, they are reverting to the primitive profession of murder. The glory of war is the glory of murder, however it may be embellished by infantile brains.

We have heard much of atrocities and " uncivilized " outrages. Probably most of the stories are utterly false: but even if they were true, they would only be in full accord with the whole purpose, methods, and disgrace of war.

Let us realize, very clearly, that war is necessarily and always murderous and barbaric, and let us abandon the pretence that we are shocked at the annihilation of towns, the rape of women, the slaughter of children, the desolation of once-prosperous communities. These are the trimmings of war. If we order the feast, let us pay for it; but let us, in the name of all decency, give up the pretence that we are either civilized or Christianized.

### *Saintless Petrograd*

THE official change from St. Petersburg to Petrograd removes the intrusive saint from the Russian capital. The city

was named after Peter the Great, of somewhat uncouth memory, and the subsequent sanctification by the rest of Europe was perhaps a tribute to the religious reputation of Holy Russia.

Now that the ice has been broken, such cities as Florence, for example, may begin to assert their right to be known, even in the Anglo-Saxon world, by their real and native names.

### *Thumbs Down*

IN his clever, whimsical and symbolistic play, *Androcles and the Lion*, Mr. George Bernard Shaw has fallen—or a zealous proof-reader has made it appear that he has fallen—into the usual error of “thumbs down,” as the death signal.

It is strange that this mistake should be so widely prevalent, and should even be repeated by the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But the error, like 'round for round and laid for lay, will no doubt pass steadily through the years.

However, anyone who has not yet read Mr. Shaw's little play should do so at once, paying special attention to Ferrovius.

### *The Earl of Whisky*

THE oddities of childhood are rarely understood completely, even in these days of ingenious educational devices. The child lives and moves and has his being in his own world. He may emerge at moments, he may seem to understand or be understood by the great confederation of blundering adults: but he must go back as soon as possible to the realm of his real allegiance, where fact and fancy, dreams, doubts and discoveries are so cunningly intermingled.

Why do we forget our own childhood, and turn deaf ears and unseeing eyes to the sounds and sights that once we should have comprehended so easily? The world of flame, the glory of color, the music in the winds and the darkness, the actuality of romance, the strange limits and restrictions of knowledge! Can you remember when the earth stretched twelve miles out, beyond doubt, and perhaps a little further? Or the immense



significance of double figures when the tenth birthday painted a huge 10 across the entire sky, but nobody else particularly noticed the phenomenon? Or the fantastic associations of certain names from time to time, so that to live in Champagne would have seemed a comic-opera infliction, and a Duke of Burgundy was as Gilbert-and-Sullivan-esque as a Marquess of Claret, or an Earl of Whisky, or Baron Beer?

Yet we have long had Sir Loin, and scarcely remember the cause of that famous knighting; and now we have our copper kings, beef barons, pork princes, and what not. Perhaps we are not so remote from the whimsicalities of childhood as we have imagined, after all.

### *Jaded Appetites*

A RECENT advertisement of a well-known New York restaurant announced: "Whether it is in luncheon, dinner or supper, you will find in our menu of delicious cold specialties, ready for your selection at our buffet in the main dining room, creations to tempt the most jaded of appetites."

It is comforting to know that the grossly overfed man or woman need not starve. When the appetite fails through constant indulgence, it can be tempted to new excesses by these "delicious cold specialties," and so enough nourishment may be secured to preserve life.

It is indeed a pitiable spectacle to see the forlorn victim of piggishness sadly regarding a menu that can no longer entice him to abuse his stomach. Let him now take heart and visit the restaurant that has learnt how to "tempt the most jaded of appetites."

It is a noble work that this restaurant is doing; one well worthy of our civilization.

But who will tempt the unjaded appetites of the slum-dwellers?

# THE FORUM

FOR NOVEMBER 1914

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WORLD

WALLACE RICE

*Patria cara, carior Libertas, Veritas carissima.*

—FRANCIS LIEBER

**A**MERICANS have been warned by many a visitor from abroad that danger lurked within the admission to our national life of millions upon millions of continental Europeans, reared under conditions of varying freedom or despotism, but always under conditions varying from our own. We have smiled with our usual assurance, confident that "some things can be done as well as others," serene in that national quality which Mr. John A. Hobson calls one of our greatest assets, our refusal to be governed by failure. Because other nations may have suffered from an indigestible number of immigrants in times past is to us no reason for belief that we in turn may suffer.

In truth we have had reason for believing that our institutions are so filled with warmth and light, with fertile showers and sunny breezes, that no newcomer can long withstand their beneficent influence. Under them we have seen the Roman Catholic Church, as conservative as it is ancient, so adapt itself to an absolute divorce of Church and State that its hierarchs have suggested to Europe that our system is worthy of examination. We have seen, too, the German Jew, within a generation of his leaving the old-world ghetto, throw off mediævalism and take on a complete Americanism. Surely we have proved anew the truth of Æsop's fable of the man with the cloak. Our suns have done at home what north winds abroad have quite failed in.



Suddenly we awake to a cataclysmic war involving four major and as many minor Powers in Europe and one of the great Powers of Asia, with the end not yet. Ourselves deriving our law and government from England, under profound obligations to France, the sister republic, for our original liberties, and to Russia for freedom from foreign intervention during the war between the States, sympathetic with Servia and Montenegro in their struggle for nationality, and in an extraordinary degree with Belgium for the resistance she is making to the deliberate disregard of treaty obligations by her powerful neighbor, the Allies have commanded from the beginning our personal respect, coupled with as earnest a desire as is compatible with complete national neutrality to see them successful. For against them are arrayed the two Kaisers, the elder the incarnation of dynastic tyranny, and the younger an equal believer in the divine rights of kings and the religious sanctity of war as war. We thought we had laughed those things out of the world years ago.

We have in our body politic large representations of every European tongue; scores of languages other than our own, which is and always has been English, are spoken in our cities. We apprehend Mr. Howells's comment on his visit to England, that what struck him forcibly there was its being populated by the English; there are hundreds of places in the United States where one is seldom out of sight and hearing of foreign looking and foreign speaking people. Our personal acquaintance with these is often extensive; I myself know men and women from nearly every country in Europe, German, Russian, and Polish Jews, as well as Japanese, Chinese, Syrians, Turks, and Negroes, and my case is not exceptional. This, as will be shown, is a valuable factor in national education, making for tolerance.

In spite of this apparent foreign admixture, the American people is more homogeneous than we ourselves suppose. Careful inquiry shows that a full half of us are descended without admixture from ancestors enrolled in the first census—the first census taken in modern times by any nation, in 1790. Only three-twentieths are of foreign birth. About one-fifth have one or two foreign parents. The other three-twentieths go back to a grandparent or further for foreignness. As in these three latter classes

there are many wholly assimilated, the older stock is in a large majority.

Not only are we homogeneous, but we have kept the reins of popular opinion and of government in our own hands. Seldom is anybody of even slightly foreign tinge permitted a determining voice in our public affairs, State or national. In spite of a preponderant foreign-born or foreign-parented population in our large cities, such of their representatives as are admitted to their government do the bidding of men of the older stock. Whatever the corruption in our politics, past or present, we have ourselves to blame; if the foreign-born citizen is bribed, we have done the bribing. Predominantly Protestant as we are, we have been slow to admit those of other creeds to positions of power; they do not to-day hold the dominant positions in our governments to which their numbers entitle them; when they do appear they are often from families long in the country and always in accord with us. Our newspapers, our magazines, and our literature are in the control of the older stock. It is hardly too much to say that our entire foreign population, however naturalized, is voiceless unless it speaks with an American accent.

Of all who come to us, those from the British Isles and colonies are, of course, the most readily assimilable. It does not take a single generation to turn the English and Scotch and Canadians into Americans, and the Irishman was not far wrong who boasted that his people were the only ones who come over that are not foreigners. Yet this older stock of ours is by no means undilutedly English. The eighteenth century, hardly less in proportion than the nineteenth, saw a mingling of Knickerbocker Dutch, French Huguenots, Delaware Swedes, Scotch-Irish, Moravians, Swabians, and Hessians, to say nothing of French and Spanish, with those who settled here during the century previous. Mentioning the fact to a Russian Jewess that all the lines of descent centring in me were in this country before 1650, she replied candidly that she did not know there were any such people in America. It speaks volumes for our fairness of treatment that many more recent comers have no knowledge of the older stock.

Now this people was born in revolution, has grown up under the guaranties of our constitutional Bill of Rights, is nurtured on



the Declaration of Independence, and since the war between the States has been welded into a nation. We inherit English ideas of liberty, we model our organic laws upon those of the Mother Country, we take the Common Law for our system of jurisprudence. We have been a free people, unhampered by European traditions and precedents, for 138 years, and there has been no self-curtailment of our freedom; we have been careless of governmental efficiency, yet we have grown more efficient; and there has lately been a pronounced movement to return to our constitutional guaranties and to the people for our national refreshment. Still, though the party now in opposition is not as devoted to Jefferson's principles as that in power, the feeling has always been fully ours that free government is preferable to good government, however desirable the latter may be. We are conscious of faults which have been made manifest in our system, and desire to remedy them. Perhaps there was never less blatant self-satisfaction among us than at the present time. Europe has made us think.

I do not believe intelligent Americans feel ours to be the best government possible to mankind; rather is it their hope by making it the freest eventually to make it the best. We are well aware that the British idea of a responsible ministry has made the government of the Mother Country and its colonies more popular, rather than less, and we have been chagrined to see European nations adopt the British rather than the American constitutional method when assuming parliamentary freedom. But what we do enormously value is the great fact that the British Isles, the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the South African Union, New Zealand, Newfoundland, and our own Federal Union with its Sovereign States constitute nearly fourscore magnificent experiment stations for the working out of free and freer government for mankind, all bound toward this shining goal, and for the first time in history pledged one and all to increasing liberty. We have no desire to see this mighty power for good threatened in any of its members; and we believe that driving it into militarism is such a threat. Indeed, we believe in liberty so thoroughly that to imagine any portion of this vast sweep over four continents desirous of bring-

ing unwilling constituents into our huge English-speaking family is, I think, inconceivable. If our ideas are to conquer the world they will accomplish it chiefly by peaceful example.

Since the United States came into being we have seen twenty republics established in the Americas and two in Europe, not less than eleven European monarchies adopt the British principle of governments directly responsible to parliaments and people, and noted with high approval the practically complete governmental independence of the larger and older British colonies. It is a peculiar pleasure to us that in this broad area there is no acceptance of the mediæval theory of the divine right of kings, because our own revolution dealt the death-blow to that heresy in England, and from the same prolific cause came the freedom of the British colonies in the course of the years. Ireland is being accorded Home Rule, and the Philippines are being educated in self-government. With us it is always more liberty, not less, and liberty with us means peace.

The republics of South and Central America have been allowed to work out their own destinies, free from European intervention, through the Monroe Doctrine, which has come to be as much a part of our national being as the constitution itself. There has been criticism of it among us, as there is always criticism of all politics; but we rejoice to-day to find a hemisphere at peace as one of its results. Not only are we free from war, but this national policy of ours has kept its inexpressible calamities from the whole New World. We have ourselves liberated Cuba, have been setting Mexico upon rather unsteady legs, and have little of international misconduct to regret in this generation except the manner of our establishing the republic of Panama, and for this we are seeking to make reparation to Colombia. The American republics are not only unthreatened by war, but they are free from armaments and arm-bearers to an extent unknown in history. Such standing armies as we have are on duty as police, nothing more or less.

Not only does this state of affairs give the lie direct to much of European statesmanship, but our administration of our internal affairs overthrows every denial of greater liberty to the European peoples. Must the Jews be immured in ghettos, con-



fined within a pale, restricted in citizenship, and be subjected to calumnies and atrocities? We have two millions of them in America, of whom a half live in Greater New York alone. It is probable that our older stock itself shows no such industry and thrift, and no higher appreciation of our educational facilities and our constitutional guaranties and liberties. Are the Poles incapable of self-government? More than a million of them within half-a-dozen American cities prove the contrary. We knew long before the British found it out that the Irish were to be trusted with Home Rule. Are Germans and Austrians, Hungarians and Bohemians to be made and kept good only through police espionage and the tenderness of the drill-sergeant? The reply from every American throat is an indignant denial; we have no more law-abiding citizens. To secure the benefits of Christianity is it needful to bolster up any creed by taxes wrung from unbelievers in it? Our whole religious atmosphere demonstrates the contrary. In order to be happy under government must there be a privileged aristocracy, military or other, for whom special laws are made and administered?

The answer to this last question involves some of the fundamentals of American character as developed since 1776. Jefferson held it as one of the excellences of such a society as ours that we were free to choose our public servants from among our best, instead of having good, bad, and indifferent foisted upon us through such aristocratic devices as primogeniture and the law of entail; while Mr. Walter Hines Page finds our whole citizenship continually refreshed by what he happily calls "our power to recruit from the rear." Jefferson wrote other words which remain as an inspiration for every American. However sneered at as glittering generalities (there are no sacred cows among our American ideals), we do believe as a people "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," quite as much as we believe "that governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." We do not believe, as some logic-choppers have argued, that all men are born with equal bodies and brains any more than that all mankind are born men

and not women; but we do hold, and it has been always before our eyes, that a just government will accord to everybody an equal opportunity for the best development of his powers as a servant of the State and of humanity.

As a result every American, to an extent almost incredible to a European, believes himself to be as good as the next man. He cherishes it as a conviction even when direct proof to the contrary is before him. Made conscious of a better education, better breeding, better abilities, even better character, he goes away saying to himself, "I'm as good as he is." During the German advance on Paris I heard one of my countrymen observe, "Ol' King Bill's some squash, ain't he?" The title was used for purpose of identification only; the whole tone of the observation was that of an equal bestowing praise where praise is due. The same strain runs through our body politic. In some of its manifestations, as in the case of arrivals in the land not yet used to the idea, it is big with possibilities of irritation; viewed, however, as a symptom of growing democracy, it is as endurable as growing pains are to a lad who wishes to be six feet tall. We have no caste in America, and little desire for any. We cannot secure for ourselves so much as a class of domestic servants. Socialists fail to inculcate class-consciousness among us. Laboring people will not vote for their own immediate interests because they do not admit to themselves that they will stay laborers. The clerk is as conservative as his employer, looking forward to his coming employerhood. We have no social pariahs other than wrong-doers, and we have such a fluidity of society as civilization never knew before.

In consequence we are tolerant, we love fair play, we listen to both sides of a question. We have no political parties based on religious belief, social eminence, or economic status—except the socialists, and American-born children of these imported doctrinaires come into the historical parties. Some of our newcomers distribute themselves unequally between these, but this tends to die out. There is less and less acceptance of heredity and more and more independence in politics. One fine result of it all, acting and retroacting, is that we are religiously, socially, and economically tolerant on one side, and politically tolerant on the other.



The day after election the most rancorous of political foes meets a successful opponent with the smiling remark, "You got us this time, but we'll take it out of you four years from now." It is only fair to observe that the most intolerant persons we have had among us have been Americans of the old stock, and they have seldom misbehaved since the 'forties. Religion comes into our politics, paradoxically enough, only when we fear it has come in, and disappears as promptly as it came, once the silly fear is removed. Broadly speaking, the aristocrats among us, social or intellectual, do not appeal so weightily as others, so little of direct power do they wield. In all such things I believe America to be without any superior, as she is without precedent. We are really free, in a sense that would delight Jefferson's heart.

I have been at such length in discoursing upon well-known national characteristics because recent events force me to believe that of all the intelligent nations in the world our American ideals are most at odds with those of the German Empire, of the German people in Germany, and of certain professional Germans who are my fellow-citizens to-day. I do not blink the evils of Czardom, but they are the evils of all countries backward educationally, politically, and economically. As the Crimean War was followed by the liberation of the serfs, the Japanese War by the institution of the Douma, so there bids fair to come from this turmoil the independence of Poland and perhaps of Bohemia, greater autonomy for Finland, and toleration for the Jew. Already increased powers have been granted the Russian people, and a national consciousness is awakening that promises the greatest things. Russia has had little chance heretofore to make her choice between a greater freedom or a less; but in her people there is a sincere, a passionate, a martyr-like devotion to the cause of liberty that follows education, leaving the greatest hope that the spread of intelligence will mean the growth in the Russian heart of our American ideals. The resemblances between the two peoples are more than superficial, and there should be the greatest sympathy between us.

It is upon education that America has rightly staked her future progress. Believing that knowledge is the beginning of wisdom, we have arranged, at Jefferson's instance, for the in-

struction of our children upon the broadest possible scale. Holding that schooling gives comprehension and comprehension sympathy, we seek to enlarge the minds of our young to the idea of humanity, at the same time inculcating our American ideals. The event proves that our public schools have been a chief factor in the national assimilation of the children of foreign-born parents; not only this, but the association of such children with our own has stripped us of racial intolerance. Hatred of the foreigner is due solely to ignorance; intercourse with those of foreign birth is the surest step toward international brotherhood. The German people, so generally disliked through Europe, owe not a little of that dislike to their own lack of knowledge of other peoples. Our divorce of Church and State forces us to give our public instruction without the suspicion of a religious bias. In consequence many Germans among us, both Lutherans and Roman Catholics, maintain at their own expense parochial schools attached to their churches upon which their children rely for instruction. Well within their rights as they are, it would be better for them and better for us nationally if they had sent their progeny into the melting-pot with the rest. It would hardly be possible now, it must seem, for any of them so to mistake American sentiment if they had permitted themselves closer contact with us in the public schools.

We are sure that our schools make for peace at home and for peace among nations. They make it impossible for us to view with approval the racial rancors which disfigure Europe and have turned it into a maelstrom of hate. Seeing and knowing every European nationality almost daily from infancy to age leaves dislike of any of them out of the question. The dislike of us in Germany finds no reciprocal dislike in our hearts. We know Germans to be industrious, thrifty, law-abiding, and God-fearing.

But if our American schools do this for us, what do the German schools do for Germany? The Germans have more schooling than we, but have they our practical education? Are they not taught war as an essential to their civilization? Is not that bitterest foe of democracy, the warrior tradition, drummed into them from the kindergarten through the university? Is not a narrow patriotism, basing itself not upon humanity, not even



upon the Germans as a people, but upon an unwavering obedience to a military chief, a necessary part of the training of every German?

If these things are true, how are the products of the German school and of the American school to find themselves in sympathy? We have had none from them. We are nowhere taught to envy and hate the English, to regard the French as bitter enemies seeking revenge, to despise the Russians as barbarians, to sneer at the Italians, to suspect socialists, to feel the enmity against the Papacy which made possible a *Kulturkampf*, or to sharpen the absurd prejudices against the Jew which flame into a *Judenhetze*. Our professors do not inculcate the idea that it is right for us to have a protective tariff and wrong for Germany to enforce one; on the contrary our colleges teach free trade, that great step toward international amity. We are not taught at any time that Germany's policy toward us is threatening or to be feared, or that she herself is to be patterned after in nothing, as German students are taught regarding the Monroe Doctrine and our political faith. We are nowhere instructed that our government is an instrument for human betterment the perfection of which demands its extension over the rest of the world, by the sword, if necessary. We are not made to believe in our impressionable years that our country has always been right or other countries always wrong. Most of all, we are taught peace and remain as we began, a pacific nation. The German has been taught war as a religion. We are viewing the inevitable result. And we are not, and cannot be, in sympathy with it.

The deadening effect of militarism upon thought may be seen in the statements of distinguished German professors published since the news of war shattered the world's hope. If any one of them has professed sorrow for this, for the awful blow to civilization following, for the outrage upon Belgium, for the wrong done all humankind, he has not made himself heard. There is no seeming thought of disarmament on the part of any German publicist in the future, however distant; the army has come to be an empire's conception of the normal state of humanity. Knowing that the United States or Great Britain has never gone forth to battle without some energetic protest from its own peo-

ple, we can only marvel at the effect of military discipline upon the human intellect. Knowing how ardently England and France are hoping for an eventual peace which will indeed "Ground Arms," we stand amazed at the German obsession. As a peaceful people, intelligent enough to maintain ourselves between Canada and Mexico without a border patrol or fortress along thousands of miles of frontier, our sympathies are compelled in a single direction. Our taste for militarism lessens from day to day, an end to which Germany is contributing mightily. And it hurts us to have a nation which has won our admiration in so many other fields now serving us in war as the Helots served Sparta in drunkenness.

For all her conquests in the arts and sciences has Germany left herself any the less a military despotism? His subjects have been urging that the German Emperor was powerless to wage war without the consent of the Bundesrath, even while they know that chamber to be dynastic, and in no sense popular; the lower house, where the sole power for war resides among free peoples, is powerless to advance or retard. Nay, it is wholly powerless at the point where it should be most powerful, for the Kaiser rules with a ministry of his own appointing, and may dismiss the subservient Reichstag at his will. There has been within a year a direct vote of loss of confidence in the government on its part, and nothing whatever happened; it was not even consequential enough to secure a dissolution of the chamber.

Such being the case, it must be asked what has the German people done to bring about a greater responsibility of its rulers to itself; in Jefferson's striking phrase, to bring the governors into moral fear of the governed? Its present constitution is practically that wrung from a mad ancestor of the Kaiser's in the 'fifties, after the lovers of liberty in Prussia had been imprisoned, exiled, and terrorised. Germany was a tyranny tempered by conspiracy in those days; not as now a tyranny with every regard for more freedom stripped from its heart. Who has heard of a German political conspiracy in this generation? What German in America has contributed to any movement at home as the Irish here have been contributing? It is profoundly significant that revolt against things-as-they-are is chiefly in socialistic



hands, a yearning for more government rather than less. Significant, too, is the complete demonstration of the denial of the teachings of Lassalle and Marx and the willing march to die in droves for conquest and the divine right of kings!

Bismarck, wise with inhuman wisdom as he was, judged the socialists aright when he began offering them governmental sops. Persecution strengthened them, adversity hardened them, he learned, so he practised a more subtle bribery than he had found needful with opposing newspapers. Little by little the revolutionary spirit left them. The people depended upon the government for aid, the socialists ceased declaiming against its acceptance, and the nation has been hanging ever since upon the military bureaucracy with appreciation of favors granted and a lively sense of favors to come. Under direction they have been led far along the paths of industrialism and commerce. Paths of peace in other countries, these have been turned in Germany into the highroad to war. The greatest industry in Germany is Krupp's, whence missionaries go forth to stir up enmity between the nations that its diabolical wares may find the readier sale. Who can imagine Bismarck allowing such facts to be discussed, as they were discussed, by socialists in the Reichstag? and what socialist not spiritually enervated could, in the light of such facts, lend himself to a world war?

From prince to peasant the spirit of the German people has been poisoned by prosperity, by the possession of much and the promise of more, until it can be led without so much as asking the reason why into a war of ruthless conquest. Is it to be supposed that the Kaiser has been willing to risk all the trade so laboriously built up without hope of a greater gain? to lay his people, already preposterously taxed, under this final impost of war if he did not regard it as a good investment? The preliminary proposal to Great Britain to permit the taking of the French colonies indicates that the blood of the German people was to come into golden harvest there, just as the blood of German missionaries was supposedly harvested at Kiao-Chau.

Contrast now the diplomatic methods of Bismarck in the three wars waged under his chancellorship with the blindness which has led the Germans into their present struggle, remembering

that Bismarck was not a soldier. Denmark, Austria, and France were successfully engaged in turn, but not until the man of blood and iron had left them without a friend in Europe. There was no diplomatic protest against the taking of Schleswig-Holstein, the humiliation of Austria, the expropriation of Alsace and Lorraine. Nor had there been the thought of declaring war to obtain these results until it was humanly certain that the adversary was virtually defenceless. Look then upon Germany's plight to-day, with the soldier-emperor at the helm and his ears open only to the new nobility! Is it not only too evident that up to the actual demonstration these associated bunglers did not know what Belgium would or could do, did not believe Great Britain willing to fight for her own hand, did not realize that Italy would refuse her aid, and had no conception that Japan was waiting to avenge the Kaiser's gross insult of 1895?

Freemen abominate a spy in times of peace. Germany has the best spy system in the world—how the German in America must swell with pride in the knowledge that all our pleasant places have been searched out for purposes of war and that maps of them lie ready for conquest in the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin! But all their spies failed to learn that revolutionary threats would cease in Russia, civil war turn to men marching shoulder to shoulder in Ireland, red socialists run to the standard in France, or native princes pledge their men and jewels in India. They did not know Russian national feeling, French potentialities for desperate resistance, British devotion in dependencies and colonies, nor so much as dream of Belgian gallantry, which will remain the marvel of mankind. Neither statesman nor spy knows at this moment what the outcome will be in Italy and Roumania, Bulgaria and Turkey. Either the Kaiser and his ministers have shown criminal incompetence, or they have deliberately led the German people to the brink of hell. Bismarck left Germany's almost impotent enemies without a friend in the world; Wilhelm II leads her into war with the three greatest Powers of Europe without a friend on earth. If there are degrees in the national dishonor of treaty breaking, why did he not tell Austria-Hungary that he would not support her in her blow at Servian nationalism? Austria-Hungary would never have fought Russia single-handed,



and Wilhelm could have pleaded the world's peace for his justification. Surely he who has boasted its preservation for a quarter of a century cannot plausibly urge its overthrow upon another now. Hate is blind, and the spirit of war is hate.

Indeed, Germany with all her sentiment and culture is a land of hatred. If there is any nation in the world which has compelled unfriendliness from others, it is she. In 1898, with no possible provocation from the United States, she would have had Europe intervene in Spain's behalf, had not England forbid, as three years before she had had her intervene against Japan. Every German organ of opinion sneered at our protestations of freeing Cuba, as it sneers now at our promises to the Filipinos. With no freedom of the press worthy the name, its utterances have been and are the convictions of her rulers and have been made the convictions of her people. But how they love us to-day! Involuntarily Germany was tendering us a standard by which she herself was to be judged. We may thank our national ideals that the wrong we did the Filipinos is not wholly irreparable, for we went far to justify her most unfriendly and cynical sneers with our new shibboleths of "manifest destiny" and "benevolent assimilation," which would fit German mouths roundly now: manifest destiny leads to Paris, benevolent assimilation enthrals Antwerp. This very year another opportunity was given them by our Mexican policy. The vilest abuse has been heaped by the inspired German journals upon our administration and ourselves for our attitude there; blood-mad themselves for conquest, they cannot believe us untempted by its possibilities. But all that is stopped now, thanks to the war, and their railway officials present flowers to Americans seeking their homes, and school-children come down to the trains to sing to them. It is the one oasis of friendliness in this desert of woe and we welcome it.

We know what the Monroe Doctrine has done for the three Americas; what has been the German attitude toward that? Every professor of history teaches the youthful German mind that it is mere arrogant pretence on the part of a huge bully to keep off the rest of the world until the time is ripe for him to put Latin America into his own maw. It is hardly too much to assert that the educated German is as firmly convinced of this as

we are of our honest intentions toward the Latin Republics. Granting constitutional government to Cuba has made no difference; they point to Puerto Rico and state that we are not ready for Cuba yet. When the German government realized that Americans of German birth could not be depended upon to yield adherence to the Kaiser, come what might, there was a stark divergence of the stream of emigration from us to South America, where the distance between Latin and Teuton is too great to permit such ready assimilation. There to-day are living hundreds of thousands of Germans, in Brazil and Argentina. Whatever the intentions of these settlers toward the future, German statesmen drink to "A greater Germany over-seas!"—and instruct their ambassador to assure us of their entire adherence to the Monroe Doctrine. And Belgium has taught us a great deal.

Even now our ambassador in Berlin has been forced to deny officially a series of the silliest lies that ever appealed to a credulous people. Disliking us as they do, it seems impossible for the German editor in Germany to grasp the fact that we have no dislike for Germans at all; we know them too well not to like them. We can hardly wonder at them; since 1870 what Bismarck called the "reptile press" has teemed with the blackest misrepresentations of the American government, of the American at home and abroad, of the American man, the American woman, and the American child. It hates us. If the German editor in the United States wishes to perform an international service worth his while, he might make an end of seeking to embarrass us as a neutral nation and muzzle his colleagues at home.

The press in Germany is winning toward greater freedom, but it is not yet free, and this seems to react upon certain German editors in America. It is difficult to account for their protests against the handling of the war news here by American newspapers. These have printed every scrap of information from every obtainable source in response to the insistent demand for the particulars of the most disastrous of historical tragedies. Chiefly available for that purpose have been official reports from the governments of Great Britain, France, and Russia. From the beginning these, however reserved regarding details, have been temperate and truthful. Reverses to the arms of the Allies are



being set forth with as much attention as their earlier and scanty successes. The reports of every day have been confirmed, sometimes after many days, by the briefer and more secretive reports from the governments of Germany and Austria-Hungary. Little has come from Berlin except abuse of its opponents in the field and rash statements that accounts of German or Austrian reverses are all lies, that London, Paris, and Petrograd are such rumor factories as Shanghai was during the Russo-Japanese War, and that nothing is true that is not made in Germany. When the tide turned and the myth of Prussian invincibility glimmered, nothing whatever came from Berlin for weeks. Vienna, with the Russians pounding like the god Thor, was stricken dumb except to charge lying.

But it is the steps taken to influence our national judgment that prove the failure of the thoughts of the German mind to translate themselves into terms which reach the mind of English-speakers. The German press of this country, as if unable to grasp the fact of unhyphenated Americans, invents the term "Anglo-American" for its compatriots who speak the language of the United States, though that term has been hitherto one self-chosen by our Canadian cousins. They have protested, not only in their own columns but in letters to the American press, against publishing news favorable to the Allies, however truthful that news might be. I have read scores of critical letters written by men and women with German names that have been unquestioningly printed in our own newspapers; the only articles they commend have been those partial to Germany, while they have been hostile to the point of insult regarding those from other sources. I am compelled to believe that the idea of fair play in such minds as these is to give the German side the best of it, regardless of the facts, or to say nothing. I have yet to read or hear from any American a criticism of the publication of articles favorable to Germany, though some of these have been wild.

It is not necessary to say that this does not elevate the German idea in our minds. Nor have the excuses made for the rape of Belgium increased it. One philanthropist argued that as the neutrality treaty was made before Belgium acquired the Congo, it could not be expected that Germany would now observe it.

Another quoted with approval von Moltke's sententious observation that such treaties are worth just as much as there are guns to defend them. A third thought it justifiable because the guns of the Belgian fortresses pointed toward the German frontier—a weary prophecy too soon fulfilled. Others relied upon the devil's doctrine that the end justifies the means—when the end is Germany's military aggrandizement. Several had absolute proof that France was to be allowed to pass through the gallant little kingdom, which was filled with French officers; but not a spark of such proof has been forthcoming: France did not wish an extended front nor one along a comparatively undefended frontier; Germany did. Eminent German professors in American universities have been arguing that Germany has done nothing to provoke war, ignoring the Belgian atrocity altogether; only one of them, Dr. Ferdinand Schevill of the University of Chicago, has met that issue plainly, and he says:

“Germany broke the neutrality of Belgium and from her unwillingness to offer a promise to England to respect that neutrality, it is plain that she intended to break it as soon as the war loomed in sight. She has thereby made herself guilty of a very grave breach of law and right, which the Chancellor in his address to the Reichstag on August 4 frankly admitted.”

The German ambassador to the United States has had equal trouble in meeting our American minds. On his return to America he filled the papers with garrulous interviews, quite regardless of the proprieties of his position. He excoriated France for using and England for being about to use colored soldiers, forgetting that we had 120,000 negroes in the Union armies, and still have several highly efficient commands of them among our regulars. He met an inquiry into the killing of women and children in Antwerp by Zeppelin bombs with the observation that they had no business to be in such a fortress. Neither he nor any of the meddling German editors in this country appear to be aware that Germany and Austria-Hungary, with Belgium, the Allies, and the United States, were parties signatory to The Hague neutrality treaty of 1907, by which, among others, the following obligations were entered into:

Article 1. Neutral territory is inviolable.



Article 2. Belligerents are forbidden to send troops or convoys, either of munitions of war or provisions, through the territory of a neutral state.

Article 5. A neutral state shall not allow on its territory any of the acts forbidden in Article 2.

Article 10. The act of a neutral state in resisting any violation of its territory, even by force of arms, cannot be regarded as an act of hostility.

Knowing that the instructions to the German Landwehr run to the effect that they are to do everything to embarrass an invading enemy, whether they are in or out of uniform, to be read in connection with Article 10 above, the German reasons advanced for the destruction of Louvain and its library are not convincing. Unless we are prepared to admit that General Howe would have been justified in burning Lexington and Concord and killing its women and children on April 19, 1775, it is quite evident where our sympathies must go. Yet there is a difference. Our forefathers were the merest rebels; the Belgians are fulfilling their international duties under a treaty to which Germany had been a willing party only seven years before. The circumstances being what they are, is it to be wondered at if we look upon the levying of a forty-million-dollar tribute upon Brussels as a high-handed outrage on what remains of civilized decency in the world?

In the light of all this, what remains to be said of the editor of a German daily paper in Chicago, who with the signatures of several thousands of his nationals appeared in Washington as an American citizen to protest against the reception by President Wilson of the commissioners sent by the Belgian government to acquaint our Chief Magistrate, representing a Power signatory to the 1907 treaty, of the violations of it? Is it the United States we are living in? Perhaps, to us. But assuredly the men protesting against hearing such a delegation have their minds in Berlin. To those who can say, with our President, "My thought is of America," their action appears to make them accessory after the fact to the crime of murderous international piracy.

One understands to the full the devotion to one's native land; there breathes no soul so dead as to lack it. We Americans of

the old stock know America and know no other; we cannot and must not sympathize with a divided allegiance. We do not for a moment allow the thought that many of the men and women in America who have forsworn their allegiance to the Kaiser, whether of Germany or Austria, wish to impose upon their fellow-citizens the police regulations, the military conscription, or the inordinate taxation which weigh so heavily upon central Europe. We cannot believe that their approval goes out to the plans of a military autocracy that would crush France and England, with a view of administering their colonies; especially in the light of their present administration of such colonies as they possess.

After tasting our American freedom, where their very success and the esteem in which they are held by their fellows prove the falsity of the system of the Vaterland—for where within its borders will they find an equal number with such opportunities to seek their own happiness?—it is not possible that any American of German birth or breeding wishes to restore here that divine right of kings which we laughed and fought out of America a long century ago, or to force us into a citizen army where two of the best years of every boy's life must be spent under the unspeakable indignities that Rosa Luxemburg disclosed, or vote for legislative representatives who are powerless against autocracy, or have his women shoved off the street by any snip of a subaltern, or read as his only source of news newspapers censored and inspired against actuality, or have this continent plunged into the secret intrigues of foreign chancelleries—however Colonel Roosevelt admires their judgments—which our own capital makes impossible for us, or be compelled to support a state religion they may disbelieve in, or live in a single room or a cellar as 600,000 inhabitants of imperial Berlin were living when war began. But if they do not, in the name of Liberty why should any of them criticise Americans who wish to see free governments prevail and martial despotisms driven to align themselves with the thought of the twentieth century?

Does anyone imagine that Americans can look upon German success with equanimity? We have more than a hope that the victory of the Allies will bring with it a measure of disarmament;



but what of a triumph for Germany? Will it not vindicate every assertion of the *Alt Deutsch* party which dominates her, justify every tax of men and money laid upon her people, and lead to vaster armies and navies as she proceeds with their policy of national aggrandizement? Can there be any doubt of her seizure of Belgium, her conquest of French and British colonies, her insistence upon crippling indemnities from her foes in the event of her success? To maintain herself in the future would then require more militarism, not less. We are vitally concerned. Imagine a German occupancy of Canada! of Brazil! Will Germany show Canada's intelligence in self government or permit an undefended frontier? Will the Great Lakes be free of warships? Americans have no wish for a continuance of huge standing armies or navies in Europe. We, too, have had to build battleships, every one at the cost of a university, a hospital, or a scientific institute for original research. If we had no moral grounds for our wish, no hope for the extension of freedom, the mere waste of men and money that would profit themselves and us must influence us. We see Germany slaughtering her own laborers and slaying her best customers only to realize how war has brought every nation to destruction in the past and destroyed more than one civilization; we have no desire to see our own imperilled or Germany lost to the world, even through the suicidal policy she has adopted in the past and is seeking to justify in the present. The American ideal—need I state it?—is for a United States of Europe, not for an Emperor of Europe.

The noble Germans who came here after the 'Forty-eight had no illusions about the Hohenzollerns or the military autocracy; it cannot be that their descendants have acquired them. To them in no small degree we owe the perpetuation of the Union, and to them we shall always be grateful. But what of these few of divided allegiance, who would turn the liberty-loving thoughts of America into approval of tyranny and rapine? Must we fear that our institutions have broken down in their task of national assimilation? Are we to think seriously that they are mere worshippers of seeming material success, that the divine right of kings is still capable of appeal to them, that we should lend approval to one who can say "My army, given me

by God"? Are we to be denied, to gain their approval of us as a people, our right to fellow-feeling with the England that gave us our language and laws and taught us our liberties, with the France that fought for us in the Revolution and is our sister-republic to-day, with the Russia that prevented European intervention in the 'sixties and, freed from Prussian influence at last, is on her way to justice for the Poles and Jews, and, most of all, to courageous Belgium, weeping blood and tears because of German perfidy?

This article is headed with that passionately inspiring motto of one of the greatest of Americans, German by accident of birth, who fought for Greek independence in his youth and was our beloved and honored teacher in wise laws through long years; can any words be more grateful to an American ear at this moment than his: "Dear is my Country; dearer still is Liberty; dearest of all is Truth!"? And another great American, Carl Schurz, left us a toast which deserves its immortal place beside it: "Our country! When right to be kept right; when wrong to be set right!" It is not for any man who writes himself an American, with or without a hyphen, to attempt to set us wrong in such an hour. Our sympathies in this war walk with the conscience of the world.



## THE WAR AND GERMANY

O. J. MERKEL

“IN accordance with the recognized principle of the RIGHT AND SUPREME DUTY TO ENSURE NATIONAL SAFETY”—these words open the explanation, published by the British Foreign Office on August 31, of the seizure of the two Turkish battleships by England. They contain, I believe, the motive which has equally dominated the actions of the Governments of each of the countries now at war. They contain, moreover, as I see it, an ethical standard of international conduct, which must be superseded. The extraordinary accentuation of “Nationalism” during the last twenty-five years, practically all over the world, has brought in its wake that egotistical pride of each country, which has now proved stronger than all other currents of brotherly thoughts—thoughts which seemed to have gained so much force in the councils of the nations.

Historical and economical studies of profound knowledge have been published to set forth the inevitableness of this cataclysm and I, as a layman, would not venture to follow men like Professor John W. Burgess and others into their chosen fields of historical research. But I have found among the published statements of the English Government and among the comments of English and American authorities expressions, permitting of verbatim quotation, which seem to throw a different light on the accusations against Germany and Austria, to which the Allies are, quite naturally, trying to give so much prominence in America.

“Militarism” is the catchword which England and her allies are trying to impress upon this country as a simple solution of their fight with Germany and Austria. This term covers conveniently the so-called hasty declarations of war and the so-called lawlessness of the violation of Belgium’s neutrality and many alleged subsequent events, which I shall not now touch upon and which have been reported through the British censorship in such a way as to create a strong anti-German sentiment.

Why fasten “militarism” on Germany, when France, Eng-

land, and Russia have had standing armies much longer than Germany, when every male citizen of France has to serve three years as compared with one or two years for every man in Germany, when every male citizen of Russia has to serve at least two years, when England has claimed for her fleet the necessity of a two-Power standard, when last year Germany spent \$5.50, France \$7.50, and England \$8 per head of population for their respective armaments, when the German armaments since 1871 have been increased, compared with the increase in population and economic activity, much less than those of the countries of the Triple Entente, when Lincoln himself advocated "universal service"? Why speak of "Kaiserism" as something either autocratic or specifically militaristic, when the Kaiser has practically no powers exceeding those of the President, and when he has merely impressed upon his country his great personality—great chiefly by furthering all pursuits of peace—in no other way than many Presidents of this country, who have been and are great leaders and moulders of public opinion? And why accuse Germany of an aggressive spirit, when her thoughtful citizens have appreciated in their military service almost more the means for a physical, disciplinary and organizatory education of their sons than the means for their country's defence, and when she alone of all great countries has avoided war for over forty years?

In regard to the so-called "hasty declarations of war" against Servia, Russia and France, I may quote from an August editorial of *The Army and Navy Journal*, which certainly cannot be suspected of being pro-German or pro-Austrian.

"Americans, not having been placed in an environment where they could feel the pressure of the rival races, naturally form the opinion that the great military establishment of the German Emperor is responsible for this war, and they cannot understand how a thing that appears so small to them as the Austro-Servian imbroglio, should result in this pan-European conflagration. We, who watch the Monroe Doctrine with nervous care, are scarcely in a position to shout 'Militarism' at the Germans or Austrians, when they risk the arbitrament of war for a principle of racial homogeneity, that may have just as solid a basis in



the needs of the people as has that doctrine. It is not proper for a country to evoke a criticism for people who may be just as faithfully living up to the necessities of their national existence as did the American people in 1861."

I may add that a careful perusal of the Servian answer to the Austrian ultimatum does not confirm the impression quite prevalent in this country, that Serbia accepted this ultimatum with only one or two reservations. Of the ten specific demands by Austria not one was accepted without qualification. As the ultimatum and the answer are readily accessible to everyone in the English, German and Russian "Papers," I will just call attention to one such qualification, which is typical. Austria specifically demanded the elimination in the Servian schools of all text-books containing anti-Austrian sentiments. Serbia in her answer says nothing about this specific demand.

As all values are established by comparison, it will also help us to get a sense of proportion regarding the Servian matter, if we recall the many actions and reactions between the United States and Mexico during the last twelve months; for instance, the repeated statement from Washington that Mexican elections should be conducted in a manner satisfactory to Washington, the demand, after the murder of Benton, to have it investigated by a joint American-English committee within Mexican territory, the quick seizure of Vera Cruz in answer to the qualified acceptance of this country's ultimatum. These facts present very concrete similes to what was at issue between Austria and Serbia.

Senator Elihu Root has given the best explanation of the declaration of war against Russia and against France. In an address made by him this spring, as President of the American Society of International Law (July number of *The American Journal of International Law*) he said:

"It is well understood that the exercise of the right of self-protection may and frequently does extend in its effect beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction of the state exercising it. The strongest example probably would be the mobilization of an army by another Power immediately across the frontier. Every act done by the other Power may be within its own territory.

Yet the *country threatened by the state of facts is justified in protecting itself by immediate war.*"

The London *Economist*, a well-known international weekly, on September 12 comments on the Russian Orange Papers as follows:

"The reason given for the Russian mobilization is somewhat surprising. According to the Orange Book, the general mobilization orders were signed in Austria on July 28, whereas, according to Baron de Bunsen, our Ambassador in Vienna (White Paper No. 127), general mobilization in Austria was ordered on August 1. Since the necessity for the Russian mobilization was based on the Austrian mobilization and since the general Russian mobilization was the direct cause of the German mobilization . . . which made war inevitable, it would seem to be important that this point should be cleared up. A further telegram, in the Orange Book, from Berlin, describing the issue of German mobilization orders some time before it actually took place, suggests that the Russian envoys were occasionally mistaken in their information."

This, it seems to me, places the responsibility squarely on Russia.

Concerning the so-called "Lawlessness of the violation of Belgian neutrality," it should be remembered that the English Foreign Office published, as mentioned above, an explanation of England's seizure of the two Turkish battleships. I am requoting the opening sentence "In accordance with the recognized principle of the right and SUPREME DUTY TO ENSURE NATIONAL SAFETY in time of war . . ."

Germany might rest her case here, for certainly her Government was doing its "supreme duty" when marching through Belgium, after having made every effort to avoid it, as may be seen from the British White Paper and especially from the following quotation:

"Sir Edward Grey to Sir E. Goschen. London Foreign Office, August 1, 1914.

"Sir: I told the German Ambassador to-day that the reply of the German Government with regard to the neutrality of Belgium was a matter of very great regret, because the neutrality



of Belgium affected feeling in this country. . . . He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral. I replied that I could not say that: our hands were still free and we were considering what our attitude should be. . . . The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. *He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral . . . and I could only say that we must keep our hands free.*"

On the same day the German Chancellor promised (see cable in the White Papers) not to declare war on France (and of course, Belgium would have remained untouched), if England agreed to her own and France's neutrality. England declared her inability to give such an undertaking.

I quote further from the British White Paper as follows:

"Germany had consequently to disregard Belgian neutrality, it being for her a *question of life or death* to prevent French advance."

As Great Britain has caused it to be generally understood that she has gone to war chiefly for the sake of the neutrality of Belgium, I want to add one other quotation from the British White Paper, which should be read in connection with the first one:

"Sir Edward Grey to Sir F. Bertie. (Telegraphic.)

"London Foreign Office, August 2, 1914.

"After the Cabinet this morning I gave M. Cambon the following memorandum:

"'I am authorized to give an assurance that, if the German fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power. This assurance must not be taken as binding his Majesty's Government to take any action until the above contingency of action by the German fleet takes place.'

"*M. Cambon asked me about the violation of Luxembourg. I told him the doctrine on that point. . . . He asked me what*

we should say about the *violation of the neutrality of Belgium*. I said we were considering . . . *whether we should declare violation of Belgian neutrality to be casus belli.*"

This quotation shows that England, on August 2, was still balancing the "Opportunity," after having just refused, on August 1, to safeguard, as suggested by Germany, either Belgium or France or even to state terms on which she would remain neutral. It goes far to bear out the German contention that Great Britain went into this war, merely following the doctrine already advocated by England over two hundred years ago, as printed in an English pamphlet of 1694:

"It is of special interest to England to maintain the European balance for the purpose of holding the scale in her own hands and of being able to turn it to whatever side she desires. That is our only possible means of not only keeping intact the empire of the seas, but of also enabling us to decide about the success of the war and about the conditions of peace."

But it was on August 3, 1914, when England's latest theory on treaties was discussed by Sir Edward Grey. In the House of Commons he quoted approvingly from a speech by Mr. Gladstone, delivered in 1870. Mr. Gladstone could not subscribe to the assertion that "the simple fact of the existence of a guarantee was binding on every party, irrespective altogether of the particular position in which it may find itself at the time when the occasion for acting on the guarantee arises." Mr. Gladstone characterized that assertion as a "stringent and impracticable" view of the guarantee. The whole Belgian treaty Mr. Gladstone called a "complicated question."

A word about France and Belgium. Germany's treaty-breaking march through Belgium was a case of "Supreme duty to ensure national safety in time of war." There are specific German assertions of the presence of large bodies of French troops in Belgium previous to the declaration of war. This will have to be proved. But consider France's spiritual violation of that same treaty for many years past.

Americans will appreciate the French breach of the spirit of the treaty by recalling the difficulties which this country had in arriving at a satisfactory interpretation of the Panama Canal



treaty. The President and the Congress reversed themselves within a year on such an interpretation, changing from a literal to a spiritual one. Now the treaty on Belgian neutrality meant to safeguard the contracting parties against any one of them securing an advantage in Belgium at the expense of the other one. Yet did not France, for many years, in violation of the spirit of the treaty, secure an advantage by allowing French officers to co-operate with Belgium in the organization of its defence? The excuse that international usage justifies such military coöperation is poorly chosen, as there are no specific treaties specially guaranteeing the neutrality of such countries as, for instance, Bulgaria, Turkey and others.

As Belgium is supposed to be the pivot of English policy, I wish to quote the concluding words of an article by H. A. Judge, in *America* of September 5, *How Did the War Begin*, which is a careful analysis of the diplomatic documents:

“It is quite evident from the above that Germany, who was working for mediation through English diplomacy, hoped for a peaceful solution of the difficulty, and was hoping that, even if a clash with Russia ensued, England not only would not intervene, but might secure the neutrality of France. Russia, who similarly was acting through Great Britain, was equally confident that England would intervene and that Germany, dreading a rupture with her, would abstain from war. Both were mistaken. Who is responsible?”

It is not for me to answer that question. My belief is that everybody in this tragedy has acted throughout on the principle of “the supreme duty to ensure national safety.” Let us hope that this principle will soon be superseded by one demanding that the actions of nations shall be governed by “their supreme duty to ensure international (the world’s) safety.”

## WHAT OF CIVILIZATION?

### *The World War—Germany's Part—The Aftermath*

WARREN BARTON BLAKE

THE Great War has provoked an infinite amount of loose thinking and loose talking. Here, you will say, comes some more of it. Yes—but not all of this windy speculation is to be charged up as a dead loss. Out of a muddle of words dealing with large ideas partially understood, a modest profit may emerge. Take the talk about the War, Christianity, and Civilization, for example. Discussing the relations of all three institutions, one may perhaps come nearer to realizing what one or two of the three really amount to. One hears men say, "This war proves the futility of Christianity, for all the nations in it claim to be Christian nations." But why does this war prove anything more about Christianity than have nineteen centuries of crimes against Christ, perpetrated by so-called Christians? There is nothing final about this monstrous conflict. The era of Napoleon looms immense in the life of nations, but it marked a beginning quite as truly as it marked an end. Nothing human is final. May there not be a modicum of truth, even for the twentieth century, in that saying of Heraclitus of Ephesus, πόλεμος πατήρ πάντων —"War is the Father of all"?

That this war proves civilization to have gone bankrupt is another loosely thought-out generalization. It has not even the excuse of novelty, for in 1870 a disillusionized French novelist was exclaiming: "Hobbes is right: *homo homini lupus*." What do you mean by civilization anyway? I look in my dictionary, and read there: "A condition of organization, enlightenment, and progress in general." But we have just observed that this criminally conceived war does not mark the end of all progress—that it may mean new starting points. Much of the progress it prepares will be mere repair-work, for this war business, this "Father of All," is a cruel father, like Saturn of old, who ate his own children. But, in the circumstances, new children were begotten—were they not? This is the Wheel of Life. And not



all the progress to be made is mere repetition, reconstruction. Change is involved, as well as restoration; evolution, and not mere generation. A new Germany; a new Russia (with windows to let in the light); a new Poland; a new movement toward building up European government on the lines of least resistance (i. e. racial combinations) and toward buttressing popular government within those entities. Who does not look for these as some of the fruits of the great war?

“God said, I am tired of kings . . .”

Men will count for more now, money for less. France, depleted in her already reduced manhood by this cruel war, would do well to invite home again some of the descendants of those seventeenth century adventurers she gave to Canada. Is the idea fantastic? I find it as reasonable in its way as the fact that Sikh cavalry should have been fighting courageously under the British flag upon French soil, while France herself called within her old boundaries those African troops whom she has developed from the Algerian tribesmen of her colonies. Let us hope at any rate that the end of the war will be marked by reaction against the militarism which is at the bottom of the war itself. London-made calculations as to the cost of forty-three days of war to Great Britain alone show the total to be \$166,500,000, or almost four millions a day. An American banker, Mr. Lewis B. Franklin, estimates that the release for investment of \$2,000,000,000 devoted annually to military expenditure in Europe would give to the world's development a scarcely imaginable impetus. “Such a sum, added to the present amount available annually for investment, would mean an abundance of capital for industrial development, both here and abroad; lower interest rates, and probably lower cost of living. Add to this the transfer of some 4,500,000 men, who make up the standing armies of Europe on a peace footing, from a life of economic waste to productive pursuits, and it is not hard to believe that Europe would require a very few years to recover and enter upon a long period of prosperity.” This prosperity would not be for Europe alone. And probably Mr. Franklin's statement of Europe's military expenses is an underestimate. David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of Brit-

ain's Exchequer, has figured that "civilized" countries annually have spent \$2,500,000,000 in times of peace on armaments and military preparations. That was in 1909. Last year the total sum was nearer to three billions—but here Japan, the United States, and South America are included. Most of us believe, prejudice aside, that this tax has been imposed upon the world by Berlin—by imperial misadministration and the false ideals which have dominated states since 1871. "All countries will now imitate the Prussians, and the whole world will turn into soldiers. Russia has at present 4,000,000 soldiers. Soon the whole of Europe will be in uniform, and if we ever take revenge, it will be more than ferocious. Wholesale murder will henceforth be our only aim." So wrote a French pessimist forty-three years since—not without reason. For no country is truly independent, and civilization is not much stronger than the weakest link in its chain. The Prussian Samson ruins not himself alone.

To repeat the question, however: What do we mean by civilization when we so loosely say that the cataclysm of war marks civilization's overthrow? Is the "organization, enlightenment, and progress in general" an affair that affects the entire world, or only a chosen part of it? Is civilization mundane, national, or only personal? These are some of the questions worth considering.

Like any other word, civilization has its ideal meaning, and its everyday meaning. The root of it, *civis*, the state (or city), shows something of its original restriction, but proves equally its social quality. In ideal, civilization is unrestricted. The word, and the idea back of the word, have grown as men have grown. The world is civilized only when it is civilized as a whole; when every part of it shows "organization, enlightenment, and progress." There has never been a state of things like this. Obviously, the world has never been really civilized. Now, what has never existed can hardly be destroyed. Surely it is absurd to speak of civilization's "bankruptcy."

What we have actually had is a semblance of restricted and localized order; an imperfect organization of society limited to boundaries and individuals. "Man as he is seen in the world to-day is an unfinished product," writes Dr. Lyman Abbott.



"He is in the making. The best that can be said of a Christian is that he is further along toward the goal of humanity than the barbarian." France is normally a civilized nation—rather the most highly so of all nations in history; yet even in twentieth century France there have been crimes enough against civilization. And we have somewhat carelessly inferred the existence of a "European" civilization! We have been careless in this, for we should have reflected that civilization implies life under a civil compact. Civilization without a certain mutual forbearance and toleration, a kind of enlargement of that consideration for others which is involved in apartment-house-life (where that smaller nation, the family, has made daily concessions so naturally that it has scarcely been conscious of making them), is quite unthinkable. International progress without some such forbearance and toleration is as inconceivable as progress in a crowded city street would be, if there were no police; no rule of the road; no giving way, now by this hurrying individual, now by that. When we get into a thronged street, we progress, not by fighting anyone who is moving in a contrary direction, but by intelligently avoiding collision. Internationally, we have never learned how to avoid these occasional collisions. War, which means total disregard of the wishes and welfare of others, at the expense (on both sides) of property and life and of that "progress in general" which is one of civilization's essentials, is the violent contrary of that forbearance and toleration which men have learned to use privately in their domestic and social relations. Is the Government more backward, then, than the normal individual under that Government? Certainly the influences which control European Governments to-day, especially those Governments which have fondly clung to the outmoded political systems, find it easy to persuade their victims that almost any war at all is a war of self-defence. Many Germans and Austrians are as sure that they are only standing off the aggressor as are the French and British and Belgian fathers of families who oppose them. As an American socialist has said, explaining the fact that socialists are playing a part in the drama of blood staged by Kaisers and Czars: "A man may honestly believe that murder is wrong, yet if he awake at night to discover an armed burglar in his

sleeping-room the peace-loving man may kill the burglar." Under the rule of the Czars and Kaisers, their backstair diplomats and their irresponsible ministers, each man thinks the other man the burglar. Each is the dupe of his own glittering parasite, who profits by the fact that he personifies the State for which most men feel love and duty. Never as during the present war has the injustice of man-made government been so apparent; for if it is men who fight the battles, even the soldiers in the field know that women pay as high, and a probably higher price, in suffering and degradation. War is, in its essence, an attack of the armed brute on helplessness and weakness, just as Nietzsche proclaimed. The outrages and atrocities of 1914, more of them than America suspects—more of them than history can ever tell of—have had women as their obscure tragedians. Read the story of Aerschodt, if you have the stomach. Read also this little dispatch from London—far from the battle-front:

"At the end of the first week of war sixty babies were taken for their weekly visit to the balance-scales of a West London clinic. *The scales showed that in each case the baby had lost weight.*"

"War is a biological necessity," writes von Bernhardi, in all the trappings of the caste of Cain. And here is the testimony of an American newspaper correspondent, newly returned from Belgium:

"I saw children born on cinder-heaps, and I saw them die; and the mothers die gasping like she-dogs in a smother of flies." "War is a biological necessity," writes the calm Prussian. And women have no part in choosing war or peace. Indeed, what part have men had, save the men in helmets?

One sometimes hears discussions as to whether patriotism is virtue or vice. Dr. Johnson in the eighteenth century was modern enough to define it as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Certainly patriotism has in the past proved civilization's dynamite—after having been served as its cornerstone. One of the highest and one of the lowest of human instincts—and Tolstoy branded it a curse. It has animated, in the Germany of 1914, the professional blood-letter, well-intentioned fathers, bearded benevolent thinkers like Eucken and Haeckel. Possibly the ambitious



Hohenzollern, the bomb-throwers at Serajevo and at Antwerp—even the unspeakable Krupps—think themselves patriots. When nationality was only just emerging out of brigandage and feudalism, patriotism seemed finer than any ideal with which it came into conflict—for in no very striking way did it, speaking broadly, conflict with the robust and un-Christlike Christianity of its day. In 1914, one is suspicious of patriotism that is directly bound up with economic, private, and dynastic interest. That genial purveyor of platitudinous morality, Dr. Frank Crane, distinguishes patriotism and “idiotism.” We see to-day the artificial, accidental nature of many of its manifestations—the futility of the nationalist spirit unintelligently vented. Yet in resisting crushing invasion by a civilized state serving militarist masters, countries like Belgium and France manifest a patriotism that even the genius of world-civilization must applaud. And that is only in part because France and her allies seem to that nascent force its own natural champions. The truth is, the action of France and Belgium appeals also to ancient prejudices and emotions which the sight of blood and the sound of the bugle still awaken in us. Even now we viciously conceive of the different nations as persons—and play favorites. We have not yet arrived at seeing the nations as masses of individuals, with nothing to gain by the slaughter of opposing masses. Why does the German working-man consent to leave his wife and children to their own devices, don a helmet and carry a rifle, and reel off mile after mile that he may cross an imaginary line and butcher his French and Belgian cousins—honest working-men who, like himself, have left their wives and children to their own devices! Even this disinterested and often sincere patriotism threatens true progress, we conclude, and all the more by reason of its purity. A blind sentiment that conserves much of the fervor of religion itself is as dangerous as the cruder religious forces of the middle ages—when men killed one another for the glory of God. Patriotism and socialism are noble ideals, each of them, on different sides; but they are basically irreconcilable, and in growing out of the one ideal into the other there are—well, let us call them growing pains. But socialism can only come when we are nearer to being truly civilized—and then mayhap we may

rise even higher than socialism would permit. To-day one must regard socialism as a more or less admirable mirage, reflected from a desert wet with the blood of fellow "socialists." Socialism is a remote ideal indeed so long as there is no overpowering sense of solidarity, so long as a narrow and selfish patriotism is effective, so long as the great masses of the population (including all the women) have no voice as to war or peace, so long as the populations retain their loyalty for more or less accidental régimes and boundaries. There has been no *débâcle* of socialism in the World War, even though German socialists have fought beneath the Eagles, and French socialists have rallied as one man to the menaced Tricolor—forgetting the *Internationale* and singing the *Marseillaise*. All that is only a salutary bringing of socialists to their senses—to a calm recognition of facts as they are. Socialism the ideal is unimpaired: but we idealists and intellectuals need to be reminded now and again that naming something and having it are two different propositions. The logic of socialism is more convincing than ever, and during the continuance of the war, the different nations are pushed farther and farther toward the State socialism whither all are tending. Socialism the inspiration of humane legislation is unaffected by the catastrophe—in spite of the proverb, *inter arma leges silent*. Only socialism the make-believe is crushed. The true ideal is but purified. And why shouldn't the same hold true of Christianity—the part of it derived, in common with the better part of socialism, from Jesus Christ?

Shall we, when the war is over, see a striving toward the true civilization founded upon a compact, a solidarity, a conviction that we are all citizens, not of our own province only, or our nation, but of the world? That is not likely to be an immediate result, but we may live to see it. As residents of Chicago, Philadelphia, or Los Angeles, we are set off from one another. As citizens of California or Illinois we are detached and separate. But we already feel that we are all one, in a larger and truer sense—feel that we are all, as Americans, in one boat. When will citizens of California feel that they are in the same boat with citizens of Breslau and Petrograd? The economic interdependence of the nations, strikingly illustrated



in war times, helps toward the creation of some such sentiment. Not, however, till the conviction of it is in our very bones and marrow, not till we rule our actions accordingly, shall we really be acting as if we were in that one boat. One of us cannot bring about this new state of things; one civilized nation cannot bring it about—no, no more than one man may “make friends.” Our civilization to-day, even in America, is none too thoroughgoing. I do not refer to such social sores as sweatshop abuses and the lynching of negroes; only look at our legislatures. When our representatives in Congress set out to secure appropriations for local purposes that will not benefit the country as a whole, but may profit the smaller American community *at the expense* of the greater American community—is that civilization? When tariff legislation is devised for the purpose of shutting out laborers and capitalists elsewhere, and somehow profiting the locality at the expense of laborers and capitalists at large—is that either economy or civilization? When we confront these economic facts, the civilized world seems to us only a dream of dreamers.

Yet something of social solidarity, even in the intra-national sense, this war has already proved. Germany was out for aggrandisement. Read the diplomacy as you will—and, in the “menace” of Pan-Slavism, Pan-Germanism has discovered a prodigious *tu quoque*—the idea back of it all is summarized in the German phrase about winning “a place in the sun.” The other nations, from which this place was to be won, perforce, objected. They preferred to have things go on as they were. Were they, thus far, civilized? They were at least behaving very much like human beings. On page 475 of Miss Sarah Austin’s translation of the *History of the Popes of Rome*, a work by the erudite von Ranke, one reads: “When any principle of power, be it what it may, aims at unlimited supremacy in Europe, some vigorous resistance to it, having its origin in the deepest springs of human nature, invariably arises.” This “vigorous resistance,” welling from the “deepest springs of human nature,” has been noted in the conversation and writings of neutral Americans, even, and explains in great measure why this country of ours, composed of many foreign elements, almost unanimously desires the triumph of the allied arms.

And yet the Teuton may find arguments for his view that he, and not France and England, is the torch-bearer—that he, and not the republicans of these two great liberal lands, stands for the “progress in general,” that is, in part, the meaning of our word, civilization. For the Germans have, rightly or wrongly, felt themselves superior in “organization” and even in “enlightenment.” Their military minded philosophers have taught them that “war is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a truly civilized nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality.” These Germans have been conscious of great vital energies, and have been embarrassed to find a proper outlet for them. “Strong, healthy, and flourishing nations increase in numbers,” they explain. “They require a continual expansion, new territory, . . . obtained at the cost of its possessors.” Acting on this pseudo-Darwinian principle, that Germans have carried suspiciously far in such works as General von Bernhardt’s *Germany and the Next War*, Clauss Wagner’s *Der Krieg als schaffendes Weltprinzip*, and the writings of Professor H. von Treitschke, the Kaiser and his advisers seized—so far as the evidence shows—what they took to be an opportunity of opportunities. That they were mistaken in their notion that Russia would be racked by internal revolution, that France might not dare and England would not be able to strike back, does not affect the larger theory of their action. They regarded the *status quo* as unduly favorable to countries decadent in one way or another—not morally, in the Anglo-American sense, more decadent than Germany herself, but nationally, in vigor of procreation and fighting-force and numbers. I have seen the brutal and shameless cynicism of German statecraft denounced by writers for the press, but they have failed to point out that, though really holding these brutally cynical concepts of social and international morality, Germany has failed consistently to live up to them in word as well as in act. It is fashionable, especially upon the European continent, to denounce British hypocrisy, but what shall we say of the German brand of it? For the Kaiser himself and his apologists have published carefully-edited theses and correspondence with a view to demonstrating that Germany did not



seek war, but wanted peace, and was forced into war by "perfidious Albion" standing by her allies. Why, one may ask, does the Kaiser wish to create this impression that he wanted peace? One suspects that he would have been franker had the war turned to his advantage. From the moment, however, that he saw the possibility of disaster, he set to work recreating this ancient fiction of his peaceful intentions. Nietzsche would, one feels sure, blush for his lack of frankness. What has become of the bluff downrightness of the far-famed "blond beast"?—since Nietzsche and the orthodox *übermenschen* sneer at Christian piety—and quite appropriately, in view of the anti-Christian principles which are the breath of their nostrils.

No, those who have determined Germany's national action are not idealists in respect to world-politics. They reserve all their idealism for home-consumption. Their idealism is as tribal and as utilitarian as is the Hohenzollern God of Battles. And as unacceptable. The Prussians have made progress since they spared Strassburg Cathedral in 1870. "During the War of 1870-1871 not a single one of the great edifices in French cities was destroyed," writes Captain von Falkenhausen of the German General Staff after the tragic bombardment of Rheims in 1914. Early in September, when the Belgian Commission was on its way to Washington with its tale of Prussian horrors, the Kaiser cabled to President Wilson his denial of wrongdoing. There had only been Belgian atrocities, he alleged. For his own part, he had wept at the necessary destruction of Louvain. And the Imperial Ambassador added: "If they (the historic edifices and library of Louvain) should have been destroyed, the responsibility rests solely with the population of Louvain." The proverb, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, has there a special force, and the lame apology has a shockingly womanish, humanitarian squeak, when one comes to it from the reading of *France in Arms*, a book by Marshal Baron Bronsard von Schellendorff, Prussian Minister of War. Says the Baron: "If civilized nations no longer scalp the conquered, no longer put prisoners to death, destroy cities and villages, burn farms, lay everything waste on their path, it is not for the sake of humanity, oh, no; it is because it is preferable to ransom the conquered, in order to subject productive terri-

tories." The author of this sentence is, I am told, one who has long enjoyed the favor and confidence of Wilhelm II. Remember that this business of acquiring "subject productive territories" is no new enterprise. Prussia has won substantial "compensations" and accessions thrice before, within Europe itself; in 1864, in 1866, and in 1870.

Germany conceives of only one unit-force in civilization—the national unit. This is an anti-social concept, we think to-day—though it seemed reasonable enough a few centuries ago; and it is being smashed (for the time being) by that international force represented by the temporary union of France and England and Russia. Russia's inclusion is an accident of international politics rather than an expression of any sympathy or homogeneity. Moreover it gives the Prussians a chance to pose as would-be saviors of European culture from the "Slav-Peril"—while they hastily invade the Belgian territory they have sworn should be inviolate, and unlimber their guns against the French—Europe's most highly cultured nation. This particular pretence is the less persuasive in view of Germany's unsuccessful effort to involve the Turk in her war against more or less Christian Europe, and to fan the flames of Mohammedan fanaticism against France and England alike in their African possessions, and to foment rebellion in British India. But it is a fair question whether the people of the Czar share Germany's narrow nationalist conception of society. If it does share it, can Germany's defeat profit the world-society, or shall we indeed only escape the Terrible Teuton to shudder before the menace of the Raging Russ? One has a right to optimism. Even though Russia be bent upon absorbing Slav or near-Slav kingdoms and principalities, and does absorb them (integrally or as protectorates), Russia's extent is immense, her need for self-development immeasurable. There is an enormous field for internal improvement, the perfection of her own organization, the application of her own untouched resources—all this coincident with the education of the masses of her increasingly eager citizenship, and the gradual popularization of her autocracy. These great enterprises must engage her energies before she will ever feel that pressure that really impels a nation to exterior effort as a seeming necessity. And, long before Russia



is pressed by the need of further exterior expansion, the sense of more-than-national solidarity, the world-civilization, may well be far stronger than it is to-day; the restricted racial and national sentiments infinitely weaker. Mr. H. G. Wells has written in the *London Nation*, under the word "Opportunity," these ringing sentences:

"Whatever betide, defeat or deadlock, the capitalist military civilization uproots itself and ends. . . . The war itself is the mere smash of the thing. The reality is the uprooting, the incurable dislocation. . . . The character of the new age that must come out of the catastrophes of this epoch will be no mechanical consequence of inanimate forces. Will and ideas will take a larger part in this swirl ahead than they have ever taken in any previous collapse. . . . This is a time of incalculable plasticity. For the men who know what they want the moment has come. It is the supreme opportunity, the test or condemnation of constructive, liberal thought in the world.

"Now is the opportunity to do fundamental things that will otherwise not be done for hundreds of years. If Liberals throughout the world—and in this matter the liberalism of America is a stupendous possibility—will insist upon a world conference at the end of this conflict, if they refuse all partial settlements and merely European solutions, they may redraw every frontier they choose. They may reduce a thousand chafing conflicts of race and language and government to a minimum and set up a Peace League that will control the globe. . . . It is possible now to make an end to Kruppism. It may never be possible again. Henceforth, let us say, weapons must be made by the state and only by the state; there must be no more private profit in blood."

Utopianism? Ah, but if this war is truly the bankruptcy of civilization that you declare, why not strive to found a new civilization—a real civilization—on the bloody ruins?

International peace depends, at the last analysis, upon a sense of unity with one's neighbors living across frontiers—the sentiment the Bible takes for granted when it provides us all with a common Father; the sentiment the socialists assume when they

lecture about the Brotherhood of Man. If we took our Christianity seriously, we should have international peace—even without lugging in the Commandments with their specific injunction against killing. To quote one of the most notable of liberal theologians:

“In so far as autocracy is the rule of the few for the benefit of the few it is paganism. In so far as democracy is the rule of the many for the benefit of the many it is Christianity.”

The road to be travelled may be a long road. But may it not, if we pursue it, have an end?

There is no end like that we have been contemplating if we pursue the German road. What Germany thinks of the present alliance against her is summed up in these sentences, written by an officer of the Kaiser's general staff after the backdown of Germany in her quarrel with France over Morocco in 1911:

“It will, of course, happen that several weak nations unite and form a superior combination in order to defeat a nation which in itself is stronger. This attempt will succeed for a time, but in the end the more intensive vitality will prevail.”

So it was in Germany's Thirty Years' War, when the Peace of Westphalia found Germany with a population reduced to one-fourth of what it was at the war's commencement; when famine “drove men and women to cannibalism, bands of them being caught cooking human bodies in a caldron for food”; when slaughter “drove men to make laws authorizing every man to have two wives, and punishing men and women who became monks and nuns”; when lawlessness “bred roving bands of murderers who killed, robbed, and even ate their victims.” But to return to the Kaiser's general's view: “Without war, inferior or decaying races would easily choke the growth of healthy, budding elements, and a universal decadence would follow.” This is, of course, a transparent fallacy in a century like ours, when the flow of members of the European nations across the different boundaries, and into newer lands overseas, is practically unchecked. It is all a part of the mediæval form of nationalism represented to-day most strikingly by Germany. *Deutschland über Alles*. . . . But if there is no such thing as an international morality, no evolution toward such a morality, then we must



agree with the Germans that war is a necessary feature of our international life, and the war spirit must be cultivated at immense cost of life and efficiency—industrial, agricultural, artistic—by nations that would live. Briefly, it is the Prussian notion that “between states the only check on injustice is force,” in other words, civilization must, to be effective, cultivate force—or, to put it still more simply, the more civilized a country really is, the less civilized neighbor it will be. The paradox is unthinkable, except by those who devised it. The triumph of that paradox would indeed involve the “bankruptcy of civilization.” The same principles which govern the smaller social groups must ultimately be applied to the greater. A few centuries ago a German might as reasonably have argued that “between cities the only check on injustice is force.” The truth is the social and political machinery of Germany is newer than in other so-called civilized countries, and the machinery has been in the wrong hands. Germany has not yet evolved an effective system of constitutional government. With the abolition of autocratic and oligarchic forms, Germany will be cured of many of her anti-social nightmares.

Logically, armies and navies are a proof of civilization’s non-existence, in any more than a severely limited sense. Military establishments intended for use, in certain circumstances, against another nation, must be regarded as (1) a police force, or (2) a predatory organization. If the organization be predatory, as Germany’s has been, in theory no less than in practice, the lack of civilization is transparent enough. If the organization be truly a police power, designed to protect the nation employing it against invasion or outrage, it proves that that nation regards some other Government as fundamentally uncivilized. The restriction of armament and some sort of arrangement among the nations for the union of all the other armaments against any nation or nations undertaking predatory or anti-social wars, is what the future holds out for us. This may even prove to be the “Slav-Peril” dreaded by the Prussians. It will, I believe, prove the path to peace. That is why a premature peace is greatly to be deplored. Even the wiser of the professional pacifists concede this point. The only question is, whether we are ready for

restriction as yet—whether, if some such system is evolved in Europe at the close of the Great War, it can prove a lasting arrangement. At least it may last long enough to justify itself through a reduction in the permanent military establishments, a lightening of the terrible burden of expense and productive inertia laid upon Europe by the compulsory service laws that obtain to-day. And the victory of Germany's enemies may indeed enforce its lesson that a treaty is more, after all, than "a scrap of paper"—the lesson that civilization is founded upon scraps of paper even more than upon guns of Krupp. The declaration of Belgium's neutrality, eighty years ago, was a short step toward something like a more-than-national civilization. Germany sneered at this principle of neutrality to which she had repeatedly assented, and regarded England's defence of the principle as a far-fetched quixoticism or a characteristic insincerity. But so long as international pledges are regarded as scraps of paper, so long as the peace of Europe and the world is at the mercy of cynicism, civilization (even civilization of a national or regional character) is impotent indeed.

Civilization is a loose word at best. And the farther one looks into the future the less sure one is of the present. Let us assume for the moment that universal peace is attained. Something like civilization on a world-scale instead of a national scale ensues. Men no longer kill one another in armies; there is a war of commerce, of production, of industrial and agricultural competition. The desert places are made to bloom and teem with their populations. Can the world support these vastly enlarged peoples, unchecked by pestilence and wars? It can do so, one may safely conclude, only through a reduction in living standards. And what a long start the East had got on the West! Will the West accept its fate peacefully? To-day, that is hard to imagine.

Quite aside from the conflict that Flaubert foresaw when he wrote so pessimistically, at the close of the Franco-Prussian War and the establishment of Germany's military empire, "The Orient will be arrayed against Europe, the old world against the new"; quite aside from this terrible war of the rice-fed against the beef-eaters that so many writers conceive of to-day as



ultimately inevitable between yellow men and white men (a struggle basically economic),—what will come after all that? Will the wars of the remote future be wars of classes instead of wars of nations and wars of races? Or are we to become Christianized through socialism, and socialized through Christianity? We speak of the “Great War”—and great it is by standards of the past. But the future holds out terrific possibilities that may reduce the battlefields of France and Belgium to the significance of skirmishes between armies of ants on their little sandpiles. The social wars—the wars of continents and race-civilizations—merely to think of them is not to shudder only, but to reel with sickness of the spirit. Perhaps it is not good for us to indulge in the contemplation of such distant visions, that are not our affair. But how one sighs for the peace and quiet of the Middle Ages and their gentler cut-throats!

## PHI BETA KAPPA POEM

*Harvard, 1914*

BLISS CARMAN

SIR, friends, and scholars, we are here to serve  
A high occasion. Our New England wears  
All her unrivalled beauty as of old;  
And June, with scent of bayberry and rose  
And song of orioles—as she only comes  
By Massachusetts Bay—is here once more,  
Companioning our fête of fellowship.

The open trails, South, West, and North, lead back  
From populous cities or from lonely plains,  
Ranch, pulpit, office, factory, desk, or mill,  
To this fair tribunal of ambitious youth,  
The shadowy town beside the placid Charles,  
Where Harvard waits us through the passing years,  
Conserving and administering still  
Her savor for the gladdening of the race.

Yearly, of all the sons she has sent forth,  
And men her admiration would adopt,  
She summons whom she will back to her side  
As if to ask, "How fares my cause of truth  
In the great world beyond these studious walls?"  
Here, from their store of life experience,  
They must make answer as grace is given them,  
And their plain creed, in verity, declare.  
Among the many, there is sometimes called  
One who, like Arnold's scholar gypsy poor,  
Is but a seeker on the dusky way,  
"Still waiting for the spark from heaven to fall."

He must bethink him first of other days,  
And that old scholar of the seraphic smile,



As we recall him in this very place  
With all the sweetest culture of his age,  
His gentle courtesy and friendliness,  
A chivalry of soul now strangely rare,  
And that ironic wit which made him, too,  
The unflinching critic and most dreaded foe  
Of all things mean, unlovely, and untrue.  
What Mr. Norton said, with that slow smile,  
Has put the fear of God in many a heart,  
Even while his hand encouraged eager youth.  
From such enheartening who would not dare to speak—  
Seeing no truth can be too small to serve,  
And no word worthless that is born of love?  
Within the noisy workshop of the world,  
Where still the strife is upward out of gloom,  
Men doubt the value of high teaching—cry,  
“What use is learning? Man must have his will!  
The élan of life alone is paramount!  
Away with old traditions! We are free!”  
So Folly mocks at truth in Freedom’s name.  
Pale Anarchy leads on, with furious shriek,  
Her envious horde of reckless malcontents  
And mad destroyers of the Commonwealth,  
While Privilege with indifference grows corrupt,  
Till the Republic stands in jeopardy  
From following false idols and ideals,  
Though sane men cry for honesty once more,  
Order and duty and self-sacrifice.

Our world and all it holds of good for us  
Our fathers and unselfish mothers made,  
With noble passion and enduring toil,  
Strenuous, frugal, reverent, and elate,  
Caring above all else to guard and save  
The ampler life of the intelligence  
And the fine honor of a scrupulous code—  
Ideals of manhood touched with the divine.

For this they founded these great schools we serve,  
Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Dartmouth, Yale,  
Amherst and Williams, trusting to our hands  
The heritage of all they held most high,  
Possessions of the spirit and the mind,  
Investments in the provinces of joy.

Vast provinces are these! And fortunate they  
Who at their will may go adventuring there,  
Exploring all the boundaries of Truth,  
Learning the roads that run through Beauty's realm,  
Sighting the pinnacles where good meets God,  
Encompassed by the eternal unknown sea!

Even for a little to o'erlook those lands,  
The kingdoms of Religion, Science, Art,  
Is to be made forever happier  
With blameless memories that shall bring content  
And inspiration for all after days.  
And fortunate they whom destiny allows  
To rest within those provinces and serve  
The dominion of ideals all their lives.  
For whoso will, putting dull greed aside,  
And holding fond allegiance to the best,  
May dwell there and find fortitude and joy.

In the free fellowship of kindred minds,  
One band of scholar gypsies I have known,  
Whose purpose all unworldly was to find  
An answer to the riddle of the Earth—  
A key that should unlock the book of life  
And secrets of its sorceries reveal.  
This, they discovered, had long since been found  
And laid aside forgotten and unused.  
Our dark young poet who from Dartmouth came  
Was told the secret by his gypsy bride,  
Who had it from a master over seas,  
And he it was first hinted to the band



The magic of that universal lore,  
Before the great Mysteriarch summoned him.  
It was the doctrine of the threefold life,  
The beginning of the end of all their doubt.

In that Victorian age it has become  
So much the fashion now to half despise,  
Within the shadow of Cathedral walls  
They had been schooled and heard the mellow chimes  
For Lenten litanies and daily prayers,  
With a mild, eloquent, beloved voice  
Exhorting to all virtue and that peace  
Surpassing understanding—casting there  
That “last enchantment of the Middle Age,”  
The spell of Oxford and her ritual.

So duteous youth was trained, until there grew  
Restive outreaching in men’s thought to find  
Some certitude beyond the dusk of faith.  
They cried on mysticism to be gone,  
Mazed in the shadowy pryncedom of the soul.

Then as old creeds fell round them into dust,  
They reached through science to belief in law,  
Made reason paramount in man, and guessed  
At reigning mind within the universe.  
Piecing the fragments of a fair design  
With reverent patience and courageous skill,  
They saw the world from chaos step by step,  
Under far-seeing guidance and restraint,  
Emerge to order and to symmetry,  
As logical and sure as music’s own.

With Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall, and the rest,  
Our band saw roads of knowledge open wide  
Through the uncharted province of the truth,  
As on they fared through that unfolding world.  
Yet there they found no rest-house for the heart,

No wells sufficient for the spirit's thirst,  
 No shade nor glory for the senses starved. . . .  
 Turning—they fled by moonlit trails to seek  
 The magic principality of Art,  
 Where loveliness, not learning, rules supreme.  
 They stood intoxicated with delight before  
 The poised unanxious splendor of the Greek;  
 They mused upon the Gothic minsters grey,  
 Where mystic spirit took on mighty form,  
 Until their prayers to lovely churches turned—  
 (Like a remembrance of the Middle Age  
 They rose where Ralph or Bertram dreamed in stone);  
 Entranced they trod a painters' paradise,  
 Where color wasted by the Scituate shore  
 Between the changing marshes and the sea;  
 They heard the golden voice of poesie  
 Lulling the senses with its last caress  
 In Tennysonian accents pure and fine;  
 And all their laurels were for Beauty's brow,  
 Though toiling Reason went ungarlanded.

Then poisonous weeds of artifice sprang up,  
 Defiling Nature at her sacred source;  
 And there the questing World-soul could not stay,  
 Onward must journey with the changing time,  
 To come to this uncouth rebellious age,  
 Where not an ancient creed nor courtesy  
 Is underided, and each demagogue  
 Cries some new nostrum for the cure of ills.  
 To-day the unreasoning iconoclast  
 Would scoff at science and abolish art,  
 To let untutored impulse rule the world.  
 Let learning perish, and the race returns  
 To that first anarchy from which we came,  
 When spirit moved upon the deep and laid  
 The primal chaos under cosmic law.

And even now, in all our wilful might,  
 The satiated being cannot bide,



But to that austere country turns again,  
The little province of the saints of God,  
Where lofty peaks rise upward to the stars  
From the grey twilight of Gethsemane,  
And spirit dares to climb with wounded feet  
Where justice, peace, and loving-kindness are.

What says the lore of human power we hold  
Through all these striving and tumultuous days?  
"Why not accept each several bloom of good,  
Without discarding good already gained,  
As one might weed a garden overgrown—  
Save the new shoots, yet not destroy the old?  
Only the fool would root up his whole patch  
Of fragrant flowers, to plant the newer seed."

Ah, softly, brothers! Have we not the key,  
Whose first fine luminous use Plotinus gave,  
Teaching that ecstasy must lead the man?  
Three things, we see, men in this life require,  
(As they are needed in the universe:)  
First of all spirit, energy, or love,  
The soul and mainspring of created things;  
Next wisdom, knowledge, culture, discipline,  
To guide impetuous spirit to its goal;  
And lastly strength, the sound apt instrument,  
Adjusted and controlled to lawful needs.

The next world-teacher must be one whose word  
Shall reaffirm the primacy of soul,  
Hold scholarship in her high guiding place,  
And recognize the body's equal right  
To culture such as it has never known,  
In power and beauty serving soul and mind.

Inheritors of this divine ideal,  
With courage to be fine as well as strong,  
Shall know what common manhood may become,  
Regain the gladness of his sons of morn,  
The radiance of immortality.

Out of heroic wanderings of the past,  
And all the wayward gropings of our time,  
Unswerved by doubt, unconquered by despair,  
The messengers of such a hope must go ;  
As one who hears far off before the dawn,  
On some lone trail among the darkling hills,  
The hermit thrushes in the paling dusk,  
And at the omen lifts his eyes to see  
Above him, with its silent shafts of light,  
The sunrise kindling all the peaks with fire.



## THE PROBLEM OF IMMORTALITY

MOWRY SABEN

THE April number of THE FORUM contained an article, entitled *The Art of Everlasting Life*, by Professor Thomas Percival Beyer, in which some of the fundamental questions of immortality are discussed interestingly, and from a point of view which, if not absolutely original, is at least individual. Perhaps the writer erred in apologizing for discussing this subject, on the ground that "sensible downright people have a feeling that it is bad form to discuss immortality except in the perfunctory pulpit." One never needs to apologize, if he feels that he has something to say that is worth saying, and surely the great question of a future life is one upon which more light is needed.

I do not flatter myself that I am capable of solving this problem. "If a man die, shall he live again?" is a question that I am no more able to answer than was Job. If I believe in immortality (as I do), it is not because I have ever been able to demonstrate its truth, but because I have found belief in immortality essential, if one is to discover a meaning in Man, or even in the universe itself.

Professor Beyer believes in a kind of qualified immortality. In his view some are immortal and others mortal. Whether one be immortal or not depends, in his opinion, upon whether one succeeds, or does not succeed, in this life in acquiring a soul, and he finds no evidence of soul below Man, and none in human babes. "Briefly resuming," he says, in the course of his argument, "the plant has no soul; the star-fish has no soul; the dog has no soul; the human embryo and the babe at birth probably have not developed a soul; and finally there is very slender reason to suppose that all children of four years have attained it." And he believes, too, that "Consistency requires another step—the possibility that a man may travel through life without finding a soul, and with no prospect of any sort of life beyond." Soul, then, is something that he must acquire in this life, if he would be a citizen of the Eternities.

And who are they that acquire a soul, and thus achieve immortality? According to Professor Beyer, only the good are so fortunate. He says that "the soul begins when a man actively, though perhaps unconsciously, chooses righteousness as against iniquity, decides to cleave to the good and despise the evil; the soul grows only if he stubbornly maintains that course to the end." "Man is a soul-hunter," he says. "For this end was he born, not to shear sheep on the hills, or lambs on the stock-exchange, but to win an immortal soul." He avers that he "cannot find any inspiration in the notion of a bad man plotting through eternity," so he does not believe that the bad man will have a chance.

Let me confess, at the very threshold of this discussion, that I do not find any inspiration in Professor Beyer's hypothesis, for I do not want any immortality, if immortality is only to be secured by a kind of competitive examination in ethics. To me "good" and "bad" are only relative terms, and quite destitute, so far as their merely human expressions are concerned, of any absolute, or eternal, validity. Considered from an absolute point of view, there are doubtless no "good" men or "bad" men. Kant laid down, as an ethical law, what he called the "categorical imperative"; but surely neither Kant nor any other person ever lived up to it, and it is highly probable that no person ever will. It is even a question whether a person who always obeyed Kant's categorical imperative would not be a kind of human monstrosity, for there is such a thing as being

"too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,"

and our age wisely applauds that immortal line of Terence, which caused the Roman theatres of two thousand years ago to shake with applause:

"I am a man; I count nothing human foreign to me."

We must learn to beware how we speak of "good" people and "bad" people, of sheep and goats, of the elect and the non-elect, for, as a man grows older, he perceives that the moral gulf



which separates one individual from another individual is much narrower than he supposed it was in the days of his youth. Villains are found only in melodrama and in ancient history. Professor Beyer speaks, in a footnote, of Nero, Lucretia Borgia and Napoleon as historic criminals, and he seems to think that he scores a point for his theory by proclaiming as a fact that no reputable medium, in his or her intercourse with the dead, ever serves as a mouthpiece for these depraved creatures. I am inclined to think that Professor Beyer is mistaken upon this point, for surely, if we are to admit, for the sake of the argument, that the spirits of the dead do return to us and communicate through mediums, it must be acknowledged that a goodly proportion of these spirits do not bring the atmosphere of the sanctuary with them; but I will let that pass. We should not forget, however, that all the stories that have come down to us about Nero are stories that were told by his enemies. It might be interesting to know what his friends had to say in his defence, especially the one who went out in the darkness of the night, and scattered garlands of flowers upon the Emperor's tomb, when Nero was no longer able to reward or chastise. Napoleon may seem like a criminal to our Professor, but he possessed saintly qualities for the late Rev. John S. C. Abbott, and what shall we allow for the love and veneration of his loyal soldiers who were only too willing to serve and die for him?

When we call a human being "good," we are only performing an act of piety, and when we call a human being "bad," we are merely expressing a sense of personal distaste. Human judgments, at their best, are never absolute. They serve for purposes of convenience, and, if not taken too seriously, as they are apt to be, may be allowed to pass for what they are worth. But the philosopher must find the meaning of the "bad" man, as well as the meaning of the "good" man. You cannot have an Absolute unless you find some place for Falstaff in that Absolute. Good and bad take on new meanings in the light of metaphysics. Say all that you will against the personal character of Mephistopheles, but if Mephistopheles, through the very evil of his nature, as we conceive it, is constantly helping to educe the good, as Goethe shows that he is, then he must be regarded,

either as a part of metaphysical goodness, or as belonging to a realm beyond good and evil. Frederick the Great was a very human and faulty man; he may be regarded by some as one of the "criminals" of history, but the enthusiasm which Carlyle felt for him was not misplaced. Germany and, indirectly, the world have benefited through the exertions of his iron will. Indeed, as I read history, the greatest good has not been wrought, in largest measure, by means of the saints, but by means of men who, upon Professor Beyer's hypothesis, do not appear to have the ghost of a chance of attaining immortality. Great minds and great wills always help to educe the good, even though the essence of them lies, as probably it does, in a mystical realm beyond good and evil; and it would be a strange anomaly if the progress of the world had come largely, if not mainly, from persons who had never discovered the art of finding a soul.

My main quarrel with Professor Beyer is based upon a firm conviction that he has, in a philosophical sense, no clear conception of Reality. He thinks that "the only unanswerable objection" to his view of immortality "is that of sentiment," quite overlooking the fact that his own point of view is clearly sentimental. As I have quoted above, he says that he "cannot find any inspiration in the notion of a bad man plotting through eternity." If that be not an expression of sentiment, I do not know what it is.

Does not a clear conception of philosophical reality, however, compel us to place the soul, not where Professor Beyer places it, at the end, as "a developed function of mind," or "the perfected fruit of mind," but at the very beginning of all existence, of all development, as the ground and source of all existence and development? Before the geologic ages began or the star-dust formed, the soul must have been, to give to the universe of matter even quasi-reality. It is true that William James told us that souls had outlived their welcome, and it is also true that souls have been unpopular in certain circles for a long period of time; but a new school of psychologists is arising which is beginning to perceive that the soul must be regarded as a reality, if we are to be able to conceive of reality, in a philosophical sense, at all. Upon Professor Beyer's hypothesis, Man,



before he succeeds in developing a soul, is a machine, and, logically, he must regard the soulless man very much as Professor Haeckel, Professor Loeb and many other materialists regard all men. He has, logically, no right to believe in immortality for any person, unless he can demonstrate that a certain kind of machine has the power to create a soul, as another kind of machine has the power to scoop-up dirt, or to weave cloth.

We are not so cocksure, as our forefathers were, what the destiny of the soul will be. We are far more modest than they. But if we are to believe in immortality, logically, we must accept, as they accepted, the reality of the soul as something that begins at least with the first appearance of life. In my opinion, we must, in order to believe, logically, in human immortality, believe not only in the reality of the soul at birth, but also in the soul's preëxistence, or even eternality in the past. By this I do not mean that we must accept the Oriental or theosophic dogma of reincarnation. That may, or may not, be true. But time is only a bubble of Eternity, and the soul, to be real, must be of the Eternities. If in Time it were born, then in Time it will perish. If a man's soul were born in 1850, or in 1880, let us say, then it will probably die with the death of the body. Life, as we experience it, is only a phenomenon, and the question that we have to settle is the nature of the Reality of which our life as experienced is a phenomenon. There are various answers. Professor Haeckel tells us that life is a phenomenon of the atomic energies—that the atoms are the Reality. Herbert Spencer tells us that life is a phenomenon of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, of which we know and can know nothing—that this unknown and unknowable Infinite and Eternal Energy is the Reality. Theodore Parker tells us that life is a phenomenon of God—that God is the Reality. But in each of these theories I find a logical defect.

For, if Man is a phenomenon of the atomic energies, as Professor Haeckel opines, of the energies of atoms which, singly and collectively, are without thought, feeling or will, acting merely by an inner law of necessity,—dead atoms without a gleam of intelligence or purpose or sensation anywhere,—how could Professor Haeckel possibly discover the nature of this

reality? In other words, how could Intelligence ascertain that its father was Ignorance, Feeling that its father was the Sensationless, and Life that its parent was Death? Again, if Man is a phenomenon of an Infinite and Eternal Energy of which we know and can know nothing, how was it possible for the phenomenon to learn even that much of the Noumenon? How did it succeed, indeed, in ascertaining that its parent was both infinite and eternal without being able to make other discoveries concerning it? And if Man be a phenomenon of God, without reality in himself, as Theodore Parker teaches (at least in some passages of his writings), again, I ask, how could the phenomenon have discovered its source? Materialist, Agnostic and Theist alike have never shown us, and I submit that they will never be able, logically, to show us, how a created thing can possibly know its Creator.

All knowledge is, in the last analysis, self-knowledge. We know ourselves in our relations to other selves and to phenomena. Our sole reality, as persons, lies in our mutual relationships. We know nothing that we do not experience, or infer from experience. The atoms that Professor Haeckel posits, the Infinite and Eternal Energy that Herbert Spencer posits, and the God that Theodore Parker posits, may all be real, but their reality for us, if they be real, must lie in the fact that they are, somehow, incarnated within our minds. Knowledge and knowability presuppose this, for nothing outside us can be known, unless it is also inside us. We know things, because things, when analyzed, are found to be a congeries of mental attributes, having no meaning (at least for us) apart from those attributes which belong to the human mind. What Man is, it is more difficult to say, for Man is an aggregation of individuals, each of whom is, in some measure, unique. But the reality of any individual lies in something that does not appear on the surface. Every individual, as sensuously apprehended, is a phenomenon of a deeper self, and this deeper self we may call the WHOLE SELF, or SOUL.

And so, instead of saying, as Professor Beyer does, that Man is a soul-hunter, that he is in quest of a soul, as if he were only a hermit-crab of the spirit, seeking for self-protection a soul, instead of a shell, like his lesser brother, I should say that Man



is a Soul, and, being a Pluralist, that every individual is a soul seeking to realize itself. And I would go still further, and assert, in place of Professor Beyer's contention, that "the plant has no soul; the star-fish has no soul; the dog has no soul," and the like, that every animate thing is a soul, trying to realize itself, and that, if all animate things were not souls, they could not function at all. A living creature must be either a soul or a mechanism, and, from this dilemma, Professor Beyer, when he takes time to retrace his mental steps, will discover that there is no avenue of escape. If, at the time of his birth, a man has no soul, then he is only a machine, and, if he is only a machine, his chances for obtaining a soul are nil. No fountain can rise higher than its source. If Man is born in corruption, he will end in corruption. But if his ancestral home were among the stars, he may reach the stars again.

Professor Beyer does not like the notion of universal immortality. "All mind immortal?" he asks, and adds: "Then dogs and horses, frogs and earthworms, star-fish and polypi will live forever. Perhaps even the poplar leaf that forever quivers with the joy of life will fill its little mind with happiness through eternity, for who can say where mind ceases in the downward scale? Such a scheme presents nothing troublesome to Spinoza or Shelley or George Eliot or Professor James. . . . Nothing has begun, so nothing will end,—the soul no otherwise than the Achæan sand or the blue of the firmament. I submit that this conception is not immortality, means nothing to the million, and would be of small comfort if it were intelligible."

Well, the conception may mean nothing to the million, it may be of small comfort to them, and yet it may be true. So far as I am concerned, Professor Beyer's theory of immortality is far less agreeable than the one which he repudiates, for I am convinced that, upon his theory, not one person in a hundred million will prove to have acquitted himself well enough to acquire a soul, and thus become immortal. I have even strong doubts whether there be one upon this planet who will. Human nature is human nature, and morally we are, as I have remarked, pretty much alike. When we scrutinize closely the laws of the statute-book, we find that more than seventy-five per cent. of

them were enacted, not in the interests of humanity as a whole, but of a class, and when we consider our moral codes much the same thing is also found to be true. Our moral codes were invented, not to prepare men for Heaven, or for Utopia; they were invented by men who were none too good themselves to protect themselves from people who were not much worse. There are great differences in human beings as to the amount of knowledge and wisdom which they possess, but there is small difference in regard to the amount of goodness or rascality that they manifest. I take it that Professor Beyer and I are in substantial agreement upon this point, for he admits that "It is no uncommon thing to find those who are headed straight for the pearly gates . . . sanction and practise customs, in themselves admittedly reprehensible, on the grounds that 'they all do it.' " And the worst of it is that the pearly-gated adventurers are quite right: they all do.

So I think that if we wish to believe in immortality rationally, we must look for our guidance and inspiration, not to mythical moral paragons, but to the constitution of the human mind, which postulated the soul millenniums ago, because the soul was found to be a necessary postulate of the reason. If immortality be a fact, it is, as the late Colonel Ingersoll used to say, a fact of Nature, due neither to priest nor book nor creed. If it be a fact, it is a universal fact; it is not a gift given to one class of people and denied to another class of people; it is not something added, or superadded, to things, but something inherent in things. If it should be found to follow, logically, that animals, and even plants, are as immortal as Man, why should anyone murmur? Are not the cattle on a thousand hills, which are sacrificed that man may eat, deserving of some recompense? Did not Thoreau leave the biography of Dr. Chalmers unread, that he might go out to hear the croaking of the first frog of spring? Perhaps Thoreau thought the frog quite as deserving of immortality as the Scottish divine. And perhaps he was. Bishop Butler frankly included the animals in his scheme of immortality. Perhaps dogs and horses, frogs and earthworms, star-fish and polypi and poplar leaves are not immortal as such, but the realities of these things, the souls that manifested through them, are doubtless



immortal, if anything be. Being without beginning, they must necessarily be without ending. There must be another life for a dog, as well as for a man, if there be another life for the latter.

It is true that no absolute proof can be given that immortality is a fact. Fichte said that what a man believes depends upon what a man is. In one way or another, each of us is biased. The materialist and the idealist both see with the eyes of their respective minds, and some blindness there is likely to be in both. Neither finds, within the manifestations of his brain, absolute truth. Agnosticism may well be considered the last word of wisdom, when it is genuine agnosticism, and not the kind that distinguished a certain type of nineteenth century philosopher, of whom Mr. Chesterton has wittily said that his real creed was not that he did not know, but that he knew better. Human history, however, if it teaches one thing clearly, teaches us this: that the larger view is more likely to be found correct than the lesser view, that the inclusive attitude is more likely to prove sound than the exclusive. The iconoclast is always shattering the conventional and popular views of God and Humanity, but, out of the ruins that he leaves in his wake, higher and nobler conceptions invariably arise, and as it has been in the past, so doubtless will it always be in the future. Most of our beliefs carry with them a lean and hungry look, and of none of them is this more true than of the popular notion of immortality. Speaking for myself, I do not know a conception of immortal existence of which I have ever heard that gives me any solid sense of satisfaction. All the heavens and hells of which I have read seem petty in comparison with the old earth upon which I now dwell. But the concept of immortality, when I allow my own imagination to play upon it, is another matter, and full of blissful assurance. Perhaps truth is so individual that no person can ever reveal to another the glories that each intrepid explorer may discover for himself. And as no two persons have quite the same experience here, so, it may be, no two persons will have quite the same experience hereafter, and it is quite in reason to conceive that the world which faith assures us lies on the other side of the grave may be a world in process of evolution, as our world is, and that those who voyage thither upon the shadowy sea of

Death may carry with them the seeds of many revolutionary possibilities.

But I would not dogmatize too strenuously upon this great theme. It may be that Haeckel and the materialists are right in their contention that death ends individuality and consciousness. It may be true, as Omar says, that

“One thing is certain, and the rest is lies;  
The flower that once has bloomed forever dies.”

It may be true, I say. I quite sympathize with Lord Melbourne when he said that he wished he was as certain of anything as Macaulay was of everything. But how did Omar know that the flower which has ceased to bloom has passed into a condition of eternal death? How does Haeckel know that death is the end of consciousness and individuality? Why does Professor Beyer (not quite so dogmatic as they) feel so certain that the man who does not come up to a certain arbitrary ethical standard shall perish everlastingly? Perhaps it may not be far wrong to surmise that sentiment, conscious or unconscious, lies at the bottom of all these affirmations of negation.

In a brief and fragmentary way, mindful ever of the limitations of space, I have pleaded in this paper for a more generous conception of destiny than Professor Beyer is willing to allow. I have based my plea upon a conception of Reality far different from the one that he holds. It may not be a true conception, this of mine, but it appears to me to be the only logical one that a person can hold, if he believes at all in the possibility of immortality. If it be said that, contrary to the viewpoint of Professor Beyer, I have identified soul with mind, I shall gladly acknowledge the impeachment, if impeachment it be held to be. What distinction between the two can validly be drawn? I make bold to say that Professor Beyer has drawn none that can be accepted as valid. Our knowledge of good, like our knowledge of everything else, is mental. Only a mind can choose good or evil, and the choice made will depend upon the insight, or lack of insight, of the individual mind that chooses. Professor Beyer evidently believes that both mind and soul are creations. I hold, to the contrary, that no soul-mind can be created; that the soul-mind



is itself the creator which brings all phenomenal things—even the phenomenal universe itself—into being. I do not know whether the poplar leaf is real, in a philosophical sense, or not, because I do not know whether it possesses a mind or not, but the reality that is manifesting in the poplar leaf—the soul of it, let us say—must be as real as the reality of myself, or any other self.

Immortality is the golden dream of poets and sages. It may be baseless, but it is a dream that gives dignity to life, that makes the heart to sing for joy, that illumines the path of all human experience. The humblest person takes on a new meaning when he conceives of himself as immortal; he is now bathed in an ocean of ineffable glories. Belief in immortality brings the music of the spheres to our door; it opens up all the vistas of infinitude. If the lower orders of existence are immortal no less than humanity, it does but prove that Reality is generous. If my dog is immortal, as well as myself, I shall be glad, for he has kept me faithful company, and if, in mystic realms that lie beyond these voices that babble here their wisdom or their lack of wisdom, it should transpire that the fragrance of the lilies shall evermore be sweet, and that the tall pines shall evermore be tall, I shall find, in the realization of the immortal hope, a fairer vision than any that has ever been vouchsafed me in ancient creeds and musty tomes. I have no desire to play forever on a golden harp, or forever to sing the psalms of deliverance and rejoicing, but if "Nature's social union," which Burns divined and sang, broken so often here by the hand of rude necessity, is one of the inspirations of the Choir Invisible, as it well may be, then the music of the Celestial Choir will indeed be the gladness of the world forevermore.

## SEPPEL

### *A Story of Northern Tyrol*

O. BAILLIE-GROHMAN

JUST beyond the little village of Alpbach in the Tyrolese mountains, at the point where the village street merges into a narrow winding mountain path, stands a great elm tree. Around its base is built a low bench where the old people sit in the afternoon, and watch the children playing on the stretch of green that is shaded by the giant branches overhead. And to the gnarled trunk about six feet from the ground is nailed a smooth broken blade of wood. A closer examination shows it to be a much battered and worn ski point, which has snapped jaggedly from its shaft. Under the fragment, in rude lettering, stand the words: "Niessler Seppel, the 29th day of April, 1903."

Seppel's grandfather told me the story in his quite untranslatable dialect of the valley, and of all the village cronies I think he tells it best. It was in the year 1900, says he, that Seppel first left his native valley to serve his years in the army, and to see the outside world; and when he came back three years later, transformed in personal appearance and effects, he brought with him not a few new ideas that he had absorbed among the garrison towns of Tyrol.

It was one of these new ideas that led him, the first winter after his return, to fashion for himself a rough pair of ski, with primitive bindings of leather straps. His home-made ski were more roughly made, he knew, than those that he had seen the townspeople using on their little sloping fields, yet he reckoned that with his superior strength and practising facilities he would soon master the art. Then for him it would be a time-saving device, whilst for those others it was merely a sport. His reckoning proved to be right; in the first week he learnt enough to be useful to him under good snow conditions, and the rest came by degrees. His was the life of a peasant's son, and during the winter, when work was short at the farm, he turned wood cut-



ter, for wood-felling is the chief industry of the little village, the only industry almost that brings in cash instead of kind. The winter following Seppel's return was a particularly severe one, and the peasants made the most of it. April came and with it spring, and on every side once more green fields appeared instead of white. Suddenly at the end of the month there was a much belated fall of snow. The April sun melted the snow from the low slopes fast, but the uplands remained covered for many days to come.

On the 28th of April Seppel set off up valley to dislodge with pickaxe and pole any wood that might have remained lodged in the twists and turns of the narrow gorge through which the stream flows above the village. Others were responsible for the reaches near home. He was to penetrate far back into the mountains, almost to the point where the stream was fed by the "Federbett" glacier, and his nearest way lay over an intervening shoulder of mountain; so he took his ski out of their summer storage in the hayloft, and strapped them to his feet again. He slept in a distant alp hut that night, and early next morning crossed the pass; it was there on the other side, up the lonely heights, that he made his momentous discovery, for in a little gully that remained impassable and unvisited all the winter, and where the snow still lay thick upon the rocks, he came upon a newly formed reservoir.

Seppel stood for the moment spellbound. The Müller Grube where he had thought to work was no more. Instead there glittered in the sunshine a miniature lake, its surface smooth, and blue and peaceful, save where the Alpbach streamed in at the far end. There was scarcely any outlet, and the blueness told of depth.

A few drifting logs had evidently become wedged in the narrow mouth of the gully far back in the winter months. Now tons and tons of driftwood and boulders and rubbish had collected there, and held the ever deepening waters imprisoned.

"For how long?" was the question that surged uppermost in Seppel's mind; and even as he wondered the barricade groaned ominously beneath the strain. Seppel stooped, and pulled fever-

ishly to tauten his ski straps. He glanced at the shoulder of mountain he had just come down, then again at the waters.

"In five hours I can reach the village," he said to himself; "will it last till then,—O God, will it last?"

The next moment he had calmed himself; he took up his pickaxe and sent it with a blow into a stunted fir tree. Then he faced about on his ski, and started up the slope he had just descended. A couple of hours later he had gained the height, and stopped a moment to grease his ski—seconds well spent, for the snow in the hot sun was sticky.

It was half an hour after midday that the Gährner peasant in his outlying farm which nestles below the wind-blown ridge stopped in his work of chopping wood to notice on the height above him a little black speck that presently evolved into a ski-er. He was descending rapidly. The peasant watched for a time, likening the performance in his own mind to the approaching swoops of a bird of prey, so smoothly and gracefully did the figure, belittled by the distance to a moving speck on a great expanse, glide and curve over the snowfields. Just behind the house the ground rose steeply, and before the ski-er had gained recognizable proportions he was hidden from sight.

The Gährner peasant turned to his work again, to be startled a few moments later by the whirr and swish of ski immediately above him, as Niessler Seppel flashed past, attempted to turn, then crashed into the house. He lay for a breathing space, then got up and shook himself.

"That's one way of knocking," said the peasant grimly, and he went on chopping wood.

Seppel grinned. He was white to the lips, with a red mark above his left temple where his head had bumped against the building. His ski had by some miracle escaped whole. He bent to tighten his straps once more; they had a way of stretching with the strain and the damp.

The peasant glanced up. "*Zeitlassen*," said he. (Allow plenty of time.)

"Maybe, but the stream is dammed—I go to warn the village," replied Seppel laconically.

"What sayest thou?" demanded the peasant.



"The stream is dammed," repeated Seppel; "the Müller Grube is deep with water, a mighty lake held but by a feeble barricade of rubbish,—by the sun I must have been three hours from there."

"In three hours I think no man yet came from the Müller Grube—and thou hast yet two to the village," said the Gährner.

"By the road maybe."

"How else wouldst thou go? The snow lies but as far down as the Lartner peasant."

"From there I shall try the wood slide, it is iced far below the snow line,—and then trust to my heels and run."

"Ski down the wood slide? The devil!" exclaimed the peasant.

Seppel shrugged his shoulders. "It must be," he said simply. He glided off, and was soon out of sight, for just below the Gährner peasant's he took to the woods.

"The saints be with him," muttered the peasant, standing axe in hand at his door.

"Aye, and speed him on his way, for the timber yard is stacked," said the peasant's wife, who had come out at the sound of voices.

The peasant started back. "The wood! May the Lord have mercy on us!" said he. For the timber yard is situate above the village, and this season it was certainly stacked high with logs. The yard itself consists chiefly of a broad shallow canal, lying slightly below the level of the stream, and connected with it by the big sluice gates which, owing to the deficiency of water, had not as yet this year been opened. That there might be a stoppage higher up—a stoppage that would certainly have disastrous effects—had not occurred to the peasantry, no, not even to the Herr Lehrer himself, the schoolmaster, who was generally supposed to be the origin of any enlightening idea that penetrated the Alpbach valley.

If Seppel is in time, thought the Gährner peasant, would they down in the village have the presence of mind to open the sluice gates, to let the wood go on the first slight overflow there might be? Or would the stream descend, sweeping all before it, to find the timber yard a plaything, a box of matches to be scat-

tered and used as battering rams against a village of log houses? But then, at least, the inhabitants would have been warned, and no life would be lost——

Suddenly the peasant turned and went indoors.

In the large low living room of the house, against a panelled wall hung three rifles. Two were of modern military type, the other, of ancient date, had seen a life of hard service. The peasant took down new and old, bunching them together in one strong hand. Then he went to the linen closet, and from the lowest shelf behind the piles of coarse clean linen there he pulled a bag—the whole store of his ammunition. It was heavy. Thus laden he went out and called his son, Peterl.

Peterl listened breathlessly to the news. Then said his father, “Peterl, if Seppel does not reach the village in time they will be unwarned. I am going to fire shots from the top of the hill there, it will startle them,—will bring them out of their houses maybe,—and they may read danger in our message.”

Peterl jumped up and held out a hand for a rifle. His father nodded and passed one over to him.

“And the third?” questioned the boy.

“Maria will have to manage that as thy brothers are away at market: fetch Maria and come.”

A few minutes later three figures scrambled quickly up a steep path at the back of the house. They passed the top of the narrow sloping fields, and gained the eminence, a flat slab of rock from which they could see the village nestling in a hollow far away beneath them. The green church spire glittered in the sunlight, and here and there a roof glinted through the trees that hid the rest from view.

“Peterl, it is well thou hast learnt the handling of a piece,” said the peasant, “for thou must manage for thyself. And thou canst load for me at first,” he added to the little Maria as he showed her how it was done; “later thou shalt shoot for thyself.”

The village was lying in the stillness of a warm spring afternoon when the first shot rang out through the valley. People going about their ordinary business of everyday life paid no attention.



A second and third followed. Mine host's buxom wife walked down the passage from her kitchen with a pewter jug she was polishing in one hand, and the cloth in the other.

"Johann, that shooting sounds very near!" she remarked to her husband, as he sat before the door tinkering away at the great cow bell that would soon be in use on the alps again.

"Yes, and it's out of season," he muttered irritably.

"I wonder who it is?" said she, as another shot rang out.

"How should I know, so long as it is no son of mine?" he grumbled.

At regular and short intervals ten shots were fired. Then came a pause, and suddenly five shots in such quick succession that each time the echo was swallowed by the next report. Mine host jumped to his feet; the bell he had been working at clanged to the ground.

"Two rifles certainly—no time to load at that rate!" he exclaimed. "What can it be?"

Out of nearly every house had come people asking the same question. Then came a bang that literally made the villagers jump.

"Three or more rifles going off together, I should say," said the Herr Lehrer, standing in the marketplace, where many other worthies had collected. The hundred or so of scholars who were supposed to be drudging through the last half hour of reading, writing, and arithmetic, were sitting idly on their narrow wooden benches in the schoolroom. But the Herr Lehrer had gone out to see what might be happening, the place outside seemed astir,—and the chance was too good to be missed. There was a sudden rush for the door, and they joined their elders in the marketplace.

"Now, then, you imps, quiet there!" shouted the Herr Lehrer, but he did not send them back.

Crack—crack—crack, went the rifles.

"Just as quick as they can load," said the Fichten peasant.

"Such a waste of powder!" remarked the potter, miser of the village.

"Just some lads showing off their skill," said the master baker, returning to his work.

"I don't believe it," said the Herr Lehrer.

The black-cassocked figure of the village priest appeared on the steps of the church that led down into the marketplace, and stood with one hand resting on the balustrade, the other raised for silence. The murmur of voices in the square below was hushed.

"My people, that firing may be to tell us something!"

"What can it be?" some cried.

"It is uncanny," whispered a woman, shivering.

"It can but be the will of God," answered the priest, "yet be prepared, my children, for we know what will come."

"Look!" piped a child's clear voice from the outskirts of the crowd. "The stream is getting full."

"The stream! look at the water!" shouted half-a-dozen.

"We shall be able to float the wood soon," said mine host complacently.

"Float the wood—I should rather say float the bridge!" replied a scornful voice. "See how the water is rising."

And indeed the first slight overflow from the Müller Grube had within a few minutes brought the stream above high-water mark.

"Open the sluice gates, lads!" shouted the Herr Lehrer.

"Why so?" said the carpenter's Tony. Tyrolese peasantry, young and old, are slow to be moved, yet the schoolmaster has great authority among them.

"We must open the sluice gates, we must let the wood go!" repeated the Herr Lehrer loudly. And others took up the cry—"To the sluice gates with you!" Then the young manhood of the village took the short cut through the churchyard and disappeared. Five minutes later the throng in the marketplace were watching the logs tossing and chasing each other down the turbid waters. Mine host turned back without a word into his house.

"Look how the water comes!" said the children.

The people watched it, scared. A maiden went to the middle of the bridge that spanned the flood, to watch from there the tumult. They called her back immediately, but they had not realized the danger nor did they until roused to it by a spectacle



which in itself was commonplace enough. It was merely mine host driving his cattle up the village street.

"What doest thou?" he was asked breathlessly.

"I go to put these on the slope yonder." He nodded in the direction of his field above the village where the year's first crop of hay was ripening for the scythe.

"But the crop!" they exclaimed aghast.

"It will be spoilt—one crop: but safety is safety," he answered laconically. Then he looked about him at the crowd of anxious faces, and added: "If any other wishes to put his cattle or his children there too, he is welcome." The offer was a magnanimous one, for it meant that his need be the only crop to be trodden underfoot and spoilt.

The throng melted like magic. For a time the marketplace was deserted save for the black-cassocked figure that stood silent in the portals of the church. One by one the people passed again; here and there a cow was driven forth; an old man bore a collection of household gods; a mother and her babies followed. And still the warning shots were ringing through the valley.

"Firing for fifteen minutes now," said the Herr Pfarrer to himself, watch in hand, on the church steps. A lesser report came next, two rifles evidently, then a single shot and silence.

"Ammunition exhausted," muttered the priest.

It was exactly the same remark as the Gährner peasant high up on the mountain side had made as he laid his old-fashioned rifle down, and rubbed his shoulder tenderly. "Phew—how it kicks!" he added, then strained himself forward as though to see as much of the green church spire as possible. "I wish we knew more," he said quietly; "but we have done our best."

Seppel in the meanwhile had come to the wood slide, and stood at the top looking down it. In appearance it was steep and narrow; just a frozen water shoot down which the logs are sent valleywards, leaving two deep ruts close together. On either side grew pine trees interlocking their branches, and overshadowing the narrow lane between, and so steep was the gradient of the hill that the tip of each tree reared high above that of its lower neighbor. Seppel planted his ski firmly, one in each rut, and set his teeth. He could not see very far ahead,

for the wood slide turned sharply again and again; but deep below he could see a steep white field where the wood slide became visible once again and then disappeared with a sharp bend into the forest. They called that the Devil's Corner. Seppel knew it well from the days when he had sailed past it gloriously on the top of five great logs all bound together, and had held on for dear life as they wrenched and groaned past the mighty bank of stones and snow; and he wondered vaguely how he would pass it now. Then he leant forward and was off. The wind hummed in his ears. The trees streamed past him. He leant further forward, almost as if he was trying to grasp the tips of his ski. The first corner came. He threw his whole weight inwards and rounded it in safety. The deep ruts guided him, for his ski fitted nicely into each, and he had but to keep his feet. The pace grew terrific. The second corner came and passed. He had sunk almost to his knees now, and heard and saw nothing save the wind in his ears, and tree trunks, interminable tree trunks, flashing past. The trees and the woodslide seemed to rock and sway with him as the pace rocked him from side to side.

Presently there came a white snow field, then there rose up before him, black and threatening, the rock of the Devil's Corner; he hurtled on at full speed and was swallowed by the blackness of night.

Seppel returned to a dim consciousness of water, timber yards, and a peopled village. Something had happened. He knew that. He sat up, and was seized by a fit of coughing. His mouth was full of blood. He spat it out and crammed in snow. Some time passed before he got to his feet: then he found his ski were broken at the toe; he had to fumble for his knife to cut the straps.

"Now for it," he murmured, and stumbled through the wood and patches of snow toward the village.

Down below, in a silence that now seemed more uncanny to the village than the firing, the people were still hurrying to and fro laden and empty-handed, when a cry sounded down the village street: "The stream has been dammed, is breaking through, has broken——"



It was just a small boy running down the village street from the elm tree, looking scared. But his words were taken up and repeated, people shouted them at one another dazedly, and with one accord fled to higher ground. In sixty seconds no living thing remained within the precincts of the village.

Then there broke in upon the tumult a very distant roar. Rapidly it came nearer, until in one gigantic wave the first volume of the long imprisoned waters swept down the narrow valley.

The churchyard perched on the side of the hill was in itself a place of safety, and from there the refugees clambered over the wall, and into the steep fields beyond; the water filled the village and was still rising. The roofs of the houses looked out from the floods; here and there with a dull crash one gave, and the waters sucked in over it, leaving no trace to be seen.

And from the sloping fields above the people watched in silence, filled with horror, and with a certain silent thankfulness that they had been warned in time. Only the smith, a dark, stern-looking man, raised his fist and shook it at the waters as they surged around his forge, and swept away the great wooden shoeing platform, which crashed against a wall and splintered to pieces.

"The cursed floods!" he muttered.

"'Tis true," said the priest, eyeing him coldly, "the waters have been dammed,—and it is well that some one thought to warn us or we should have been in those houses now."

A murmur of approval ran through the little crowd. The smith shrugged his shoulders: he was a proud man as well as a stern, and it did not suit him to be rebuked thus openly. "Who brought the news?" he said sullenly.

"Aye, who brought it?" echoed the crowd.

"The Fichten peasant's lad Jorg cried it down the village street—he was here a minute since," said the Herr Lehrer.

"Jorg!" they called. But Jorg was nowhere to be seen.

In twenty minutes from the time when the news had been cried, the floods began to sink, leaving behind them a sea of mud which filled the marketplace, and buried the houses up to their

first-floor balconies. In all the place there was not a window or a shutter to be seen.

"It was well we let the timber go," mused the Herr Lehrer, watching the last of the water drain off, carrying its wreckage with it; "now we shall but have to dig the houses out, the logs would have knocked them to pieces."

"'Tis easy for him to talk who has no property," grumbled mine host. "Of course the Government will set thy house to rights soon enough."

The schoolmaster winced at that, for the Tyrolese do not consider it very dignified to have one's house supplied by the State, so he turned away, and turning, saw a mud-bespattered schoolboy clambering over the churchyard wall. "Hullo, Jorg!" said he.

Every head in the crowd turned. "Where hast thou been? Whence didst thou get thy news?" they cried.

Jorg shook himself like a little puppy dog after a bath, and mud flew in all directions. Then he answered them: "Niessler Seppel came down as far as the elm tree with the news; he lies there now; it is muddy, but he needs the priest."

A motley crowd followed in the wake of the priest, school-children, the village master and mine host, the Sisters of Charity and the peasants, jostling each other over the churchyard wall, through an intervening stretch of mud where the grown men sank knee deep, and the children floundered, then up to the elm tree beyond. There they found Seppel lying on the sward. A thin stream of scarlet trickled from his mouth, whilst from a wound above his temple the dark red blood oozed slowly. The water had washed over his feet, but the rest of him was high and dry.

He raised his head at the sound of voices all about him, and cried again: "The stream has been dammed—is breaking through—has broken——" Then he lapsed into unconsciousness once more.

The crowd waited. Their priest knelt by him, murmuring some words.

Suddenly Seppel half raised himself, and with wildly staring eyes and hands that grasped at air he gasped: "Jesus Christ—



my ski—are broken——” Another thin scarlet streamlet gushed from his mouth as he spoke, and stained the bundled coat on which his head had been rested. Then he fell back with glazed eyes staring heavenward.

Many knelt about him, watching for some sign of life, muttering a hasty prayer. Some one ventured: “He has burst a blood vessel, he has run himself to death.”

The priest bent over him then and whispered, “He is dead,” and pulled a silver crucifix from beneath his cassock to hold before the unseeing eyes. A woman sobbed.

Presently they carried him into the church, and laid him as he was in his leather shorts, with the woollen gaiters that reached halfway up his thighs, and his heavy nailed boots dented across the toes by the ski straps, on the first step of the high altar. He lay there through the night, guarded by the carven images of the saints and martyrs which looked down from their niches at him who lay, not less motionless than they, at the altar of their God.

Later in the eerie light people passed in and out: every man and woman he had saved came to see his simple lying in state.

The day he was buried they traced up his last eventful journey back to the place where the discovery had been made. They tracked him up the ridge, and found his pickaxe sticking into the tree. Then guided by the Gährner peasant at the Devil’s Corner they found his ski lying broken with the straps cut through; and here also were the first blood stains that told of the terrific smash.

So it is, says Seppel’s grandfather, that to the elm above the village there is nailed a broken ski-point; and in the churchyard opposite there stands a handsome wrought-iron cross subscribed by the village corporate. And the tears that glisten in the old man’s eyes when he has told his story are not all bitterness, for pride has banished sorrow in the heart of Seppel’s grandsire, and he stands hat in hand at the cross of Seppel the younger, murmuring over and over the words of the inscription:

“On ski he made his way to Heaven,  
And saved unshriven souls from Hell.”

## THE MINORITY REPORT ON VIVISECTION

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

**I**F public opinion is the supreme court, the minority judges have a dissenting statement to hand down in the matter of vivisection.

To cultivate a taste for being in the minority is not an easy task. Numbers, to most of us, are very persuasive. We, therefore, who persist in staying on the unfashionable side in this controversy,—who are always being uselessly defeated, who cannot take the advice of our opponents and let these powerful sleeping dogs lie still, but must forever be prodding them with our appeals and arguments,—only remain obstinate because, weary as we may of the strife, we cannot persuade our reason and our conscience to think well of vivisection.

In the first place, we think it stands in the way of social reform. This charge is made against the corporate, and not against the individual doctors, whose incalculable service to the poor we, like the rest of the world, regard with grateful pride. Individually, and theoretically, no doubt the defenders of vivisection believe in sanitary reform, improved housing, playgrounds, the minimum wage (at least for women), etc. All these excellent but tiresome reforms they damn with faint praise, while they applaud the “miracles” and “marvels” of animal experimentation which provide ever new sera to preserve us from the effects of dirt, neglect, overwork, crowded tenements, gutter-bred childhood, and worn-out motherhood. What is spent on studying tuberculosis would banish tuberculosis forever from some area or occupation where it is now rife: and it points a clearer moral still to observe that “606” is the best vivisection can do toward abating the “ancient evil.”

The most singular recent case, however, of this near-sightedness in the vivisectional eye is anti-typhoid vaccine, which is almost literally offered as a substitute for cleanliness. Efficient sanitation is quite competent to deal with typhoid: but in our richly endowed laboratories, instead, the dog or monkey is patiently made sick, and a virus evolved by which to protect the



lazy camp or community that prefers (to use the language of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*) "a comfortable amount of sloth and filth."

Again, much is made of vivisection as a savior of children's lives, and its most telling appeals are those which call on the passionate tenderness and desperate anxiety of parents. But in practical results what vivisector has saved as many children as did Jacob Riis? Or, looking at the matter from another angle, does the corporate medical opinion of the country assist the National Child Labor Committee with the irresistible backing which nothing else, not even the combined churches, could give? Very pertinent are these considerations to one who watches the slow struggle of social workers to raise the "age of consent," to shorten the long day of young workers, to rescue the breaker boys from the black air they breathe, and the infant canners from their dismal summers in forlorn camps of dirty shacks. Do the defenders of vivisection ever take a day to go to their State or National capital to urge the passage of some life-saving bill indorsed by the Children's Bureau? Are there paragraphs in daily papers headed "State Academy of Medicine to Fight the Sweated Industries," or "National Body of Physicians Denounce Employment of Children in Mines" ?

It was long, it required experience of diverse sorts, before the social workers were welded into an almost unanimous band of woman suffragists. Miss Addams, at the close of a recent book, makes an interesting study of interlocking reforms. That vivisection will ultimately be thus recognized as a stumbling-block in the social path I have no doubt at all. Time will make clear how it works toward this bad end by focussing the public attention on ways to cure or forestall particular diseases, instead of on tackling the real problem of raising and safeguarding the public health. What we need is less to elude the germs of sickness one by one by a set of inoculations, than to raise our vitality and houseclean our environment.

Vivisection also has something to answer for in the case of psychotherapy. Nothing in the narrow bigotry of Christian Science can excuse, nothing perhaps can equal, the astonishingly cold shoulder the profession as a whole has turned toward all forms

of mental healing. They, who were the providential leaders for the discovery (or re-discovery) that

“A man is not a cage of bone,  
Or web of muscle, snugly tied  
To keep a separate soul inside,

But one inextricable whole  
Of thinking flesh, of sentient soul,”

shrugged indifferent shoulders and passed by on the other side. Had psychotherapy been discovered by inoculating a series of dogs with nervous prostration, how different might have been the professional attitude! How much more likely a Nobel prize to befall the happy vivisector! I was lately looking over a pamphlet sent me three years ago by an officer of the Research Defence Society. It is entitled “The Service of Animal Experimentation to the Knowledge and Treatment of Nervous Diseases,” by Dr. Charles L. Dana. The Emmanuel clinics were well established, Dr. Van Eeden had visited this country, and Moffat and Yard’s shelves were bulging with books on self-suggestion, when this pamphlet was issued by the Committee on Experimental Medicine of the Medical Society of the State of New York. It says not a word about any of them, nor about Charcot and his marvels in the Salpêtrière; makes no mention of Janet or Dubois, and in short, concerning those hundreds of thousands who were even then benefitting by mental treatment of a wise or foolish sort, it preserves the silence of the grave.

Another instance of what I have called the near-sightedness of vivisection and its champions is in the matter of hydrophobia. To anyone who has had the curiosity to read the witchcraft trials of the seventeenth century, the description of hydrophobia in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* presents a startling parallel. Not only is every manifestation of acute and frantic fear presented there as a symptom, but it is expressly stated that the *thought* of swallowing water produces the same effect upon the throat as actual water. The reader rubs his eyes, half persuaded that he is reading the testimony of hysterical children in Salem three hundred years ago. It is well known that policemen,



dog-catchers, animal rescue workers, pound-keepers,—in short, all those persons exposed most constantly to bites of vagrant and vicious dogs,—are apt to be very sceptical about hydrophobia. No London policeman ever had it; and the dog-catcher of Denver, on the occasion of his two-thousandth bite, expressed the usual doubt about the existence of the disease. Dr. Dulles of Philadelphia, who has several times been medically authorized to investigate the question, thinks the word “hydrophobia” should be used like the word “convulsions” to indicate a condition, not to suggest a cause.

Such facts, of which there are many, surely furnish data for a reconsideration of the question: but with an appearance of supporting any and all claims of vivisection through thick and thin, its defenders belittle and deny to the best of their ability all that would tend to allay the annual August panic.

Among other indictments of vivisection, only one seems of equal importance with these: I mean of course the cruelty it involves. No records of animal pain are kept, it is true: it is not perhaps thought of sufficient importance. Indeed, Professor Angell of Chicago University definitely says:

“But even if all experimenters were hardened by their work into a disregard of animal pain, society might still pronounce the value of their results to outweigh this drawback . . . whatever their personal attitude toward the animals with which they work.”

The bulky, technical and expensive records where the mute sufferings of vivisected animals lie hidden are difficult both to reach and to search. Defenders of the unrestricted practice often assert that it is practically painless. Anecdotes are told of animals which voluntarily seek out the laboratory because of the enjoyable experiences they have had there. On our side, we must confess, equally wild and whirling statements are sometimes made. Perhaps we even rival our opponents in the unconscious art of exaggeration. A point impossible for either side to speak certainly about is whether animal consciousness is sufficiently developed to enable them to feel such pain as human beings do. There is some evidence of callousness to suffering among both animals and very young children. I hope animals

suffer less than we should do from the wounds and diseases inflicted on them in laboratories. And yet I sometimes fear that as their senses are often keener than ours, their sense of pain may (God forbid!) be keener too.

Something may be inferred from the attitude of vivisection's defenders when restriction is proposed. Any bill forbidding extreme or prolonged pain is apt to be bitterly opposed by them as a "death-blow to science." Such statements appear to be rather strong evidence that such pain is, as we fear, part of the day's work in the laboratories. In Philadelphia, in April, occurred the trial of five vivisectors for the neglect of wounded dogs. It had not been thought, by anti-vivisectionists, that anything in the experiment itself, however painful, could be ground for action. But when Judge Bregy charged the jury, he stated that the laws of Pennsylvania did not permit torture of an animal for any other purpose than the animal's own welfare. *The New York Times*, strongest of pro-vivisection papers, at once stated editorially that this was an astounding reading of the law, and would be reversed by the higher courts. What then becomes of the frequent remark, by apologists for vivisection, that if torture is inflicted the law might be invoked? When the right to torture is confidently claimed, it is natural for the public to suppose it is claimed for practical, and not Pickwickian, purposes.

And this belief, which we would gladly change for a more consoling one, is unfortunately sustained by the language of many experimenters themselves. At Johns Hopkins recently, for example, scratched and corroded marbles were introduced into the bladders of dogs, and the results observed. The "studies" of the Rockefeller Institute several times report that animals were "found dead in the morning." Rabbits which have had their eyes irritated to produce abscesses and ulcers sometimes survive until their eyes are eaten away. A doctor who was himself a warm upholder of vivisection told me that he had declined to watch some experiments on the eyes of rabbits because of the horrifying pain they involved; and he added "they were not calculated to serve any useful purpose." Dogs fed on tuberculous sputum survive for months; cats are reduced to "extreme emaciation"; cancerous mice are inbred to procure a more malignant growth;



wounds have been sometimes purposely left unsterilized to study their festering.

Professor James wrote a careful letter to *The Evening Post* a year or two before his death, in which he said that while the anti-vivisection agitation was, in his opinion, often unjust, vexatious, untruthful and "idiotic," it was useful, it was even necessary, as matters stand, to curb the "unspeakable possibilities of callousness, wantonness and meanness of human nature." The expert psychologist speaking here recalls Froude's great dictum on the Inquisition:

"But the heart must often correct the follies of the head."

## WASTES AND ABUSES OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

EDSON N. TUCKEY

**H**OW absurd and pernicious the claim, so commonly made, that "in order to train the memory, secure culture and develop the power of thought" students must spend many years studying ancient languages and higher mathematics!

As a matter of fact, there is no subject or group of subjects which possesses a monopoly or anything resembling a monopoly of such educational values. Culture and mental discipline are not the exclusive or preëminent possession of students of the "classical" and higher mathematical courses. It has not been proved that any particular subject matter, as such, possesses even exceptional virtue in developing the power to think or the qualities of a virile culture. Certainly, it has not been established of any subject matter whose present and subsequent worth to the majority of students is relatively small. What subject matter offers a better opportunity for the development of mental power than the infinitely complex, vital and far reaching problems of present-day human life and environment? Earnestly grappling with those problems, directly, will develop mental power, or nothing can. For years, the writer has been insisting that "Know thyself" is an excellent starting point for an educational system and that a man can know himself only when he possesses a scientific knowledge of his present institutional and natural environment. The remote and relatively unimportant should come later in the order of acquisition. For a man to know himself, it were better to begin with his own present person and times than with Adam or Aphrodite.

Culture, as such, is not locked up in the urns, caskets, tombs and dead languages of buried civilizations or even in the abstract formulæ of higher mathematics. The source of virile culture is as broad as human interest, as deep as reality and as variable as the shifting scenes or points of view on the highway of human development.

Acquiring the vocabularies and constructions of ancient and



foreign languages develops the memory no more than acquiring any other group of facts of corresponding magnitude. In fact, memorizing merely for examinations and credits instead of for frequent future use probably injures more than it benefits the memory. The habit of reading but to forget is all too easily acquired. The habit of gaining valuable information for future use and satisfaction cannot too soon be acquired. The justifiable belief of students that much of the required work of high schools and colleges will be relatively of little value to them in later life, encourages evasion, superficial thinking and temporizing—a dangerous attitude toward life and intellectual pursuits.

The subject matter of pure mathematics, consisting largely of abstract quantitative or spatial magnitudes and their relations, affords no greater field for mental discipline than that of many another science. Abstract idealities are no more realities of consciousness than the other facts of experience and offer no more difficult problems. The mathematical line with its one dimension, the mathematical plane with its two dimensions, and many other mathematical concepts are abstract idealities, not realities of sense experience. Define your circle as an ideality contrary to or transcending sense experience—as an area possessing a circumference all points of which are absolutely equi-distant from the centre—reason accurately, and every conclusion will follow with certainty, exactness and finality. But there is never any more involved in a mathematical conclusion than is implied in the definitions and assumptions. If the latter are idealities, the former will be. The very finality and certainty of the deductive process seem to doom the man of little mind to the adamant shell and limitations of his own definitions. The master thinker, on the other hand, conversant with the broader sciences and philosophies, has developed that power and habit of thought which sees through, above, below and all around the limitations fixed by the definitions and assumptions of his subject. All this is not to say that mathematics is not useful; but it is to say that mathematics is not superior to other sciences, economic and natural, in the development of that power to think as wise men must think in dealing with the problems of real life. “It is exact,” yes. But the very exactness of which mathematicians boast is due largely to its

assumptions contrary to fact—to those abstractions or idealities referred to above. Yet its exactness is foolishly regarded by some as conclusive proof of the educational superiority of higher mathematics. But adopt the same methods in other sciences, remove yourself in thought from the “vulgar world” of experience and verification, postulate idealities, proceed with mere deductions, and you have similar results of exactness. But these exact theoretical portions, which every developed science possesses, valuable though they are in their places, frequently result in absurdities of conclusion, where their nature and limitations are not understood. On the other hand, economic and political sciences have at times been ridiculed as abstract, theoretical and impractical, just because they have employed in certain problems the very methods which are lauded in mathematics and used there predominantly.

If, apart from its utility, any subject possesses peculiar educational value, it is primarily because of the method of instruction involved—developed, perhaps, by long usage. But a monopoly of method is as impossible as it is absurd. Equal opportunity and facilities will soon remove any such superiority as may still cling to the traditional studies of the old school. Memorization is a necessity for the mastery of any economic or natural science, as is the use of every method of investigation. No science is inferior as a field for all-round mental development, excepting such as may use one method almost exclusively. No science is more limited in method—more given to the single process of deduction—than Pure Mathematics.

### *“Formal Discipline”*

The really vital problem in our educational policy is not whether a person secures any development of power in doing one thing which he can carry over and apply to the next task, for that depends largely upon the relative characteristics of the tasks in question; but whether we can longer afford or the people will much longer endure the waste of time, energy and money involved in doing that which is relatively unimportant, in the uncertain hope that perhaps some “formal discipline” may be ac-



quired which will possibly show itself in the performance of a subsequent task. A far more rational question is: What is the sense of doing any work or partially acquiring any part of a language or science, which ten chances to one will not be used again, when the time and energy could be employed in acquiring knowledge which would be of constant value in meeting the daily moral, political, economic, physiological and social problems of life, and give just as much real discipline in addition?

The writer contends, therefore, that the old system of educational requirements does not afford even the best sort of "training"—the last of the falling defences of the old school—not only for the reasons already given, but for the reason that the best efforts can be called forth in education, as in industry, only when the parties concerned are convinced that what they are doing is supremely worth while for themselves and society. "What's the use?" is a question which typifies an all too common attitude of mind found in our high schools and colleges—an attitude encouraged, if not engendered, by the relatively low use-value of the subjects "required." Such students are wiser than their educators and are entitled to our sympathy. If all educators would centre their attention for a while upon the questions of the relative utility and the relative costs of subjects in our educational curricula and honestly execute their best judgment thereon, many problems of scholarship and administration would solve themselves, and society would be vastly better off.

In his *Principles of Education*, Professor Ruediger has well stated that the doctrine of formal discipline "is valueless as a criterion for the selection of subject matter. To defend or retain a subject on the basis of disciplinary effect is to take a stand on an extremely slender support. Only intrinsic (?) values serve as valid bases for such retention and defence." Yet we have heard presidents of universities and deans of colleges persistently declare that mathematics and ancient languages are of far greater educational value than other subjects, not because of their relative utility to particular individuals for specific purposes, but because of their disciplinary effect. As if the thorough mastery of any useful subject would be possible without disciplinary effect! As

if there were not enough of vital things in life to give us all the discipline that suffering humanity can endure!

The claim is often made that students must learn ancient languages in order to understand English. While that may be true, in part, of the etymological development or history of the language, as desired by the linguistic specialist, it is difficult to see why the present distinctions and shades of meaning of the words and constructions of the English language cannot best be learned by the majority of students through a direct and extended study of that language itself. The awkward constructions and translations of foreign languages, studied before the English has been thoroughly mastered, have often proved a veritable stumbling block in the use of English. For most students, the motto, *Improve your English via Latin and Greek*, should be supplanted by the motto, *Improve your English via English and acquire what Latin or Greek you need as the need for it presents itself in the study of English*. Begin with and hold to the English as the central linguistic problem for the majority, and then push out into the ancient languages for the specific purpose of getting light on the particular problem in hand, when it is needed. Do not drop the main problem and spend years studying dead languages in the uncertain hope that some day they may be of use. However it may be for students who are specializing in foreign languages, the majority of students would probably by the former method acquire a better knowledge not only of English but also of ancient languages.

Another stock argument is: "Languages can best be learned during the earlier years of life." But so can all other subjects involving memorization chiefly. "But," continues the stock argument, "the specialist who finally discovers that he needs a foreign language, which he did not learn earlier, now finds it more difficult to acquire." True, but for that reason are we to continue sacrificing four or six years of the lives of thousands of students who do not want and never will use that language, when they might have been profitably employed directly mastering those sciences which would distinctly aid them in the performance of their duties in the broader as well as the narrower spheres of human activity? Furthermore, men sixty years of age have been



known to learn a language for the purpose of reading a particular book. A professor, about thirty-five or forty years of age, in a certain foreign university once told the writer that in the position occupied by the professor it was important for him to know the Russian language. He was then going to St. Petersburg with the intention of giving one summer wholly to the acquisition of that language, which he desired to know, not for "its own sake" or for some fancied "culture" or "discipline," but for the purpose of using it as a tool in solving certain problems. He was doing what he believed to be, at that time, of greatest utility to him and to society, not learning a language because of the traditional practices of his ancestors.

### *Waste of Human Resources in Our Educational System*

Thirty-three labor leaders were recently imprisoned for complicity in the destruction of property and human life. What should be done with those college professors, high school principals and teachers, who are wasting human energy, life and capital by misdirecting students and by misrepresenting the relative values of studies? If "time is money," it is also character, success and life, when properly used. He who wilfully or carelessly wastes the time and energy of students in the formative period of life, when ideas, habits and attitudes of mind toward life are acquired as never after, is a moral criminal just as much as the laborer who destroys capital by dynamite. Both practices are utterly abhorrent, but if, in the former case, personal ambition is the controlling motive, while in the latter, it is the real or imaginary welfare of thousands, the relative moral worth of the two classes of offenders is not hard to gauge.

Unnecessary waste is uneconomical and immoral. It is also relative. He who spends his time doing that which is worth relatively less to him and to society than that which he might be doing is wasting his time and energy. He who makes the best possible use of his time and substance, in the interest of society and himself, is essentially moral, as well as economically superior.

Probably ninety per cent. of liberal arts students leave college without the ability to read or write any foreign language with

ease and fluency—to say nothing of their own. What are we doing? Are we maintaining factories for the sake of training the young to forget, to form habits of superficial treatment of problems, to waste rather than to conserve human energy? Mastery of one foreign language, wisely selected with reference to the particular student's future needs, would be worth vastly more to the majority of students, whether from the standpoint of culture or utility, than a mere smattering of several ancient and modern languages, as required under the old system.

### *Means versus Ends*

We should keep in mind the distinction between means and ends. To every specialist his subject tends to become, more or less, an end. To the majority of people, however, his subject is a mere means to some higher end. Actually, there are degrees or gradations between mere means and real ends. Certain subjects are for practically all men mere tools or means to an end. Other subjects, based upon the former perhaps, deal more or less directly with those vital problems of human life, relationship and environment, which are ever present and immediate verities. They are problems of human welfare; and human well-being is surely an end.

Languages are primarily means, not ends. They are the means of acquiring and conveying ideas. The object of a rational educational system, designed best to further progress and general well-being, is not the acquisition of many ways of expressing the same idea, but many ideas regarding ourselves and our environment expressed in one way, or at any rate, in the most economical and effective way. It is not worth while for a student to acquire a foreign language, unless it is for him essential to the acquisition of relatively much needed ideas or facts not found in his own language, or unless for some purpose such as that of international trade, travel or politics, the acquisition of that language is of special value to him or to his nation.

Truth, justice, facts, logic, scientific accuracy and analysis, not rhetoric and linguistic window-dressing, are the hope of freedom. Clear, simple, forcible English is more to be desired by the ma-



jority, than a few terms, phrases and constructions gleaned from dead or foreign languages. Few ideas are so marvellous that they require more than one language in order to be conveyed. If they cannot be expressed in English, let the English language be enriched at that point. A language that is growing at the rate of five thousand words a year can be adjusted to any such need.

Even linguists would declare an educational policy wasteful and obstructive, which required of all students a knowledge of all languages of all ages, or even of the thirty-four hundred languages and dialects said to be in use at the present time. As a matter of fact, any unnecessary multiplicity of languages required of students is an economic waste. No man has an adequate conception of relative values, who does not understand what economists call "opportunity cost." He who does one thing is sacrificing the opportunity to do other things. The law of cost is as inexorable in the expenditure of human energy as is the principle of displacement in physics.

The most ideal, the most economical arrangement possible would be a single universal language, in which all accumulated and recorded knowledge is expressed. The largest amount of valuable knowledge would thus be available to all at the lowest cost. The best and most generally understood expression of each idea, not thousands of inferior expressions of the same idea, is the educational policy which gives promise of greatest good. Every additional but unnecessary language required of students becomes a means of robbing them of efficiency and the knowledge which they most need. Valuable ideas, which teach new lessons or point the way to better conditions and life, not the many languages in which those ideas are clothed, are what the majority want.

### *Misnomers and Pretensions*

Another point should be clearly grasped. In this article the writer is not speaking of history, art, science or philosophy taught in the name of some language. The language professor who places relatively large emphasis upon things other than the structure, vocabulary, and evolution of a language is not teaching language, *per se*, so much as history, science, art, etc., under a misnomer. He may be wise in clothing the dry bone of his subject

with such living materials and interests. But he is either blind or dishonest if he pretends to justify extensive "requirements" in languages because of professorial excursions into sciences and philosophies better taught by competent specialists in those fields. In this article, then, by the study of languages is meant, primarily and chiefly, the study of grammatical structures and vocabularies—the study of the means of conveying ideas, not an analysis of those ideas themselves. As we have seen, such study has no more cultural or disciplinary value than any other. The study of the structures and vocabularies of languages must therefore be justified, if at all, upon the ground of the relative utility of those languages, as compared with other studies, for definite purposes—for specific and relatively desirable ends to be attained by the individuals concerned.

Think of the economy of human energy and resources that would result from the removal of all "requirements" in ancient languages, except for the few who expressly need them for specific pursuits, as in unearthing ancient lore, and from the employment by English-speaking nations of a few experts to put, once for all, into excellent English the veritable jewels of thought found in those languages! Thousands of years of wasted effort, now exacted of our youth, could be saved for themselves and humanity. We need a new bible in English—a bible of the valuable parts of ancient recorded knowledge put into accredited form. All along the line of educational endeavor there is needed an intelligent application of the economic principle of division of labor—a type of specialization which will reduce the cost or increase the output of our educational system, and which, in either case, will increase the surplus of satisfactions and, consequently, human well-being. This does not mean, as has been shown elsewhere, a narrow bread-and-butter vocational training. It means, rather, a broad and gracious introduction to the vocation of splendid living. It means an attitude toward life in which affectation and pretension are scorned and hated as mere variant manifestations of base lies. If justice, truth and love of truth, as the possible possession of one and all, are among the basic motives of our educational system, as they should be, many of our educators have much to learn of the standards of honor which such motives demand.



## THE PRESS AND THE REPORTER

GEORGE H. and GILBERT V. SELDES

**A**N answer to the anonymous article *What is the Matter with the Press?* in THE FORUM of April, 1914, would hardly be necessary were it not that the author of it has taken, for answer to the question, the one thing, the only thing in the newspaper world which is honestly, and thoroughly, and almost eternally right, and said that it was disgracefully and almost irretrievably wrong.

The author of that article is, according to his own statements, a moderate failure at newspaper work, just as he was, again by his own admission, a failure at railroading. He killed his conscience at the age of 28 and he is now writing for money, being frank, as in this case, or hypocritical, as in a case he mentions, according to the demands of publication. He finds that he is "the most vicious element in the newspaper world to-day." One could dismiss this unhappy case with the reflection that here, at last, was a man who valued himself properly, were it not that he proceeds to exercise the faculty (until recently believed to be the feminine prerogative) of generalizing from a specific instance, and talks wildly and foolishly about "reporters" and what he calls "our dirty little profession."

If our profession is either dirty or little there is neither a clean nor a thoroughly big profession in this world—which may be the true condition—and may not. The hard, cynical, degraded reporter of public fancy, is still sentimental enough to believe that his profession, that of the *news-writer*, is clean, and his life is usually a bitter, and often a successful, struggle to keep that profession clean. We are not attempting to make a white angel, burning with purity, of the reporter, and we are not generalizing from a few specific cases culled in two limited experiences—which would be indelicate, at best. This article is written out of a somewhat extended observation and on the authority of men who have known reporters in the most intimate way—the city editors of metropolitan newspapers. Their testimony is unanimous, and to quote one expression of it is enough.

"*The reporter, and especially the young reporter, is the saving grace of the newspaper,*" said a city editor who had met hundreds of men in his experience. "The most surprising thing in making a paper is *the inexplicable and sometimes mad desire on the part of reporters to tell the truth.* It's a baffling phenomenon, but it exists almost universally."

Place beside that cheerful statement the claim of our anonymous detractor: "We are a lot of unconscious liars. We don't even care about the truth. All we care about is the 'story'—the special side of the story which we think our paper wants."

Now this, to a reporter, is really nonsense. Every paper wants its "story" and almost every paper of character wants its story treated in a particular way. There is nothing more illegitimate in this than in the employment of style in writing fiction. Fancy Joseph Conrad being rebuked for not writing the truth as Jane Austen wrote it! But apart from this consideration, the damning truth is that the newspaper, the city editor in particular, wants the *facts*. The insistence upon facts has been the ruin of thousands of men with literary gifts and bright young imaginations, who thought that they were superior to facts. The newspaper man, up to and including the city editor, to whom alone reporters are responsible, is a slave to facts, to mere information and to statistics. He may go beyond them in treatment, but he must bring them in and report them to his head, and know them by heart, and treat them with tender respect until he is told to do otherwise. As he may be. That is a separate story. Just now, one cannot wonder that the author of *What is the Matter with the Press?* was a failure at the good game, since he admits that "the actual fact is that we do not know we are lying." Interesting this statement is—if true. It simply means that this one reporter says of other reporters that when they go out on stories they do not get, or at best do not see, the facts. Otherwise they would know when they are lying. And they do.

Let so much, then, be understood. The news-writers, cub and star alike, get facts, know the truth, and are ready to tell it if they can. It is only part of their work; the other parts being "getting the feature" and writing the story acceptably. But it



is the fundamental thing, and the denial of it makes the whole article in question a vain thing.

Comes then that interesting superstition about the "distortion of news." We call it a superstition merely in its relation to the news-writer. That it is a fact in other connections will soon appear. But as far as the distortion of news goes with the reporter, there is another word of wisdom from a city editor who had as little sentimental regard for the abstract truth as a man may have. "It's no use trying to fake a story," he said. "*The truth is infinitely more interesting and more useful to us than any fake you can make up on the way in from an assignment. It takes longer than that to 'frame up' a good story. I have never asked a man to fake a story and I never expect to. There is material enough in the truth if the reporter would only see it.*"

If any confirmation is wanted of this let the reader consider the article published recently in *Harper's Weekly* by Mr. Isaac Russell. In that article the astonishing fact was brought out that the Hearst papers, when they intended a monumental fake in the office, sent out a man who was known for his unimpeachable honesty. (If we were writing for a newspaper we would say "alleged" in all this. The facts are taken on the authority of the article.) The truth about facts, as the newspaper gets them, is visible, and is not distorted because there is simply no point in distortion. Most facts are a matter of indifference to the newspaper owner. A fact may be "played up" or obscured, but it is printed unless the policy of the paper forbids. And inasmuch as a clean paper or a plutocratic paper or a socialistic paper has each its own standard, who shall say what news shall be printed?

It is not worth while, when there is so much still to be said in answer to the question of the press and what ails it, to take up each detail of the attack upon the reporter. One instance needs to be noted because it lights brilliantly the reporter's life. The author of the article quotes a case of a "joy-riding" chauffeur, trapped by ungracious fate, who perjured himself when charged with stealing a car he had unintentionally smashed, and who had the turn of the screw in knowing that his wife perjured herself in turn, pleaded guilty, received a bitterly unjust sentence

and fell shrieking to the floor of the court-room. Of this story the author says he turned in "an infamously mild account,"—"the story that my paper wanted." One wonders on what paper he worked. There is nothing extravagantly unusual in this story, yet there is not a paper in any city of this corrupt country which would have rejected the proper treatment of the case. One has read stories more distressing, of injustice more flagrant in *The Sun* and *The Herald* and *The Call* and *The Journal*, in New York. One has read accounts of the Lawrence strike more directly undermining capitalism (which the press is supposed to shield) in *The Evening Post*. One has read uglier and more appealing stories in every paper in the land. Yet this reporter made no effort to tell the story truthfully.

Did he see the feature? Did he get the story in it which transcended economics and partisanship because it was human? Did he do what every reporter does, to the everlasting joy of his soul—see the wonder of life in the tragic mess? We doubt it. If he had he might not have needed to sell his soul. Because it is the infinite grace of the reporter's life that if he does see things, his soul is saved. The wonder of the life he is sent to report can catch him up and make a man of him in the armed teeth of every corrupt paper-owner in the world.

The reporter and the city editor are blameless in the whole affair. And one must speak of one when one speaks of the other. The city editor is a graduate reporter in almost every case; he remains blood of their blood when he rises to his position, and in him works the same desire to see the truth and to tell it. With the managing editor it is different. He is empowered to distort, to conceal, to deny the truth. Often he shares the owner's policies without the owner's excuse, which is simple self-interest. In many cases a managing editor will direct the exploitation or the suppression of news, at the owner's command, without an inward protest. And with him as a starting point we come to the solution of the whole problem. It is:

*News is suppressed by interested persons in authority; the city-staff, reporters and city editor, are not interested and have no authority.* In that syllogism, with its obvious moral, the reporter's innocence is made clear.



## DETERMINISM AND CHARACTER

C. E. HEATHCOTE-SMITH

**N**O human being is without some strain of madness:—this is one of the popular doctrines that passes unchallenged among us.

No one need be other than a wholly rational being—so says the determinist doctor and philosopher of Berne, Professor Paul Dubois.

The scope of this assertion is bold: it amounts to claiming that if this “sorry scheme of things” be grasped reasonably, all—except those with physically imperfect brains—afflicted with the wide-spread modern evil of neurasthenia or even subject to its lesser forms, as melancholy, anger, ill-humor, impatience or timidity, can be trained so to think and feel, that their minds will be gradually turned to serenity and optimism.

Dr. Paul Dubois is the professor of neuropathology at the University of Berne, and has propagated his theories about life by word of mouth and through his books since 1888.

The four books he is best known by, *Les Psychonévroses et leur Traitement Moral*, *L'Education de Soi-Même*, *Influence de l'Esprit sur le Corps* and *Raison et Sentiment*, have all been translated into English as well as other languages, while many mental specialists and educationalists in America and elsewhere pay increasing attention to his theories.

“Man is the only animal that does not know how to live”—such is the cry wrung from Dubois after listening to the plaintive tale of one of his patients. The life of all other animals is simple: they live by the impressions received through their senses: they react almost directly on these impressions themselves, their sluggish brain performing but a minimum of independent function. But man's life is other; it is complex; it is made up of the sense-impressions he receives, which his brain translates into ideas and at times into feelings. If he suffers from a disordered or affected brain, it naturally perverts his sense-impressions. All happiness and misery proceed from one's feelings and as the brain is to be shown as the medium for their

confection or production, its right training is the pivot on which all else turns.

The whole of man's life is activity, and this activity continues in his sleep and in his dreams. But it is not a single activity; it is two-fold; it consists of automatic acts, as digestion or breathing, and of voluntary acts which we control in the brain and perform consciously under the influence of motives. It is these acts which make up our life in relation to the outside world, that is our social life, and which can hence be defined as our conduct.

What are the forces which determine our conduct and make us act? They are feelings and nothing but feelings and, as we shall see, their place of registration is the brain. All we do is done under the influence of feelings, strong or weak, lasting or fleeting, which may result in actions good or bad.

Poets, literary men or artists may tell us that the number of feelings is legion: indeed at first sight this appears so, for is it not in the infinite diversity of feelings that novels, dramas, all art in fact seeks its subject? But however complex, or however numerous our feelings may seem, two alone make up our *sentient* or emotional life—wishing and fearing.

The one, wishing, urges man on and incites him to attain his desires: the other, fearing, holds him back and makes him recoil from what he dreads. In fact, there exist really only two primary feelings, pleasure and displeasure.

Dubois would go further and say man has never had but one motive of action—wishing: either the positive wish for something to happen, or the negative wish that something should not happen. Every time we act and in whatever way it be, there can be traced one, and only one, cause setting us in motion—our wish.

If boys pass an orchard and reason holds back some, while impulse eggs others on to steal the apples, we should say reason is better than impulse; again, it might be my reason or logic telling me to punish my enemy while my "better feelings" incline me to mercy. Thus sometimes it is impulse that prompts a kindly action, whereas cold reasoning over the matter would banish the sentimental instinct and lead to a more selfish decision,



while at others reason plays the beau rôle. But is there really any essential difference between the two? Undoubtedly a distinction between impulse and reason seems to be accepted by everybody and has passed into our daily speech. Is not there a saying that "All good thoughts come from the heart"? Pascal too wrote "Le cœur a des raisons que la raison ne connaît pas."

Superficially, yes, a distinction between the two can be noticed: there often seem in us two personalities, the one impulsive, enthusiastic and easily carried away, the other reflective, thoughtful, full of self-control. Sometimes we approve the first, sometimes the second: our preference flits from one to the other backward and forward. When our reason has restrained us from some passionate outburst, it is to reason and reflection we pay homage, but when we have displayed impetuous generosity, then it is our "good heart" that is first favorite, and pedants who wish to reason out everything are accorded a poor welcome.

There is indeed so much confusion, mingled with so much truth, in our contradictory ideas about reason on the one hand and our instinct, impulses, or feelings on the other, that the fundamental error of the discussion must be laid bare.

What are feelings and what is reason?

Feelings, says Dubois, evidently originate, not in our heart, but in our head. The heart does not feel, however delicate it may be; it has purely physical functions. It may beat quicker when we are excited, and is thus acted upon by our feelings: but to say our feelings come from our heart is like saying that in a dog its feelings come from its tail because that is what it wags when it is happy!

It is to our *soul* and not to our heart we must attribute the feelings on which we act. Without entering on a metaphysical dissertation as to what our soul may be, it will be agreed that it is through our brain we think, feel and hence act: and to the seat of these complex functions we apply, according to circumstances, the almost synonymous terms of soul, mind, understanding, judgment, etc. These words—think and feel—have been so sedulously kept apart, that we have begun to regard the functions themselves as separated into water-tight compartments. But this is a great mistake. The life of our soul or our mind

—for they are one and the same—is composed solely of *mental pictures or images*. Everything for us is an image or picture: pictures, our most simple sensations: pictures, our more complex impressions: pictures, our thoughts and the words that serve to express them: pictures again, the feelings arising from them which we perceive and which end in actions.

The subjectivity of these images or mental pictures needs emphasis. As Dubois says, it is not one's ear or the telephone apparatus that hears: it is the subscriber who is listening. So it is with our feeling and thinking ego, our mind, which pigeon-holes the image and at the same time forms a judgment as to it. All our mental life consists of the formation of images, i. e. of "imagination"; very often too we form not true imaginations, corresponding with reality, but false ones where error has crept in. Nor is error to be considered as exceptional. In an experiment made by Dr. Schnyder, an electric shock was given to 300 people with an apparatus that contained absolutely not one atom of electricity: yet 77 per cent. of the subjects felt varying sensations, from the faintest tickling up to the most intolerable pains!

Aristotle said: "Nothing exists in the intelligence which has not first been in the senses." That means we can never have a single thought which has not been provoked by a sensation coming either from outside or from our inner self and reaching our intelligence through one or more of the five senses. It is by these we establish the relation of things and form judgments as to them. All these processes constitute in turn rapid mental pictures. Let us illustrate this.

If I prick my finger, a physiological change takes place in me. The wound causes a wave to pass through me and it reaches the cerebral cells. Then happens a so-far unexplained phenomenon. My feeling and thinking faculty—my ego—becomes cognizant of a "sensation." This is no longer physiological, but is now psychological. It is already complex too by the time it is felt. We—our brain—distinguish the ego which suffers, and the outside object, which caused the small wound.

All this was momentary, but happened in a regular order, always the same; pricking; nervous current; disturbance of the



brain-cells; these are the physiological conditions. Lastly the whole process results in the psychological phenomenon;—the subjective image or picture of the pricking which we commonly call a mental perception.

How then does a mental image or perception become a feeling? Dubois answers this by saying a mental image becomes a sentiment when it is made warm or given color by the addition of an emotional movement. A mental image can remain purely intellectual and cold, as when we notice that a given triangle is equilateral; it then leaves us indifferent. To move us an element exciting passion or emotion—i. e., putting us in motion—must be introduced.

If you stand in Paris in the Avenue de l'Opéra and look at the clocks showing the different times in America, East Europe and so on, you perceive mentally various facts, which will in no way influence your life, and they remain cold perceptions; but if while your eye rests on the clock representing Paris time, the idea come to you that you have just missed an important appointment, the mental perception of the minute before has now been colored and given life and warmth by this second superadded perception, and at once an emotional element has entered in; you are set in motion—moved—by a feeling now, whether of anger, impatience or regret, and you will act on it.

If we examine our feelings at any moment the same unalterable sequence is always present: the *mental perception*, then this is given life by a *feeling* of pleasure or displeasure and an *act* inevitably follows, unless another image comes to create a contrary desire.

The reason of this transformation from cold perception to warm feeling is always identical, always the same—it is *self-love*. As long as a thought remains purely intellectual, as an algebraic formula for instance, it leaves us cold. As soon as it brings our attention back to ourselves, to our moral or material or spiritual interests, as soon in fact as it can be even remotely connected with us personally in any way, at once we have a *feeling* about it, whether of pleasure or displeasure, and our natural, and in no way blamable, self-love has converted the thought into a feeling.

Naturally it is when our own personal interests are affected that we are apt to feel strongest, but however faint or however passionate our feelings, the sequence of mental image—feeling—act—is unalterable.

Generally speaking, feelings are thought of as primary or spontaneous: this is the popular conception. Everyone admits that most of us spend a large part of our life doing things we would prefer not to do—through our laziness, impatience, irritability, impetuosity, to mention some of the more venial weaknesses only. When argument is used, the answer comes readily: "Well, but I can't help it, I *feel* like that: my feelings carry me away: you can't reason about one's feelings."

If the popular fallacy were correct and feelings were really spontaneous and primary, we could obviously never alter them: but as Dubois' arguments show, feelings (other than the purely animal instincts of hunger, etc.) are in their very essence secondary. They can be modified and altered either by our being brought to recognize that the idea which originated the feeling is not true, or that it does not affect our interests.

Thus a man white with passion at being called a liar, is restored to equanimity at once if he finds the original perception, which he colored into a feeling, was false, as when he learns the epithet was hurled at some one else.

This simple example surely shows that the only means of changing a feeling is to have the basic original perception calmly examined, so as to see if there really was sufficient reason for becoming excited or moved over it.

It is here that the determinist nature of the doctrines taught by Dubois comes into play.

We have seen how, after recognizing man's inability to live properly, he states that true happiness, and physical health also to some extent, are dependent on the conduct of the brain. Our philosophy of life must be sound and wholesome and to be able to follow it out we must grasp the mechanism of the mind. A fundamental error exists in our conception as to feelings and reason, for both really are controlled through the brain and both are subjective, being mental images: a feeling differs from



a concept in that it is a further mental picture touching our self-love which is superimposed on our original perception.

The latter part of this article is to set forth briefly how Dubois explains determinism, showing that everyone practises its principles though they may believe themselves opposed to it in theory: how he utilizes our knowledge of the mechanism of thought for advancing his doctrine and how finally his philosophy leads to optimism and idealism.

Socrates was a determinist, as when about to drink the cup of hemlock, he exclaimed: "Men are not wicked, but are duped." So too was Father Lacordaire when he wrote: "To understand all is to forgive all."

Determinism maintains that man is not a free agent to wish any and everything: he can only wish for things in accordance with the character he has: this character is made up for him by his inherited instincts, his own nature and the ideas and experience that have come to him while being educated. Outside the limits of his own mentality he can no more wish for things that his character does not call for, than can a soprano sing bass. No man of perfectly moral instincts can force himself, will himself, to wish to murder: a real coward cannot by trying wish to be in the midst of danger, nor can a brave combative man wish to fly from the enemy when the odds are equal.

This Socratic notion is well developed by Dubois. He says it applies not only to our acts but to our thoughts also. "It is a strange delusion to believe we can think of *whatever we will* and *what we will*. No one, however great a genius he may have been, has ever had a personal thought or ever caused any given idea to spring up in his brain. All thoughts, however complicated they may be, proceed from an association of ideas and from that alone: they are in no wise subject to a sovereign will-power. Our thoughts are forced on us, and follow each other in our head without our being able to change their order, expel unpleasant ones or linger over those that are agreeable. They all come from chance stimuli, physical or psychic, reaching us from outside, extrinsic with regard to our inner self or mind, even when the stimulus resides within our organism. We do not originate our thought: it is the stimulus that gives it birth.

*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu* is the fundamental proposition of psychology."

Strictly speaking we do not think by our own effort, but are passively present while image succeeds image in the kaleidoscope of our mind. The same flow of thought-bringing stimuli goes on uninterruptedly through our passive, receptive brain, and in our waking hours no less than in our dreams we are powerless to oppose it, except in the following, passive manner. The direction and force of the current of thought can be opposed:—but only by the obstacles met in their onward flow. These obstacles consist of the former thoughts stored up in our memory, and which too were "born" originally in the same way—by association of ideas.

We ourselves admit this fact when in excuse for some act of forgetfulness, we say "The other idea *never came into my head.*"

But the belief that man is free and that his thoughts and acts are not *determined* for him by agents outside his power, is strongly held by millions, and even those who have grasped determinism in a certain degree come back to the charge by saying "Granted our thoughts are often suggested to us from outside: yet we can enforce a certain order on our thoughts: thus when we sit down for an hour to solve an algebraic problem, we direct our thoughts along a definite path."

Yes, says Dubois, in appearance you do if you do not take into account your blind *slavery to your inner self*. You do not voluntarily fix your attention: it is riveted by the attraction of the work itself which you say you force yourself to feel, but which, on the contrary, forces itself on you.

To understand determinism clearly, the imperative character of the motive which determines our feelings and actions must be realized.

Thus if a man stints himself for a year in order to make a certain investment for the benefit of others, it is because the motive exercises a fascination over him, which makes him consider it well worth while his daily sacrifices: while when a few days before the desired amount is reached he gambles away the entire sum, it is because for a few hours the glamour of playing



was so powerful that he could not resist: in each case the motive is present,—the motive of pleasure which can be traced back to self-love. The attraction in the one case was of a moral order, in the second it was not. The more the man's mind by a careful training and education is stocked with good mental images, the more imperative will be the attraction of a motive of a normal order. If these mental images, and hence in this case moral principles, are shallow, so too the influence over him of selfish or evil motives will be all the stronger. His feelings and acts are *determined* for him by the moral composition of his mind, just as surely as his capacity for understanding is determined and limited by the greater or less acuteness of his brain.

If free will is brushed aside in this manner, however, what becomes of will itself? Can we have no thoughts, more primary and fundamental than the others, which we can at will throw into the involuntary flow of ideas and check them when we really wish it? Dubois' answer to this is that anyone is free to suppose, if he wishes to, that an autonomous will resides somewhere deep down in us: but its rôle would be very insignificant, and while the involuntary succession of ideas is an established fact, let those who claim that there are exceptions in the shape of voluntary ideas come forward with a proof of them. If no one can do this, there is still a last line of defence for liberty and free-will. It is that we always have it in us to choose, hesitate or decide, and follow either one of two courses.

Certainly, we can appreciate the relative value of motives, but only with the brain that we have with its inherited and developed instincts and tendencies. We are only free in so far as we can judge without other people interfering in our decisions; in that sense the word liberty is unassailable. But, asks Dubois, are we free to have any kind of an opinion on any subject and modify it by the exercise of our "free will"? No!

Spinoza answered this when he said "Men only think themselves free because they see their acts clearly, but do not consider the motives which determined those acts."

All our acts are governed by the central fact of our wish or desire. The only thing which can alter the direction of a desire, is *not* our *will* or will-power, but the appearance of a

contrary mental image in our consciousness. The struggle between the two begins and we feel like a judge who is to award the prize: but we forget that in our judgment we bring our character and our prejudices, that we judge with our head and that our head was not built up by us. We choose between the ideas with the same liberty as we choose a hat: that is, not being forced by others but guided, in spite of ourselves, by our taste and we choose that which *seems to us* to be the best. Those who believe in free will when speaking of will-power, conceive that we decide aright by "moral effort." In determinist language this effort is merely the "painful hesitation" which seizes on us at times, as when the attraction of a moral act is beginning to wane before the enticement of a thoughtless pleasure.

Thus the quality that others call will, as the "will to do right," Dubois calls *clairvoyance* or clear-sightedness, so that for him will-power when exercised morally is *moral clairvoyance*.

Determinism then lays down that, just as Lombroso taught in his books on criminology, man is philosophically speaking irresponsible, and except in so far as his moral culture provides a safeguard, a man born with evil instincts will inevitably do evil when opportunity arises; for his thoughts and feelings will be evil and the act follows automatically in accordance with the dictates of the brain. So far it is on the vague, hypothetical presence of a fragment of *moral conscience* preëxisting in every human creature's soul (i. e. mind) that the doctrine of responsibility is built up, with all the consequent harshness that is shown to those who sin. Dubois does away with the "preëxisting" conscience. His conscience is "the sum-total of moral concepts which at any given moment are to be found in a man's understanding and which serve to guide him in the conduct of this life." Thus conscience, apart from natural inherited predisposition, is the product of education.

But, whatever their theories may be, there are no thinkers to-day who do not practise the principles of determinism in this respect. The most ardent adherents of liberty and free-will lay the same emphatic stress on the benefits of culture and education no less than do determinists. Determinism says "An uneducated man with evil forbears and instincts will inevitably be a po-



tential source of wrong-doing: he will judge the ideas that come to him with the mind he has, and cannot but be lured by wicked motives: educate him with 'sweet reason,' stock his memory and his intelligence with moral mental images, so that the beauty of high motives may strike root in his brain, and when next called upon to decide between a good or evil course, there is hope that he may be attracted by the honest motive." Is not, in substance, the language of the free-will school identical?

It is so much the case that we all realize how our feelings and acts are determined for us by our existing "character" (or, as Dubois might call it, "the whole content of our understanding"), that we feel "free" when doing what pleases us, and "enslaved" when compelled by others to act contrary to our own wishes. But, as Guyau says, "A dog held in leash by its master, and whose master wished precisely to go everywhere the dog goes and at the same pace, would believe itself perfectly free." And our "freedom" is the same. As long as nothing happens which forces us to act through fear—what we *wish not* to do—we have the perpetual illusion of freedom.

Now Dubois' doctrine is that if our "moral clairvoyance" were sufficiently developed, we should no longer be the slaves of our passions, but the slaves of a moral ideal. We have to be slaves—that we cannot get away from: but it is the consideration of the ethical aim in view that differentiates between the two kinds of slavery—to evil and to goodness.

If our reason, our faculty of understanding, tells us a certain course is the right one to be followed, we follow it surely and unhesitatingly according to the degree of our conviction of its truth. Thus Dubois seems to have no room for will-power, as such, and his thought is well expressed by one of his patients who said: "One's will falls passively into the rut hollowed out for it by one's reason." Therefore a man who fails in keeping new resolutions, is one who was only half-convinced, and is still under the sway of his former opinions. So we see will-power and understanding merge into each other. Spinoza crystallized this conception in these words, "Understanding and will are one and the same thing." Thus will is merely "reason convinced."

Guyau once wrote "That man thinks imperfectly who does not act according to his thoughts." This sums up Dubois' theories very concisely. He teaches that really to be convinced of anything is the same as being constrained to act according to that thought. For, as set forth earlier, a feeling is merely "an idea that has been given color by the juxtaposition of a second idea touching our self-love." If we are convinced, if we think perfectly, nothing can shake this perfect conviction, no consideration of baser self-love can influence us and our act will follow the thought inevitably. It is by the understanding of this mental mechanism that Dubois expects so much good to arise.

It will be readily conceded that the number of children who, if trained early and appropriately enough, would be recalcitrant to the attractiveness of a moral ideal, is almost infinitesimal, provided those with hereditary or inborn mental weakness are not included. Dubois has found in the course of his career as a nerve-doctor that the proportion even of adults, many with deep-rooted prejudices and unsupple brains, who have been prepared to follow him along his lines of reasoning and master harmful impulses, so as to lead lives of greater optimism and utility for themselves and others, has been surprisingly high. So in his endeavor to place "Reason,"—no longer the fleshly goddess of the Revolution, but rather the sweet reasonableness of philanthropy—on this pedestal, where all may worship it and feel the vast power it conceals, Dubois has buoyant hopes.

His experience has convinced him of the intense logic—even of the neurasthenic—when taken singly, one by one apart, and reasoned with over the manner of life that each should live. The stupidity of crowds, of nations, is proverbial. Their anger, panic, excitement or depression, more contagious than any plague has ever been, are proofs of the unreasoning, puerile soul of men when massed together. But in the education of the individual, above all if he is taught to understand how his feelings derive from his thoughts and can be submitted to the beneficent control of his reason—there is endless hope. May it not be at some future time he can be so trained, that even when gathered together in nations, each man will still retain intact the intelligence so painfully developed in him?



## THE MAINTAINED PRICE

WARD MACAULEY

WHEN you get off the boat at a certain prominent summer resort, you will find yourself besieged by innumerable carriage drivers, each vociferous in his expressed desire to "drive you around the island." You will be handed a multitude of business cards, advertising the rates of the various drivers. Careful comparison of the entire lot will show you, however, that they do not vary in a single particular. The prices are the same from all and to all. Looks like a trust, doesn't it? A combination to boost prices, mayhap. At least, so it would seem to the many to whom uniformity of prices is anathema. But how is it in reality? In the old days, before the uniformity of scale was enforced by a commission, each driver would look you over and obtain from you what he thought the traffic would bear. It was a case of whether you or he proved to be the more accomplished "dickerer." The commission decided to enforce the sensible rule that Mr. John Smith should ride as cheaply as Peter Jones, whether he was his equal at the game of beating down or not.

This is the inner principle of the movement for price maintenance—the equality of the customer. Contrary to the view accepted by many, price maintenance is as much for the benefit of the consumer as for the merchant and his employees, and those who urge the maintained price are as eager for it to prevail in the goods they buy as in the goods they sell. There are those who argue that the maintained price is necessarily a higher price and therefore contrary to the welfare of the so-called consumer. If mankind could be divided into two camps, one of consumers and one of producers, it might be possible to consider the welfare of the consumer alone as such. As a matter of fact, all are both consumers and producers. Even those who actually produce nothing usually do so indirectly in the investment of their funds. Smith is a producer of shoes and a consumer of not only shoes but clothes, food, amusements, automobiles and a thousand and one other things. Therefore he must approach a question

not from the standpoint of the mythical producer or consumer, but from his all-round experience and needs.

The maintained price works directly for the benefit of the purchaser, because he knows that he is being fairly treated, that he pays the same price that every other man pays and that he is getting "the bottom price." The average man would rather pay five dollars for a Knox hat with all the backing and guarantee that the name gives him, than enter a store and dicker with the proprietor and finally pay him three or four dollars for a hat of unknown quality and origin. The dealer is a skilled professional. He must know more about hats than you possibly can. If you attempt to deal with him on the terms of dicker, you are matching wits with an expert. No matter how much "discount," "reduction," or "special concession" you receive, you are always in doubt that you have struck bottom.

The competition should be between the makers of Knox hats and the makers of other hats, not among the retailers. In the case of well-advertised goods, retailers are properly only the agents of the manufacturer—the last link in the chain between maker and user. It has been contended that when a manufacturer ships merchandise to a retailer, he absolutely and entirely parts title and that he can exercise no control over its subsequent distribution. Advocates of price maintenance claim that in the case of branded, well-advertised goods, the relationship of principal and agent is clearly defined. The retailer has no possible use for the goods himself. Title of ownership is without value to him. He merely serves to pass them on to the actual user. Thus, it is clear that if certain hats are advertised to patrons all over the country at five dollars, the makers should be allowed to enforce the sale of their product at that price. Otherwise they are as guilty of discrimination as Mr. Jones, who looks his customer over and decides the price by his appearance of prosperity or otherwise. Advocates of price maintenance believe it to be as reprehensible to discriminate between two customers because one lives in Michigan and the other in Ohio, as between two customers who enter the same store.

A well-dressed, prosperous-looking gentleman entered a bookstore in a New York State city and asked for a copy of *Charles*



*O'Malley* by Charles Lever. The proprietor himself produced a copy in an edition the general price of which was fifty cents. The customer passed the bookseller a five-dollar bill and received in change three dollars and twenty-five cents. He had paid a dollar and seventy-five cents for the fifty-cent book. It is this manner of trading that is the natural fruit of the commercial method advocated by those who oppose price maintenance. "Up when you can, down when you have to," is a little sign-post on the footpath of price competition.

The maintained price will do much to lift competition out of the meanest, most sordid field in which it can exist—the competition of price. In the eyes of all too many customers, a cent cheaper in the selling price covers a multitude of sins. Unsanitary conditions, overwork and underpay, employment of children, are all forgiven if a saving can be made. This, we are told, all works to the benefit of the consumer. It might, if this same consumer were not also working under the same unfavorable conditions somewhere else.

Government officials, on one hand, are investigating vice conditions, low wages and similar evils. On the other, they are restricting or prohibiting all attempts to bring about stable, maintained prices which will make the other reforms possible. In a daily newspaper in a great middle-west city, there appeared, in the same issue, two highly interesting items, when considered in relation to each other. One was a highly flamboyant display advertisement covering three columns and announcing that

"GEORGE H. JONES IS SELLING,"

thereafter offering cut-prices on several well-known articles. The other item was a small paragraph in the local column stating that

"George H. Jones was arrested to-day charged with employing children under thirteen years of age and with working women employees more than the ten hours prescribed by law."

Oh, blind leaders of the blind! Can you not see that this is no mere coincidence but an actual case of cause and effect? The cheaper price, if you really get it, must be given at the expense of somebody. Either the loss is made up by extra profit on other goods or it comes out of the wages that should be paid the work-

ers. There is no alternative. Here we see the big store advertising its bargains every day. It is paying heavy rent and the owners stint themselves on nothing needful. Why delude ourselves into believing that the goods are being continuously sold at or near cost?

When you buy an article of goods, you ought to pay for it. You ought to pay for the raw material, for the making of it, for transportation and for the selling of it. Anything less than this is not a fair price for the article. The maintained price is an effort to scientifically determine what these prices should be. Manufacturers of highly advertised goods are neither going to set their prices so high as to drive away the public nor allow retailers an exorbitant profit. They do not find it necessary. Their advertising has already more than half made the sale for the retailer.

Cut-rates, so-called, give rise to all manner of dishonest and partly dishonest business. A certain drug store makes a practice of advertising well-known goods at very low prices, doubtless at or near cost. It is obvious that a business cannot be conducted, rent paid, clerks employed and other expenses met on any such basis. As a matter of fact, the clerks are given special premiums (P. M.s, so-called) for selling other goods of the same general nature. These are not well-known, advertised brands, and they do, no doubt, carry a very heavy profit. Stern insistence alone will secure for you any of the "special leaders" mentioned in the newspaper advertisement. "The something just-as-good" is urged, nay, forced upon you. It is obviously profitable business to sell one article at cost in order to sell five at a hundred per cent. profit.

Another drug store also advertises extremely low prices. This is not done with the idea of selling you the articles listed, since this would be without profit, but to create a general reputation for cheapness. Then next time you want drugs, you go to So-and-So's because you think you will save money. However, should you purchase any of the advertised items, you will pay full price, unless you specifically quote the amount named in the advertisement. These and numerous other "tricks of the trade" are but the natural product of "cut-throat competition."



It is not intended that maintained prices shall prevail in all channels of trade. Indeed, this is manifestly impossible. Bulk goods, perishable merchandise, and the large body of unnamed wares will probably always remain subject to the law of supply and demand. It is on branded goods that are well-advertised that uniformity of price is most sought at present. This is on the theory that the manufacturer does not sell *to* a dealer but *through* a dealer to the customers who use the goods. On this basis, it may be clearly seen that a manufacturer should not permit any discrimination for or against any of his customers, wherever they may reside. In these days, when the Government is most rigidly insisting that railroads make their passenger and freight rates uniform to all who apply, recent court decisions tell the manufacturers that they not only can, but they *must* make discriminations between customers in various parts of the country by allowing their agents to sell at whatever price they please. When all the world is talking of coöperation, these decisions tell us that free competition is the most desirable form of society; that however disastrous such competition may be to those who compete, it operates for the welfare of the whole.

It is useless, however, to prate of reforming working conditions as long as price is made the general basis of competition. The man who runs his store the most cheaply, who pays the lowest wages, spends the least on improvements, will probably be able to cut a little under the man who conducts his business with some conscience. Certainly, the first will not take it out of his own mouth or off his own back. In a word, the competition of price at once brings the general condition as nearly as possible to the level of the lowest in the trade.

Maintenance of prices, even on articles protected by patent, it seems to be the law's present intention to prevent. However, what cannot be accomplished through force of law, can often be brought about, in large measure, by tacit understanding. For example, the prices of single copies of magazines are not frequently cut, though there is nothing to prevent a dealer doing so if he desires. The general understanding among dealers and customers alike that *The Saturday Evening Post* is five cents, *The Forum* twenty-five cents, *The Atlantic* thirty-five cents, *The Outlook* ten cents and so on, has acted sufficiently to bring about

practically maintained prices for single copies. So while it may be prohibited for a manufacturer to compel his retailer to maintain prices, a healthy body of opinion may be created which will result in price-cutting being a rare exception rather than a general rule. It is doubtful also whether any manufacturer or jobber can actually be compelled to sell to any dealer he may consider undesirable, even though the law does maintain that once sold, the maker's control ceases. Until such time, therefore, as modern ideas of coöperation supplant the old orthodoxy of free competition in our legal procedure, it will behoove all who believe in maintained prices and honesty in commerce as opposed to chicanery and hypocritical cut-rates to influence as many others—in and out of trade—to the same point of view.

“Free competition” is life with the rules suspended, the lid off, and everything goes. “Free competition” is a wrestling match with the strangle-hold, the toe-hold, the gouge and everything else allowed. “Free competition” is a permit to all and sundry to employ cheap labor for long hours in an endeavor to beat the other man's price. Free competition may mean the survival not of the strongest, but of the trickiest.

The elimination of the maintained price would mean either one of two things. Either manufacturers and publishers would have to cease advertising any price or the price advertised would no longer mean anything because not the actual selling one. In either case, the possibilities of dishonest practice are manifest. If no prices at all are advertised, the buyer is compelled to match his incomplete knowledge against the expertness of the seller. Does anyone contend that it would be for the general welfare for advertisers to discontinue announcing prices? Yet, if this advertised selling price be not maintained, what manner of business are we led into? The selling price becomes a purely fictitious one and may be set at all kinds of figures for the special purpose of granting discounts. Not many years ago, it was a common sight to see sets of books marked “Publishers' Price \$22.50. Our Price \$3.75.” On the box were the printed figures to prove the assertion. This mythical pricing can be carried to almost any lengths once the public has been trained to expect discounts.

If all the makers of soap in the country combined to raise the price of soap, it would be wrong. For the manufacturer of



Ivory soap to be able to set the retail selling price of his own product is right. If he asks too much, other soap-makers will get the business. He has a right to protect himself against cut-rate dealers who advertise "specials" on a few well-known items at very low prices for the purpose of selling other items at an extra profit. That this loss must be made up on other merchandise is apparent, since no merchant can pay his business expenses and sell his goods at cost, or nearly so.

Sometimes, the cut-rate merchant is genuinely frank in admitting that his "leader" is only bait for him to make money off you in other directions, for he advertises that he will sell you his "special" only in connection with a general order for one dollar, two dollars or five dollars.

Modern business must rest on the secure foundation that every article must be paid for, every item from raw material to consumer must be adequately compensated. The maintained price is the most effective means as yet suggested to that end. The maintained price means stable business conditions, power to enforce good pay, good hours and good surroundings for employees. It means the placing of competition on the higher basis of superior service. Customers will no longer seek the advice of the man who knows the most about his business and then purchase from a man who will shave a half of one per cent. off the selling price. The maintained price places brains at a premium. The cut-price fosters trickiness and the lowest ideals of business. The maintained price tends to make the dealer and the manufacturer alike feel a responsibility for the customer. The "cut-rate" tends to the feeling "a bargain's a bargain; let the buyer beware." Even if it were true that cut-rate prices occasionally resulted in actually saving money for consumers, it would not be a genuine benefit, for it would be better for us to do with less than to have things we have not paid for. As a matter of fact, however, cut-prices are always and must be, in the very nature of things, compensated for by higher prices on other merchandise. The maintained price conserves the equality of the customer and assures the manufacturer of well-advertised goods the power to treat all of his patrons alike, regardless of their place of residence.

## THE KITTEN AND THE SHADOW

ALAN D. MICKLE

“**I** HAVE just been away back to the very beginning of everything,” said my philosopher, “and how dim and vague and unreal and far, far away it all seems! Down I go into the depths of my memory as a diver goes down into the depths of the sea. And the deeper I go the darker it becomes and the more shadowy and formless everything is, until the dim overhead glow ceases altogether, and nothing but utter darkness is all around me. How strange it is! Can that shadowy form moving silently, aimlessly, vaguely among a host of other shadowy forms be myself? I compare this memory-picture of the beginning of life to a foggy morning in the country. All is dark, with the darkness ever paling into grey. Then through the greyness loom up formless shapes and a tree appears here and another there, until ultimately the whole forest of trees is before me and even the mountains beyond the trees. Then the hour comes when the curtain of the mists has been wholly withdrawn and I see before me a world of living colors, bathed in tempering shades and the richest of golden sunlight. Life begins for me with little, unimportant, and disconnected details. Then as the years come on the details increase and become more distinct and are not so disconnected. The days become more full; full until my yesterdays are masses of clashing, rolling, blending details, mixed and connected in unutterable confusion like clouds in a tempestuous sky. My consciousness is like a fanlike ray of light that flashes out and illuminates the world through which I have passed. I advance always and as I advance I experience and my experiences become the lighted-up details that make up the world through which I have advanced. And upon those experiences is based all that I know, all that I can ever know. I live only in the Present Moment. And the more highly evolved I am, the more conscious I am, then the wider is the view I command from my Present Moment. When my future passes through my Present Moment it becomes my past and my consciousness illuminates it for a little while, but soon it will be



beyond the reach of the ray of my consciousness; it will enter the world of the forgotten; it will be for me the unknown.

"I am almost infinitely small," went on my philosopher; "when I look back into my past and perceive all that is illuminated by the light of my consciousness, and just because of that light, conceive of all the æons and æons of past and future darkness that is upon me, then I begin to conceive in a little way how small I am. All that I can know is but a minute suggestion of what I do not know. And I can never know anything but what can be compared with something I have experienced. Every new description must be in old terms. So the memory-picture of my life from the beginning up to the Present Moment is my all-in-all. All that comes before me I must compare and value in comparison with that. When I read a book, for instance, wherein is described the life of a young man, then if the young man's life corresponds in experiences in any way with my own, I love the book and the author of the book. And if the young man performs deeds that I have never done and never could do, but always greatly desire to do, then, though he is unreal, I still love him, for he is still myself, my idealized self, the self of my finest dreams. It is the same with painting and music. I love and sympathize and appreciate only the work wherein is described some state or period of that memory-world into which I so often look. I can understand and realize nothing that is not somewhere within my past. I am no musician and have no ear for music, but there are certain pieces of music that describe marvellously well and truthfully certain of my well-remembered moods and therefore greatly appeal to me. Often I am sad and regretful but at the same time defiant and unrepentant, and there is a waltz tune that expresses for me perfectly that mood. Such a mood the composer of the tune knew and it poured forth from him and found a true expression in sound. And I recognize at once the truth of the expression and my sympathies go out at once to the composer. I know that he has something in common with me—that he feels as I feel—that as we came along toward the Present Moment, at certain places our ways touched and our paths were one. He has experienced as I have experienced. So all men strive to illuminate and reproduce the past.

All men strive and must ever strive to speak and to understand and to be understood. And we do so because we must. Why we must is known only by the gods.

"We are all very ignorant and our imaginations are very limited. We must have a beginning and an ending to the influence of our acts. We must have an horizon. When we act we consciously see a beginning and an ending to the influence of our acts, but in reality the influence of our acts reaches myriads of ages beyond our conscious sight and can have no beginning and ending. Imagination depends wholly upon memory and is bounded on every side by experience and can never go beyond that experience. So the wisest man and the most imaginative man will be he who sees most clearly into his own past. What would the description of a battle mean to a man who had never seen bloodshed and never suffered pain? The more vivid his memory-picture of the bloodshed he has seen and the pain he has suffered, then the better he will be able to appreciate and recognize the truth in the description of the battle. What terrors would Hell hold for the man who had never been burnt? and what would Heaven mean for anybody who had never known pleasure? Everything we imagine must be built wholly upon feelings we have known. Behind us is Death and before us is Death. Yet Death is something outside our experience, so we cannot imagine what it is. It is the same with Heaven and Hell and with our gods. Behind us is the cause of which we are the effect and before us is the effect of which we are the cause. And both cause and effect are hidden from us in the darkness whence we came and whence we return. We cannot know these causes and effects any more than we can know Death. But we imagine shapes for them. We give them our experiences, our motives, our attributes or those of our fellow-men. As effects for which we strive we call them supermen; as causes of our striving we call them gods. And we know that our instinct is their intelligence. That is all we know; all we can ever know.

"We are all very small and frail," said my philosopher, "and very unwise. Our greatest wisdom is but gods' folly, and yet our folly would be wisdom to many things that are smaller and more frail and unwise than we are. We have gods above us



whose greatness we cannot conceive of, but we also are gods. And as we instinctively strive to be as gods above us, so perhaps there are living things that instinctively strive to be as we are. Who knows? I watched a kitten one day playing with a shadow cast by a tree-branch that moved in the wind. And I knew that the kitten saw no connection between these things. And as I watched I thought thus to myself: Why do I think? Why do I dream? Why do I act?—Do I not everlastingly pursue shadows—shadows cast by invisible branches swayed by impalpable winds? For do I ever really see the result of anything I do, or the real reason why I do it? I live; but why do I live? And I die; and what effect has my dying upon the world in which I have lived? I cannot know these things. And only a little while ago I discussed with others the fate of that kitten. Should it be sent away to a new home?—should it be drowned? And all its future depends now to a very great extent upon my word. And it lies nearby to me sleeping probably a dreamless and untroubled sleep. What does it know of my thoughts and ideas that mean so much to it? Does it ever have vague, indefinable longings, little, quickly-passing, motiveless hopes and fears? Does it ever feel what I think? Perhaps it does. And who knows but what sometimes I feel as the gods think? The gods who discuss me and map out my destiny and order my fate and about whom I know less than the kitten knows about me? If I, for a reason I have, sign the kitten's death-warrant, does it know what I do or why I do it? And I, I say to myself, am only a little wiser and more far-seeing than the kitten. Perhaps the gods, laughing among themselves, have already signed my death-warrant. And I—do I know what they do or why they do it? The more I know of the gods the less I know of them. The wiser I am the more ignorant I know myself to be; and the more clear is my memory and the further my imagination penetrates the darkness of the past and the future, then the smaller I conceive myself to be. But what of that? My reason, my brain tell me the futility of living. I see how little, how helpless, how powerless, how useless I am. But my heart, my heart that communes with the mountains and the seas and all in Nature that is grand and wonderful,—my heart whispers to me of something more."

# THE NEW MOVEMENT IN THE THEATRE

SHELDON CHENEY

**W**HEN the peoples of the earth entered upon the present period of progress, reconsidering all the old standards and traditions in every activity of life, they curiously neglected the theatre. Looking back in dramatic history only a very few years, one may see a condition of stagnation unstirred by any dissatisfaction with old forms, and untroubled by any thought for the demands of art. Even the traditions of the church were challenged before those of the playhouse.

But in a very few years the new movement in the theatre has germinated and budded, so that to-day there is very definite promise of such a flowering as the drama has not known since the days of Queen Elizabeth. In remarkable strides the theatre is catching up with life, and—it is quite as important, though generally forgotten—with art. Within a decade there has been infused into the old body more new blood than for three centuries before.

When such widely antithetical figures as Gordon Craig and John Galsworthy are among the leading exponents of the new movement, it is not surprising that there is much confusion concerning it in the minds of theatre-lovers. It is difficult for the commentator adequately to summarize the movement, both because it is developing in so widely diversified directions, and on account of the closeness of the whole thing. But now, without being able to catalogue and pigeon-hole the many artists and productions concerned, the student still may note two well-defined general trends. Through the many changes in form and treatment, two very distinct new notes are struck.

The phrase "The new art of the theatre" generally has been applied to that form of dramatic art which is especially associated with the name of Gordon Craig, a form in which the theme is so far as possible subordinated to sensuous effect—a drama of pure beauty and impressionism. This side of the new movement may fairly be treated under the general name of the "Æsthetic Theatre." The contrasted form, as exemplified



in the work of Galsworthy, has sometimes been called the "Psychologic Drama," a term necessary to use in the absence of a better, but unsatisfactory. This form differs from the "æsthetic" drama in its tendency to reflect contemporary life, rather than to present purely imaginative story; and in its greater reliance upon the unfolding of a "character" plot through the subtler medium of words. Every important recent development in dramatic art may be grouped under the one head or the other, "Æsthetic Theatre," or "Psychologic Drama." Both are movements toward a drama that is at once founded on the first principles of all art, and specifically fitted to production in a theatre.

The inception of the æsthetic theatre came perhaps twenty years ago as a reaction against the current cut-and-dried form of play. A few enthusiasts realized that the contemporary production in the theatre was without artistic unity, ranging from mere banality on the one hand to a conscious didacticism on the other, but seldom touching within the realms of art. If there was an "advanced drama" movement, it was merely an attempt to make the theatre an interpreter of undramatic literature. The visionaries, as men termed them, dreamed of an art of the theatre that would be true to the underlying principles of all art, imaginative, creative, and unified. Out of their dreams have come the several developments which together make up the æsthetic theatre: the purely symbolic art of Gordon Craig in his mimodramas; Max Reinhardt's dramas of modified symbolism; the dance-dramas; and, less directly, the revival of pageantry.

The æsthetic theatre movement as a whole bears to the regular theatre the relationship of Impressionism to all painting; in its appeal to the senses, it is to all drama what Swinburne's musical verse is to literature. In æsthetics, it is on that side of the dramatic field which borders on music. It is conventional, symbolic, and impressionistic, rather than realistic or naturalistic. Instead of relying chiefly upon theme or story, which kindle the emotions through subtleties of thought conveyed in words, this new form makes its sensuous appeal to eye and ear, mainly through pure beauty of sight and sound. In subject-matter it is necessarily removed from the present; it is

the revelation of imagination, rather than the reflection of life: for to imitate life merely, its followers argue, is not artistic creation. In order that the appeal to the senses may be simple and suggestive, creating sustained mood, there must be perfect unity and harmony of component parts, as, for instance, of action, music and setting.

Gordon Craig was the first secessionist from the traditional theatre; he first advanced the principles of an æsthetic theatre in print, and first applied them to practical production. It is worth while to examine his achievement in detail, more than that of any other leader of the æsthetic movement.

When Gordon Craig came into the theatre as director of staging, he brought with him a knowledge gained from the double training as actor and decorative artist. Knowing the principles of art, he recognized the almost total lack of art in his own profession. He expressed the then revolutionary conviction that there were living no true artists of the theatre. In order that the dramatic production may be a thing of unity and harmony, he argued, there must be one creative mind directing throughout, a mind capable of conceiving and writing the play or scenario, of designing the setting and lighting and costuming, and of training the actors. Only in this way can the production be a thing of prevision, and of definite design.

The first step toward the development of artists of the theatre naturally was an attempt to discover the principles which would underlie the true art of the theatre. During twelve years of producing dramas and investigating, Gordon Craig has found certain of these principles, and has set them down in his books—though in rather fragmentary form. As summarized in the following paragraph, they may be regarded as fairly expressive of the ideals of the most significant development of the æsthetic theatre.

In the first place the whole production must be woven into a single fabric, conceived and executed in unity and harmony—implying in the artist an understanding of every department of theatre work, and the ability to synthesize all the elements. In order that the resultant mood may be sustained, the drama must be stripped of every unnecessary detail of story and of setting;



thus the attention will not be distracted from the spiritual and imaginative essence of the production to those things which are of interest in themselves but contribute nothing to the main design. Archæological accuracy in detail of setting, and historical truth in story, may be entirely disregarded, so long as the production carries to the spectator the more intangible sense of beauty of atmosphere and artistic truth. In the selection of material the accidentally striking and the photographically correct will give way to that which is characteristically beautiful. The imaginative story must be neither immoral, nor consciously moral; simply unmoral. The setting must be decorative but unobtrusive, and must in color and form strike the keynote of the production; the "scenery" should serve merely as a harmonious background for the action, and not, by any striking beauty of its own, draw attention to itself. The lighting should be beautiful rather than imitative of nature, and should serve to heighten the atmospheric illusion. The costumes should be part of the decorative scheme in color and design. In order that the actors may become part of the harmonious whole, they must realize the value of directed movement, and give up the inartistic attempt to appear "natural" through individual tricks and "realistic" restlessness. Rhythm of line and form should make the movement and grouping of the actors a very valuable decorative feature. Æsthetic dancing may be introduced only when it is an integral part of the drama, rather than an unrelated attraction introduced for its own sake. Music is valuable only as it tends to intensify the essential mood.

In following out these more general principles of dramatic production to their logical conclusion, Gordon Craig developed a particular form of theatre art which has been termed the "mimo-drama." When he came to the conclusion that the production must be the work of one man, he started to simplify by discarding every unnecessary member of the producing staff; he was able to eliminate scene painter, costume designer, and stage manager, by himself designing the settings, costumes and action, and personally directing their execution. But it was impossible for him personally to do the work of the actors. But living actors, with emotions of their own, he argued, cannot sub-

ordinate themselves to the will of the director to the extent of obeying him absolutely in movement and expression; and the director must work only in materials yielding an absolute response to his own impulses. There was only one thing to do: abolish the actor, and find an absolutely responsive substitute. Gordon Craig substituted the "super-marionette." The change necessitated a drama of silence; but far from being distressed by this limitation, Gordon Craig found it to be an advantage; for, he argued, the strong feelings of primitive and imaginative stories can be expressed better by gestures than by words. So there came into being the new art of the mimo-drama, an art of silent marionettes acting a simple and elemental story, appealing to the senses by the harmony and rhythm and sensuous beauty of perfectly blended movement, lighting and setting.

For a number of years Gordon Craig gave practically his entire attention to the development of the mimo-drama, turning his back upon all other forms of dramatic art. But in his latest book he is more compromising in his attitude. He has at last obtained the endowment for his long-planned "School for the Art of the Theatre." In the investigations at the school in Florence, he announces, he will not alone study the mimo-drama, but will be content only with the study of the art of the theatre in all of its phases.

The mimo-drama of marionettes, in its present unperfected state, perhaps is not the most valuable development of the æsthetic theatre. But it is a form which gives promise of becoming one of the most satisfying of the arts of the theatre. It is without a doubt a thing of suggestive beauty, and, in the purity of its appeal to the imagination, capable of evoking in the spectator something of that rapturous enjoyment which is usually a response to the best music alone. There are not lacking those who impatiently term the new art pure tommyrot; but these are the same scoffers who told us that no one would sit through the production of a wordless drama—before *Sumurun* and the Russian Dancers came. The actorless drama is only one step beyond the wordless drama; and even the cruder marionette "shows" have had champions among the more discerning artists. Certainly the mimo-drama is a form to whose perfecting



every lover of the theatre should look forward with deep anticipation.

Of the value of Gordon Craig's work aside from the mimo-drama one may write more definitely, for he has directed a number of productions which have been seen by thousands of theatre-goers. In these he has followed all of the principles of his new art, except that actors and words have been retained. His production of *Hamlet* at the Moscow Art Theatre especially has been noted by discerning critics as a milepost in the progress of dramatic art. In such productions Gordon Craig achieves much of the same success in harmonizing action, lighting and setting, as in the mimo-drama. It is from this phase of his work, rather than from the more revolutionary mimo-drama, that the other tangible developments of the æsthetic theatre have come. Of these other developments there are four which especially deserve comment.

In the first place there are the men who, without going to the length of discarding words and actors, are applying Gordon Craig's principles to the setting of their dramas, almost without change. Such are Constantin Stanislavsky in Russia, Alexander Hevesi in Austria-Hungary, and Jacques Rouché in France. They are continually working toward the simplification and unification of the whole fabric of the drama, and they are teaching that the scenic background may be decorative and yet harmonious and unobtrusive. They are carrying on the fine battle against naturalism and unmeaning realism in stage setting. Like Gordon Craig, they turn to the imaginative drama rather than to that which is a reflection of contemporary life. They form a connecting link between the regular and the æsthetic theatre.

Secondly, there is the art of Max Reinhardt, who has been practically and commercially more successful than any other artist of the æsthetic theatre movement. Professor Reinhardt has been called a "realist-symbolist." While he unmistakably found the source of his inspiration in the art of Gordon Craig, he modified the latter's pure symbolism, and expressed himself more in the terms of the present. His production of *Sumurun* was one of the few actual dramas of the æsthetic theatre to

be seen in America. In this "drama of silence" there was the rhythm and harmony of component parts, of scenery, movement and lighting, and the neutral settings, which are typical of the æsthetic drama as a whole; and yet it had a sensationalism and touches of bizarre realism which are Reinhardt's own modifications. Reinhardt is not Craig's ideal artist of the theatre, because the director's is not the creative hand throughout; his scenario or play is written by one hand, the music composed by another, the scenery designed by another; so Reinhardt is more the orchestra leader who attempts to draw out from his helpers what a master intended, than the monumental sculptor who makes his own model and then works personally with his helpers in chiselling out the final form. But his work is a very valuable contribution to the new movement, and he perhaps has been more instrumental than any other in forcing the general acceptance of the underlying principles of the new form.

The third development of the æsthetic theatre is the "dance-drama." Of this form the Russian Ballet is the most notable example. In this type again one reverts to the boundaries of music, where the appeal is completely sensuous. The dance-drama, like the forms already described, finds its first principles in unity and harmony; but the synthesis here is one of movement, sound, and decorative and colorful setting. The blended beauty of music, dancing and scenic background appeals simultaneously to the eye and the ear. Of all the dramatic arts it is furthest removed from the psychologic and literary drama.

And lastly, there is the development of pageantry. This form has grown more independently than any of the others. Accurately speaking, it is not of the theatre; but in its way of appeal it is distinctly allied to the forms of art which Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt have developed. The growth of the pageantry spirit in the past decade has been remarkable in both England and America. While outdoor pageants have none of the compactness of form, and logical unfolding of a complete action, which generally go to make up the "dramatic"; and while the pageant usually is strung together with a historical thread; still the things that make the pageant worth while to the most of us are the sensuous beauty of the dancing, the



rhythms and changing forms of the great masses of actors, the decorative beauty of juxtaposed harmonious or contrasting costumes, and the richness of broad masses of color against open meadow, or lake, or sky. It is the bigness and the sweeping simplicity of the action blending with the bigness of the unartificial out-of-doors setting that strike the spiritual keynote of pageants. In their simplicity and harmony of parts, when directed by a true artist, they become a part of the general movement toward the æsthetic drama, rather than being merely a form of popular pastime.

Such are the several vital currents in the development of the æsthetic theatre: Gordon Craig's mimo-drama; the symbolic and imaginative drama which he and his closer followers are developing, which differs from the mimo-drama in its inclusion of words and living actors among its materials; Max Reinhardt's dramas of mixed realism and symbolism; the dance-dramas; and pageants. Surely the æsthetic theatre is with us to stay, in more forms than one.

Before turning from the æsthetic theatre to that other development of the new movement—the psychologic drama at its best—it is worth while to pause over certain matters which lie on the borderland between the two forms. The development of the æsthetic theatre has had a tremendous effect upon the old accepted forms of drama, and even upon the newer psychologic drama. The truth is that the principles which Gordon Craig and his followers have worked out are those which should apply to every production in the theatre, whether aimed to appeal entirely to the senses, or not. That the setting of the drama should be beautiful or tasteful in itself, that it should be in harmony with the essential spirit of the production, or even strike a keynote for the whole production, and that it should be unobtrusive and so designed as not to distract attention from the more important action, are principles that seem obvious enough now that Craig has stated them. But they were practically never applied to staging until he came into the theatre. Now, however, there is a very definite movement toward their acceptance, and against the naturalism which David Belasco in America, and Sir Herbert Tree in England, have so exploited.

The artists of the new movement have shown that even the simplest hangings, with their long lines and restful masses, are more fitted for the background of the average drama than the usual tawdry flapping scenery. They have pointed out the impossibility of making painted perspective look right from more than one point in the auditorium, and the inevitable discrepancy between the painted and the actual shadows; and they have shown how each superfluous object on the stage tends to draw the eye away from the action. Now even those producers who are furthest removed from the ideals of the æsthetic theatre are recognizing that the acceptance of these principles is less a fad than a return to the foundations which underlie all true dramatic art. Gordon Craig has perfected a new system of screen settings, which are easily shifted, thus doing away with the necessity of long waits between the acts; which do not interfere with lighting from the top and sides, thus allowing the inartistic footlight to be eliminated; and which provide a neutral and harmonious background for the action. The screen system of setting seems destined to cause a revolution in staging.

There is a curious intolerance in the attitude of the followers of the æsthetic theatre toward the psychologic drama, and often an unfortunate impatience among the followers of the latter art toward the former. Probably the cause is to be found in that the followers of the one form continually visualize the other in its imperfections, while they are able, through long poring over their own type, to see it in its ultimate ideal beauty. As a matter of fact the æsthetic theatre and the best development of the psychologic are similar in that both are reactions from the old and generally accepted inartistic forms. While contrasted, both are founded on the principles of art, and are returns to simplicity, unity and truth. Both are distinctly arts *of the theatre*. The differences are not in the fundamental art principles, but in the authors' aims, and in their emphasis on material. To say that the lover of drama cannot appreciate the one form and remain true to the other, is like saying that one cannot appreciate both painting and sculpture, or that one cannot recognize the richly delicate beauty of an etching and still feel the sensuous charm of a Japanese print.



The psychologic drama was doubtless first so named because it is primarily the unfolding of a story of human souls. Its appeal is through the subtle delineation of soul-crises, rather than by the outward charm of color, movement and sound. The term is really too broad to apply exactly to that development of the new movement which lies opposite to the æsthetic theatre. It covers more than the form of dramatic art which Galsworthy, Barrie, and the younger men are practising. And yet there is no more exact name for this new development. It might truly be called the drama of sincerity; but to have called it that while contrasting it with the æsthetic theatre would have implied insincerity to the latter, than which nothing could be more unfair.

But whether one can catalogue the new psychologic art or not, one may be very sure that it exists, and that it forms one of the two great healthy advances in the theatre in the past decade. And by study one may find its underlying principles.

First and most important, sincerity is its keynote. In general, it is a return from the merely theatric, which strangled art in the theatre for so many decades, to the truly dramatic. It does not strain to appear natural, and yet it is never unnatural. It always rings true.

The drama of sincerity is true to life in the sense of being true to the deeper motives of human character and to the underlying currents of social development; not in the sense of being photographically true to outer aspects and irrelevant details. It differs from the older theatre in depicting the inner spiritual forces which are dramatic rather than the chance happenings which are purely theatric. Its dramatists believe that the art of the æsthetic theatre, on the other hand, comes perilously near to acting merely as an anæsthetic. They argue that the art which stirs men's souls to the depths is more vital than the art which merely touches and lulls the senses. So they deal in soul-crises, aiming to make the audience emotionally experience their own and their characters' feelings. Their productions are not "problem plays" except in the sense that everything which concerns the deeper feelings of thoughtful people is a problem. Because they are true to their own time, the general spirit of their plays is humanitarian, or even socialistic in the best sense

of the word; but they are never propagandist. The playwrights have kept their viewpoint as artists of the theatre: so they do not preach, but they make the audience feel; they remember that true art carries an intellectual stimulus only through emotional suggestion, and not by direct statement.

The phrase "literary drama" has been applied to the plays of this new group of dramatists in an attempted disparagement. It is really only an added glory. For no plays were ever written more specifically for the theatre—or what the theatre ought to be as a house of art rather than of business—and with greater regard for the limitations of theatre production. That Galsworthy's *Strife*, and Masfield's *Nan*, and Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*, make very good reading matter, only shows that the authors are literary artists as well as successful playwrights; it does not at all show that they are unfitted for stage production. Those who saw the unusually fine company which the Manchester Repertory Theatre sent to America last year in a series of plays by Galsworthy, Masfield, Arnold Bennett, and Bernard Shaw, know what keen and purely dramatic pleasure the dramas of the new movement afford when interpreted by an adequate cast of players.

Starting from a "pure art" basis, the æsthetic theatre has enjoyed a certain isolation, which has allowed it to develop with constant reference to its ideal form. The psychologic drama, on the other hand, has been close to the accepted theatre, with a consequent constant temptation to be influenced by old traditions and commercial standards. The difficult goal which a few of the newer dramatists have now reached, doubtless was seen by many who surrendered along the way. Their failures came chiefly in two general directions: first, in the lowering of standards by catering to popular taste, as exemplified in the conscienceless use of improbable happy endings, and in the introduction of features interesting and sensational in themselves but without organic relation to the total dramatic design; and second, in the blind following of schools and masters. A certain group became convinced that great art lay entirely in the treatment of the sordidnesses of life, and they descended to the most depressing intellectual horrors in their plays; they followed their master,



but they had not his power of so clothing an unpleasant theme with beauty and spiritual significance that its ultimate form was noble and uplifting. Even now the dramatists of the new movement are suffering from a lack of the sense of the nobility of life. They are not quite close enough to the eternal mysteries of the wholesome human soul. They too often chill with a sense of the futility of living, rather than warm with a sense of the richness of life.

If one judges absolutely by the standards laid down, one must admit immediately that the dramas of the new movement are rich in promise rather than in achievement. If one is looking for the Sophocles or Shakespeare of the new movement, one must admit that the time of the great master is not yet come. But it is worth remarking when we have two or three men who seem to be young giants dramatically, and at least a half dozen others who each have produced one or more plays of distinctly lasting quality, and all following a single development in the art of the drama.

Who, then, are the notable dramatists of the new movement? Taking only the English writers, they are: first and most typically, and at the same time richest in promise, John Galsworthy; J. M. Barrie; John Masefield, in a limited field; Bernard Shaw, when he is most dramatic and least propagandist; more imperfectly, Arnold Bennett, Granville Barker and St. John Hankin; the group who are almost beginners, headed by Basil Hastings; and the Irish school, from Synge to St. John Ervine.

Galsworthy is, indeed, at once the most typical and most promising dramatist of the new movement. He is the one man to whom the world may look most hopefully for the flowering of the new form of drama. His is the double equipment of dramatic craftsman and literary artist. In his passion for literary expression he does not scorn to consider the limitations of the modern theatre; and yet in bowing to the necessity of those limitations, he does not violate his artistic conscience. And most of all, he is sincere—always true to himself. There was a transition period when he found it difficult to free himself from the diffuseness of the novel form, and to write within the in-

finitely more rigid lines of play structure. Even so late a play as *Justice* has lapses to novelistic faults, in repetitions and in the greater reliance on qualities and material aside from the central emotional motive. It is rather in *Strife* that one finds him most completely master of his powers; and only a little less so in the earlier play, *The Silver Box*. To the lover of the theatre it is very encouraging to see a man who has been so successful in pure literature turning to the drama in recognition of its superior position as a power in contemporary life. It is the poet, the true artist, come again after many centuries into the theatre.

In so far as Bernard Shaw is a dramatist at all, he is of the new movement; but he is rather the moralist and reformer. Going back to his work of the nineties, to *Candida* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, one may find the truly dramatic element in a greater or less degree mixed with the moralistic; but in the later work, in the plays of the period and the style of *Getting Married*, there is little that is especially fitted for production in the theatre. Bernard Shaw is by far the most brilliant writer of dialogue, and the most daring thinker, that has come into the English theatre; but he is too impatient of rules and forms to take the trouble to cast his plays into the dramatic mould which will make them emotionally appealing. And true drama is always emotionally appealing. Shaw has really advanced the new movement more by stirring the contemporary playwrights to think deeply, than by his direct contribution to the theatre.

Arnold Bennett may yet succeed in the theatre as brilliantly as he has in the field of novel writing; and his ideal is that of the new dramatists. But as yet he has not been able to throw off the novelist's diffuseness of form. In *What the Public Wants*, one of the few of his works seen in actual production in America, there were technical faults which showed an incomplete understanding of the rigid economy of means necessary to the building up of a logical play structure. It is curious that Granville Barker, a man of extensive experience in the theatre, should have fallen into the same fault. His plays are marred not only by the introduction of material foreign to the central theme, but



by the inclusion of characters who might be eliminated without harm to the main dramatic design. And yet one is forced to look expectantly to both Bennett and Barker, because the man of artistic perception, who only lacks in his technique, is far nearer to the goal than the perfect technician who has shown no literary power and no artistic conscience.

Those who are watching the development of the drama of sincerity look eagerly for new plays by Barrie, who keeps his literary distinction while adapting himself to the limitations of the theatre; and by Masfield, whose *Nan* appealed so wonderfully when acted by Irene Rook in a season all too short; and they think with sorrow of the arrested genius of Synge, whose achievement dwarfs by comparison the works of the other Irish dramatists.

But the dramatic writers of a still younger generation are being watched with even greater interest, because their work is so remarkable for comparative beginners. In this group is Basil Hastings. The late Stanley Houghton promised great achievement. His one important play, *Hindle Wakes*, takes rank with the very finest productions of the new movement. He showed notable technical power, independence of thought, and sincerity. One might add Cosmo Hamilton's name to this younger group; but his sincerity is less courageous than that of Galsworthy and Houghton, if he may be judged by his widely discussed play, *The Blindness of Virtue*. Perhaps it was his overpowering desire to be sure of an audience for his theme, that made him sugar his story with humor and sentimental touches which are not organic. But certainly the play is a little too artificially sweetened to be entirely truthful.

A word remains to be said about the progress of the new movement in the United States. Unfortunately a word will suffice. In the application of the principles of the æsthetic theatre, there have been several interesting experiments in America: notably at the Chicago Little Theatre, the Boston Toy Theatre, and the Boston Opera House; but there has been little progress in the "regular" theatres.

When one considers the psychologic drama and American playwrights, one looks in vain for men to compare with Gals-

worthy, Barrie, Synge and Houghton. In writing the farce, and in producing the anomalous "play with a punch," there is a great facility on this side of the Atlantic; but there is little of the drama of sincerity, that is at once powerful and subtle, perfect in technique, and touched with the magic of poetry. There are poetic playwrights, like the very able Percy MacKaye; but they seem not to make their work dramatically persuasive, nor do they reflect the life of the time. On the other hand, there are the powerful writers like Eugene Walter and Charles Klein, who often are sincere in that they depict life as they see it; but they lack the sense of beauty; either they have not poets' souls, or they do not put their souls in their work. In the recent American plays there is a great promise, and every condition is ripe for its fulfilment. The material and the audience are ready at hand; they only await the dramatist who is the perfect balance of dramatic craftsman and poet. The actual achievement is small, when one judges by the standard of a Galsworthy; but there are names to conjure with in all seriousness: MacKaye, Knoblauch, Walter Klein, Augustus Thomas, Broadhurst, Sheldon, Kenyon.

In summary, one may say that the new movement in America is hardly more than a promise, but that in England and on the continent it is both a promise and a worthy achievement. It has gone far enough to prove itself a vital, lasting development. The new artists of the theatre are on the one hand creating an æsthetic drama, a new form of artistic expression that reveals beauties heretofore undreamed of in connection with the play-house; on the other hand they are developing from the regular theatre the new drama of sincerity, replacing the older theatricality with a form that is truly dramatic. Indeed there is a budding of dramatic activity without parallel in the history of the English theatre since the early Elizabethan period; it is still a question whether there will follow the full flower of a second dramatic renaissance; but there are not lacking lovers of the theatre who believe that there will. At least there is no longer a condition of untroubled stagnation in the theatre; and it will be a great many decades before the drama again can be divorced from art.



## SORROW

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

SORROW like a ceaseless rain  
Beats upon my heart.  
People twist and scream in pain,—  
Dawn will find them still again;  
This has neither wax nor wane,  
Neither stop nor start.

People dress and go to town.  
I sit in my chair.  
All my thoughts are slow and brown:  
Standing up or sitting down  
Little matters, or what gown  
Or what shoes I wear.

## THREE DISAGREEABLE GIRLS

JAMES HUNEKER

### I

#### *Hedda*

**H**AZLITT tells us in a delightful essay about the whimsical notion of Charles Lamb that he would rather see Sir Thomas Browne than Shakespeare. A pleasant recreation is this same picking out "of persons one would wish to have seen." Causing great annoyance to Ayrton at an evening party, Lamb rejected the names of Milton and Shakespeare, selecting those of Browne and Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. For the prince of essayists there was mystery hovering about the personalities of this pair. I have often wondered if the most resounding names in history are the best beloved. Or in fiction. What is the name of your favorite heroine? Whom would you like to meet in that long corridor of time leading to eternity, the walls lined with the world's masterpieces of portraiture? I can answer for myself that no Shakespearian lovely dame or Balzacian demon in petticoats would ever be taken off the wall by me. They are either too remote or too unreal, though a word might be said for Valerie Marneffe. In the vasty nebula of the Henry James novel there are alluringly strange women, but if you summon them they fade and resolve themselves into everlasting phrases. In a word, they are not tangible enough to endure the change of moral climate involved in such a game as that played by Charles Lamb and his friends.

But Emma Bovary might come if you but ardently desired. And the fascinating Anna Karénina. Or Becky Sharp with her sly graces. Perhaps some of Dostoievsky's enigmatic, bewildering girls should be included in the list, for they brim over with magnetism, very often a malicious magnetism, and their glances are eloquent with suffering, haunt like the eyes one sees in a gallery of old masters. I do not speak of Sonia, but of the passionate Natasia Philipovna in *The Idiot*, or Aglaya Epanchin,



in the same powerful novel, or Paulina in *The Gambler*. However, we cannot allow ourselves the luxury of so many favorites, even if they are only made of paper and ink. I confess I am an admirer of Emma Bovary. To the gifted young critics of the day the work, and its sharply etched characters, has become a mere stalking-horse for a new fangled philosophy called "Bovarysme," but for me it will always be the portrait of that unhappy girl with the pallid complexion, velvety, dark eyes, luxuriant hair and languid charm. Anna Karénina is more aristocratic; above all she knew what happiness meant; its wing only brushed the cheek of Emma. Her death is more lamentable than Anna's—one can well sympathize with Flaubert's mental and physical condition after he had written that appalling chapter describing the poisoning of Emma. No wonder he thought he tasted arsenic and couldn't sleep. Balzac, Dickens and Thackeray were thus affected by their own creations, yet Flaubert is to this day called "impersonal," "cold," because he never made concessions to sentimentalism, never told tales out of his workshop for gaping indifferents.

As for Becky Sharp, that kittenish person seldom arouses in me much curiosity. I agree with George Moore that Thackeray, in the interests of mid-Victorian morality, suppressed many of her characteristics, telling us too little of her temperament. Possibly, Mr. Moore may err, Becky may have had no "temperament," notwithstanding her ability to twist men around her expressive digits. That she was disagreeable when she set herself out to be I do not doubt, in fact she is the protagonist of a whole generation of disagreeable heroines in English fiction. Bernard Shaw did not overlook her pertness and malevolence, though all his girls are disagreeable, even—pardon the paradox—his agreeable ones. But they are as portraiture far too "papery," to borrow a word from painters' jargon, for my purpose. They are not alive, they only are mouthpieces for the author's rather old-time ideas.

I mention the four heroines of a former period, Valerie, Becky, Emma, Anna, not because they are all disagreeable, but because they are my pets in fiction. Thoroughly disagreeable girls are Hedda Gabler, Mildred Lawson and Undine Spragg.

Of course, in a certain sense old Wotan Ibsen is the father of the latter-day Valkyrie brood. The "feminist" movement is not responsible for them; there were disagreeable females before the flood, yet somehow the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century have produced a big flock in painting, music (Richard Strauss's operas), drama and literature. Hedda boldly carved out of a single block stands out as the very Winged Victory of her species. In her there is a hint of Emma Bovary; both are incorrigible romanticists, snobs, girls for whom the present alone exists. She is decadent inasmuch as her nerves rule her actions, and at the rising of the curtain her nerves are in rags. Henry James finds in Ibsen a "charmless fascination," but by no means insists on the point that Hedda is disagreeable. Nor is he so sure that she is wicked, though he admits her perversity. The late Grant Allen once said to William Archer that Hedda was "nothing more nor less than the girl we take down to dinner in London, nineteen times out of twenty," which, to put it mildly, is an exaggeration. The truth is Hedda is less a type than a "rare case," but to diagnose her as merely neurasthenic is also to go wide of the mark. Doubtless her condition may have added bitterness to her already overflowing cup; nevertheless Hedda is not altogether a pathological study. Approaching motherhood is not a veil for her multitude of sins. How soon are we shown her cruel nature in the dialogue with devoted Thea Rysing, whose hair at school had aroused envy in Hedda! She pulled it whenever she got a chance, just as she pulled from its hiding-place the secret of the timid Thea. Simply to say that Hedda is the incarnation of selfishness is but a half-truth. She is that and much more.

Charmless never, disagreeable always, she had the serpent's charm, the charm that slowly slays its victim. Her father succumbed to it, else would he have permitted her to sit in corners with poet Eiljert Lövborg and not only hold hands but listen to far from edifying discourses? Not a nice trait in Hedda—though a human, therefore not a rare one—is her curiosity concerning forbidden themes. She was sly. She was morbid. Last of all she was cowardly. Yes, largely cerebral was her interest in nasty things, for when Eiljert attempted to translate his re-



lated adventures into action she promptly threatened him with a pistol. A "demi-vierge" before Marcel Prévost. Not as admirable as either Emma Bovary or Anna Karénina, Hedda Gabler married George Tesman for speculation. He had promised her the Falk villa—the scene plays up in Christiania—and he expected a professorship; these, with a little ready money and the selflessness of Aunt Julia, were so many bribes for the anxious Hedda, whose first youth had been heedlessly danced away without matrimonial success.

Mark what follows: Ibsen, the sternest moralist since old John Knox, doesn't spare his heroine. He places her between the devil of Justice Brack, libertine and house-friend, and the deep sea of the debauched genius, Lövborg. To make a four-square of ineluctable fate she is flanked on either side by her mediocre husband and the devoted bore, Thea Elvsted. Like a high-strung Barbary mare—she was of good birth and breeding—her nerves tugging in their sheaths, her heart a burnt-out cinder, Hedda saw but one way to escape—suicide. She took that route and really it was the most profound and significant act of her life, cowardly as was the motive. She was discontented, shallow, the victim of her false upbringing. In a more intellectual degree Eiljert, her first admirer, is her counterpart. Both could have consorted with Emma Bovary and found her "ideals" sympathetic. Emil Reich has called *Hedda Gabler* the tragedy of *mésalliance*. It is a memorial phrase. George Tesman and Charles Bovary are brothers in misfortune. They belong to those husbands "predestined" to betrayal, as Balzac puts it. Councillor Karénin completes the trio and Anna hated his large ears; but before Karénin Charles Bovary was despised by Anna because of his clumsy feet and inexpressive bearing, and for his habit of breathing heavily during dinner. George Tesman with his purblind faculties, amiable ways and semi-idiotic exclamations will go down in the history of fiction with Georges Dandin, Bovary and Karénin. As for Hedda, her psychological index is clear reading. In *Peer Gynt* one of the characters is described thus: "He is hermetically sealed with the bung of self, and he tightens the staves in the wells of self. Each one shuts himself in the cask of self, plunges deep down in the ferment of

self." Imperfect sympathies, misplaced egoism—for there is a true as well as a false egoism—a craze for silly pleasures, no matter the cost, and a mean little vanity that sacrificed lives when not appeased. She is the most disagreeable figure in modern drama. Were it not for her good looks and pity for her misspent life and death she would be absolutely unendurable. The dramatic genius of Ibsen makes her credible.

## II

### *Mildred*

While Hedda Gabler is "cerebral" without being intellectual, you feel that she is more a creature of impulse than Mildred Lawson, who for me is George Moore's masterpiece in portraiture. Hedda is chilly enough, Mildred is distinctly frigid, yet such is the art of her creator that she comes to us invested with warmer colors; withal, about as disagreeable a girl as you may encounter in the literature of to-day. Now Mr. Moore is an outspoken defender of the few crumbling privileges of man at a time when the "ladies" are claiming the earth and adjacent planets. Yet I don't believe he wrote *Mildred Lawson* (in the volume entitled *Celibates*) with *malice propense*. Too great an artist to use as a dialectic battering-ram one of his characters, yet for all that he makes Mildred very "modern." She doesn't despise men, nor does she care much for the ideas of her dowdy friend the "advanced" Mrs. Fargus; on the contrary, she makes fun of her clothes and ideas, though secretly regretting that she hadn't been sent by her parents to Girton College. Like Hedda she is ambitious to outshine any circle in which she find herself. Modern she is, not because of her petty traits, but simply because Mr. Moore has painted a young woman of the day, rich, and so selfish that at the end her selfishness strangles the little soul she possesses. Her brother Harold, a sedate business man, is also a celibate whose ambition in life seems to be the catching of the 9:10 a. m. train to Victoria Station and the return to his suburban home on the 6 p. m. (He is not unlike a fussy little man, Willy Brooks, in the same Irish writer's early novel, *Spring Days*.)



A rejected but ever hopeful suitor of Mildred's about comprises her domestic *entourage*.

She is ambitious. She hates the "stuffy" life of a *hausfrau*, but marriage makes no appeal, since the breaking of her engagement with Alfred—who is also a man with punctual business habits. She despises conventional men, and is herself compact of conventionality. In her most rebellious moods the leaven of Philistia (or the British equivalent, Suburbia) comes to the surface. She dares, but doesn't dare enough. "It needs both force and earnestness to sin." As in the case of Hedda Gabler, it is her social conscience that keeps her from throwing her bonnet over the moon, not her sense of moral values; in a word, virtue by snobbish compulsion. One thinks of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the searing irony of his sonnet, *Vain Virtues*. The virtue of Mildred Lawson is vanity of vanities and the abomination of desolation.

She often argued that "it was not for selfish motives that she desired freedom." Her capacity for self-illuding is enormous. She didn't love her drawing-master, the unfortunate Mr. Hoskin, who had a talent for landscape, but no money, yet she allowed the man to think she did care a little and it sent him into bad health when he found she had fooled him. The scene in the studio, where the dead painter lies in his coffin, between Mildred and his mistress—a model from the "lower" ranks of life—is one of the most stirring in modern fiction. The "lady" comes off second-best; when she begins to stammer that she hoped the dead man hadn't suggested improper relations, the unhappy girl turns on her: "I dare say you were virtuous more or less, as far as your own body is concerned. Faugh! women like you make virtue seem odious." Mildred, indignant at such "low conversation," makes her escape, slightly elated at the romantic crisis. A real man has died for her sake. After all life is not so barren of interest!

She goes to Paris. Studies art. Returns to London. Again to Paris and the forest of Fontainebleau, where she joins a student colony and flirts with a young painter; but it all comes to nothing, just as her work in the Julian Studio has no artistic result. Mr. Moore, who is a landscape painter, has drawn a

capital picture of the forest, though not with the fulness of charm to be found in Flaubert's treatment of the same theme in *Sentimental Education*. The little tale is a genuine contribution to fiction in which art is adequately dealt with. When *Celibates* appeared, Henry Harland said that *Mildred Lawson* was worthy of Flaubert if it had been written in good English, which is a manifest epigram. The volume is a masterpiece in little, a perfect breviary of selfishness.

Tiring of art Mildred takes up society, though she gets into a rather dubious Paris set. A socialist deputy and his wife protect her and she becomes a brilliant contributor—at least so she is made to believe—to a publication in which is eventually sunk a lot of her money. Her brother has warned her, but to no avail. At this juncture the tale becomes slightly mysterious. Mildred flirts with the deputy, his wife is apparently willing—having an interest elsewhere—and suddenly the bottom drops out of the affair, and Mildred poorer, though wiser, returns to her home in England. She has embraced the Roman Catholic religion, but you do not feel she is sincerely pious. It is one more gesture in her sterile career. At the end we find her trying to evade the inevitable matrimony, for she is alone, her brother dead, and she an heiress. Suspicious of her suitor's motives—it is the same faithful Alfred—she wearily debates the situation: “Her nerves were shattered, and life grows terribly distinct in the insomnia of the hot summer night. . . . She threw herself over and over in her burning bed, until at last her soul cried out in lucid misery: ‘Give me a passion for god or man, but give me a passion. I cannot live without one.’” For her “mad and sane are the same misprint.” And on this lyric note the book closes.

I believe if Hedda Gabler had hesitated and her father's pistol hadn't been hard by, she would have recovered her poise and deceived her husband. I believe if Emma Bovary had escaped that snag of debt she would have continued to fool Charles. And I believe Mildred Lawson married at last and fooled herself into the belief that she had a superior soul, misunderstood by the world and her husband. There is no telling how vermicular are the wriggings of mean souls. Mildred was a snob, there-



fore mean of soul; and she was a cold snob, hence her cruelty. That she was an eminently disagreeable girl I need hardly emphasize. Nevertheless the young chaps found her dainty and her poor girl friends, the artists, envied her pretty frocks. She had small shell-like ears, ears that are danger signals to experienced men.

When I re-read her history I was reminded of the princess in the allegory of Ephraim Mikhaël, called *The Captive*. She was the cold princess held captive in the hall with the wall of brass. Wherever she turns or walks she sees a welcome visitor: it is always her own insolent image in the mirrors on the walls. These mirrors make of herself her own eternal jailer. When she gazes from the window of her prison tower she sees no one. No conquering lover comes to deliver her from the bondage of self. In the slave who offers rare fruits and precious wines in cups of emerald she sees only a mockery of herself, the words of consolation remind her of her own voice. "And that is why the sorrowful Princess drives away the beautiful loving slave, more cruel even than the mirrors." Egotist to the end, both Mildred and the Princess see naught in the universe save the magnified image of themselves. And, judging from the exceedingly frank confessions of George Moore in his newest book, *Vale*, there is a lot of her creator in Mildred Lawson.

### III

#### *Undine*

Perhaps there is more than a nuance of caricature in the choice of such a name as "Undine Spragg" for the heroine of Edith Wharton's *The Custom of the Country*. Throughout that book, with its brilliant enamel-like surfaces, there is a tendency to make sport of our national weakness for resounding names. Undine Spragg—hideous collocation—is not the only offence. There is Indiana Frusk of Apex City, and Millard Binch, a combination in which the Dickens of *American Notes* would have found amusement. Hotels with titles like "The Stentorian" are not exaggerated. Miss Spragg's ancestor had invented "a

hair waver"; hence the name Undine: "from undoolay, you know, the French for crimping," as the simple-hearted mother of the girl explained to a suitor. Mrs. Wharton has been cruel, with a glacial cruelty, to her countrywomen of the Spragg type. But they abound. They come from the North, East, South, West to conquer New York, and thanks to untiring energy, a handsome exterior and much money they "arrive" sooner or later. With all her over-accentuated traits and the metallic quality of technique in the handling of her portrait, Undine Spragg is both a type and an individual,—she is the newest variation of Daisy Miller—and compared with her brazen charmlessness the figures of Hedda Gabler and Mildred Lawson seem melting with tenderness, aglow with subtle charm and muffled exaltation. Undine—shades of La Motte-Fouqué—is quite the most disagreeable girl in newest fiction. She has been put under a glass and subjected to the air-pump pressure of Mrs. Wharton's art. She is a much more viable creature than the author's earlier Lily Bart, the heroine of *The House of Mirth*. At least Undine is not sloppy or sentimental and that is a distinct claim on the suffrages of the intelligent reader. Furthermore, the clear hard atmosphere of the book is tempered by a tragic and humorous irony, a welcome astringent for the mental palate.

In Apex City Undine made up her mind to have her own way. She elopes and marries a vulgar "hustler," but is speedily divorced. She is very beautiful when she reaches New York. No emotional experience would leave a blur on her radiant youth, because love for her is a sensation, not a sentiment. By indirect and cumulative touches the novelist evokes for us her image. Truly a lovely apparition, almost mindless, with great sympathetic eyes and a sweet mouth. She exists, does Undine. She is not the barren fruit of a satirical pen. Foreigners, both men and women, puzzle over her freedom, chilliness and commercial horse-sense. She doesn't long intrigue their curiosity, her brain is poorly furnished and conversation with her is not a fine art. She is temperamental in the sense that she lives on her nerves; without the hum and glitter of the opera, fashionable restaurants or dances she relapses into a sullen stupor, or rages wildly at the fate that made her poor. She, too, like Hedda and Emma,



lives in the moment, a silly moth enamored of a millionaire. Mildred Lawson is positively intellectual in comparison, for she has a "go" at picture-making, while the only pictures Undine cares for are those produced by her own exquisitely plastic figure. No wonder Ralph Marvell fell in love with her, or, rather, in love with his poetic vision of her. He was, poor man, an idealist, and his fine porcelain was soon cracked in contact with her brassy egotism.

He is of the old Washington Square stock, as antique—and as honorable—as Methuselah. Undine soon tires of him, above all, tires of his family and their old-fashioned social code. For her the rowdy joys of Peter Van Degen and his set. The Odyssey of Undine is set forth for us by an accomplished artist in prose. We see her in Italy, blind to its natural beauties, blind to its art, unhappy till she gets into the "hurrah" of St. Moritz. We follow her hence, note her trailing her petty misery—boredom because she can't spend extravagantly—through modish drawing-rooms; then a fresh hegira, Europe, a divorce, the episode with Peter Van Degen and its profound disillusionment (she has the courage to jump the main-travelled road of convention for a brief term) and her remarriage. That, too, is a failure, only because Undine so wills it. She literally kills her first husband because she wins from him by "legal" means their child, and in the end she again marries her divorced husband, Elmer Moffatt, now a magnate, a multi-millionaire. She has at last followed the advice of Mrs. Heany, her adviser and *masseuse*. "Go steady, Undine, and you'll get anywheres." We leave her in a blaze of rubies and glory at her Paris château, and she isn't happy, for she has just learned that being divorced she can never be an ambadress, and that her major detestation, the "Jim Driscolls," had been appointed to the English court as ambassador from America. The novel ends on this *coda*: "She could never be an ambassador's wife; and as she advanced to welcome her first guests she said to herself, that it was the one part she was really made for." The truth is she was bored as a wife, and like Emma Bovary, found in adultery all the platitudes of marriage.

You ask yourself, after studying the play, and the two novels,

if the New Woman is necessarily disagreeable. To my way of thinking it is principally the craving for novelty in characterization that has wrought the change in our heroines of fiction, although new freedom and responsibilities have evolved new types. Naturally the pulchritudinous weakling we shall always have with us, ugly girls with brains are a welcome relief from the eternal purring of the popular girl with the baby smile. But it would be a mistake to call Hedda, or Mildred, or Undine, New Women. Mildred is the most "advanced," Hedda the most dangerous—she pulled the trigger far too early—and Undine the most selfish of the three. The three are disagreeable, but the trio is transitional in type. Each girl is a compromiser, Undine being the boldest, and she did a lot of shifting and indulged in much cowardly evasion. Vulgarians all, they are yet too complex to be pinned down by a formula. Old wine in these three new bottles makes for disaster. Undine Spragg is the worst failure of the three. She got what she wanted for she wanted only dross. Ibsen's Button-Moulder will meet her at the Cross-Roads when her time comes. Hedda, like Strindberg's Julia, may escape him because, coward as she was when facing harsh reality, she had the courage to rid her family of a worthless encumbrance. If she had been a robust egoist, and realized her nature to the full, she would have been a Hedda Gabler "reversed," in a word, the Hilda Wangel of *The Master Builder*. But with Mildred she lacked the strength either to renounce or to sin. And Undine Spragg hadn't the courage to become downright wicked; the game she played was so pitiful that it wasn't worth the poor little tallow-dip. What is her own is the Will-to-Silliness. As Princess Estradina exclaimed in her brutally frank fashion: "My dear, it's what I always say when people talk to me about fast Americans: you're the only innocent women left in the world." . . . This is far from being a compliment. No, Undine is voluble, vulgar, and "catty," but she isn't wicked. It takes brains to be wicked in the grand manner. She is only disagreeable and fashionable; and she is as impersonal and monotonous as a self-playing pianoforte.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### *Italy and the War*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Many things may have happened before this letter reaches you, but, even after the event, anticipations are not without interest.

Deep down in my heart I believe that the war will last very long, that it is not a question of a war between nationalities, but a war of the races. How intensely hated the Teuton element is is difficult to describe, but from every quarter comes the same cry. I believe Europe will exhaust herself in this war, and of course we cannot conceive what the consequence of it all will be. I feel sure that America will readjust herself very shortly, and separate her affairs in such a way from Europe that she will no longer be affected to the extent that she seems to be affected at present.

The financial situation in Italy is very trying. At the same time, I quite believe that the situation will not alter, that is, to the worse, in case Italy declares war. I believe that all these arrangements which are being made now are simply a preparation for the event of war. Should war break out now, everything will be settled and go on just the same. Neither the Government nor the people will lose their heads. Of course, business is paralyzed, but the different decrees have at least foreseen the financial crisis and thus saved innumerable people from bankruptcy. The wisdom of this Government has been very excellent, and from the look of things, and the men that they have, I believe that they will not be lacking in further good policy.

Of course, Italy is entirely and permanently out of the Triple Alliance, and at the first moment she is ready to declare war on Austria in order to save and protect her interests in the Adriatic. If she joins anybody, she will join England. She does not love France overmuch. She never did, and the people are anything but sympathetic to each other. That the Germanic peoples will be beaten seems to be certain, and if you look at the ethnological map of Austria you will see that more than three-fourths of the Austrian states are inhabited by Slavs and Latins—all of them hating the Austrian, that is, the Teuton. The grievances of each country against the Teuton have been of too long standing for there to be any likelihood of a "let-up" in the war until it is all fought out. Denmark wants Schleswig-Holstein, France Alsace-Lorraine, Russia the re-union of Poland, Italy Trent and Dalmatia, to say nothing of all the Austrian states who are looking forward to their independence.

These are strange times, with stranger to follow.

ROME

M. GREATOREX

*Germany and the War*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Europe is behind the spirit of the times in her division into groups of separate political and industrial interests. Ambition, jealousy, unfair competition, intrigue, the whole corollary of lower passions must necessarily be the result. Seek ye first the kingdom of the devil, and all these things will be added unto you! Edward Carpenter says: "Sin is separation."

Germany, in her position, must either play the part she has done, or content herself with the rôle of a lesser Power and the pursuit of "idealistic tendencies." She might have been the first to have the vision of the kingdom of God in Europe, as President Wilson has it here; but a *nouveau riche* hardly ever has aspirations—he is too busy investing his money. So was Germany, and she showed wisdom and ingenuity in her judgment. The "war machine" was not her only achievement: she gave to the lowest of her subjects a sense of beauty and order, a chance for a healthy and trained body and an alert mind to coöperate with that body for a decent livelihood. Having static class distinctions, she did far more for the upper strata.

But now came the danger point—the second generation. The sons of rich men may be great men, but some of them may be profligates. Germany's literature, stage, and the morals of the upper (?) classes indicated such a tendency, and almost everywhere, in varying degrees, an inclination toward materialism became apparent. Almost everywhere the germ of the new life lies also in the German heart. May not this war be the March wind that will sweep away the débris of a bygone civilization and religion, and make room for the new? That it may be so is my prayer—not to an omnipotent and arbitrary Providence, but to the universal goodness in man.

F. M.

NEW YORK

*Oxford on the War*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I do not know if you have yet had an opportunity of reading, among the many books called forth by the war, the recent statement of Great Britain's case by members of the Oxford faculty of modern history. It contains an appendix of original documents, including the full text of the German White Paper, as issued in the English language by



the German Government. The gist of the book, which is written with rather unusual detachment, is as follows: from the Treaty of Frankfort (1871) onward, the idea of a German world-empire has grown steadily, and the school of Treitschke has always regarded the overthrow of France and England as a preliminary to that end. But the programme did not become official until the fall of Bismarck. From then onward, Germany has dissociated herself from Russia, and the Triple Alliance has had to face the gradual *rapprochement*, for mutual defence, of Russia and France. Great Britain, however, has very largely ignored German ambitions. Until the eve of the present war she refused to believe that Germany would enter upon a war of aggression for the dismemberment of colonial empires. But she could not ignore the possibilities made clear by the pressure of events, such as the attitude of Germany toward France and Russia and the extraordinary growth of the German fleet, and she therefore drifted from her position of isolation into friendly understandings with France and Russia. Events in 1911 strengthened these understandings and it was at last informally understood that Great Britain and France would stand together to prevent aggression and preserve peace. But England did not act upon this understanding until, by August 4, 1914, she had exhausted all the possibilities of preserving peace, and had almost exhausted the patience and faith of Russia and France.

The authors of the book realize that the race for armaments was not begun by Germany: they draw attention to the Boulanger Law of 1886, when the peace footing of France was materially increased. "The beginning of the evil was perhaps due to France; but if so, it was a France which viewed, with just alarm, the enormous strides in population and wealth made by Germany since 1871"—and, it may be added, by the propaganda of world-empire then being carried on in Germany, following the threat of 1875. When Germany, after the fall of Bismarck, entered the race for armaments, it was plain that the only thing that could save France from a repetition of 1870 was the Russian Alliance. The intentions of Germany were, so far as France was concerned, never in doubt. The new German theory of the State, with the doctrines of Treitschke and others, made it impossible for an independent France to survive unless she found friends. She found them.

The German fleet, as well as her immense armies, had been an increasing anxiety to Europe. But, as the authors of the book point out, it was only natural that Germany should wish for a strong fleet. It was needed to defend her foreign trade, her colonial interests, and her own seaports. That Germany should lay down a definite programme six years ahead, and that the programme should become more extensive at each revision, was not necessarily a proof of malice. But England received a shock in 1900, when the programme of 1898 was unexpectedly and drastically revised, so that the German navy was practically doubled.

England was at that time engaged in the Boer War, and it was hard to see against whom the new fleet could be used if not against England. This was pointed out from time to time by the Socialist opposition in the Reichstag. It was impossible for British statesmen to avoid the suspicion that, on sea as on land, the Germans meant by liberty the right to unlimited self-assertion.

It is interesting further to note that the authors of the book pay a special tribute to the Kaiser, whom they do not consider primarily responsible for the war. They believe that he was "sincerely and honestly working in favor of European peace, against obstacles little dreamt of by our country-men." They place the blame for the German attitude upon the German military clique controlling the destiny of the empire.

HENRY MAITLAND

LONDON

### *The Federation of the World*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—An attempt is being made to depreciate the value of peace treaties, on the ground that nations do not always keep their solemn obligations. There has recently been a notable example of such a failure, and there may and probably will be others before the international code of honor is satisfactorily established. But that is no reason why we should refrain from working for ordinary common sense and decency. One might as well assert that because a few men whom one meets in social intercourse may be unpolished or even uncouth, therefore good manners and mutual consideration should be abandoned as useless.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, the appeal of the world to-day is more and more from force, and further and further toward tolerance and reason. It is sometimes supposed that in the new Federation of the World which the pacifists are working for, there will be an international military force to compel any truculent minority to respect the wishes of the presumably reasonable majority. But this is not necessarily so. Some kind of international police, or guardians of the peace, will be needed at first: but those who believe that the relations between nations cannot be conducted in the same way as the relations between friendly neighbors, have quite misunderstood the general tendency of progress. The great war itself, which the more obtuse have brought forward as the supreme argument against peace, has done more than anything else to give concrete form to aspirations and ideals. Ten years ago, perhaps six men out of eleven would have accepted the principle of the new ideas, but intimated that human nature was essentially so crude that no firm basis could ever be found for world-wide friendship. Now, ten men out of eleven, so



far as I can judge, accept whole-heartedly the idea that all men should, can and will live together in amity. It is merely a matter of bringing into focus the innumerable streams of public opinion which have been gathering strength during the last decade, and doubling and trebling that strength during the last three months.

The few who are incredulous might at least refrain from inconsiderate criticisms. *We* are trying to do something, to achieve; and even if we do not at once succeed absolutely, there will be a gain. *They* are trying to do nothing except sneer. They have nothing to suggest, and are content to assert that men must inevitably be murderers, as they were in the beginning, are now and ever will be.

They want mankind to continue to live in a decayed, ramshackle cottage. We offer to build a new house, storm-proof and capacious. We have all the materials and we have the builders. We want only the ground in which to lay the new foundations, and we propose therefore to tear down the decayed cottage as soon as possible, even if we have to camp out in the open while the rebuilding is going on.

One final suggestion. Will the Doubting Thomases study for a little while the history of our own country and see how from thirteen separate commonwealths, with few ties of cohesion and innumerable jealousies and resentments, these United States have been built up into a nation which has absorbed and modified the most heterogeneous elements? What we propose to do with the whole world is little more than has already been done in our own case, and surely on a sufficiently large scale to justify further experiments!

H. L. ADAMSON

CHICAGO

### *The Supreme Artist*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—“Twentieth Century” writes with evident sincerity and feeling in the correspondence department of your last two issues. But I would suggest to him, in all friendliness, that the idea of a God of Love can scarcely be substantiated by such knowledge of life and the universe as we at present possess. If there be a God in any personal sense, why should we clothe him with ordinary human attributes of compassion and kindness? We see practically all living creatures constructed so that they must prey upon each other for existence. Consider the perpetual murder-orgy, for instance, of an apparently quiet acre of ground on a sunlit Sunday morning: think of the life and death tragedies of the insect world. Consider also, as another instance, the complacency with which human beings regard the atrocities of their slaughter-houses.

If we are willing to draw correct conclusions from the facts of observation and experience, is it not clear that the universe was planned (if it were planned at all) by an Intelligence so remote from the Christian conception that it is difficult for us now to adjust ourselves to the naked facts? May not the Creator of the universe be pitiless in his omnipotence—just an artist who has created the supreme tragedy of life because of the marvellous dramatic qualities involved, but caring no more for the materials used than a painter would care, so far as compassion goes, for his colors? I only offer this as a viewpoint that may give rise to suggestive reflection.

ELEATIC

NEW YORK

### *The Ancient Enchanter*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Might I be permitted to suggest that perhaps the greatest service to truth which could be rendered in the literary world to-day would be such an exposition of ancient and modern “mystic” poetry and prose as would trace the demonic force, scope and persistence of its underlying motive, namely, revolt against what is known as the revelation of God contained in Holy Writ, a criticism which would show these mixtures of a lie which savor so cunningly of truth, purity and love, “in goblets of radiance,” to be but the cup of that ancient Enchanter whose harvest increases with the years.

Perhaps, however, the cumulative manifestation of the demonic pride, wrath, despair and malevolence which is surely contained in these writings might prove too overwhelming for human hearts to contemplate.

I may add that for mild expression of the Gospel of the Underworld we need not go to the “Futurists”; any anthology will suffice.

H. C. BENNETT

SPANISH TOWN

### *God and Energy*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The present war in Europe has been called the breakdown of civilization, and it has also been attributed to the failure of Christianity. Any fool is at liberty to sneer at religion, but who dare question the wisdom of science? In this letter I intend, not only to suggest, but also to try to prove that science is primarily responsible for the carelessness and shallow thinking which led inevitably to this war; also that the fundamental error, which may be called the tap-root



of the evil which threatens civilization, lies in an assumption that underlies all practical scientific belief in regard to available energy or opportunity for life. The current scientific teaching in regard to available energy may perhaps be briefly and approximately stated thus:

All available energy, without which there can be no life, was originally derived from the sun.

This available energy cannot be increased by any means whatsoever, but it is being continually "lost" by transformation into unavailable forms of energy. Available energy so "lost" can never be recovered.

It will be observed that the correctness of each of these doctrines rests upon the truth or falsehood of the last proposition. That being the case it would naturally be imagined that this position would be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

On this point I will quote briefly from the article on Energy in the last edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*: "Though controlling all phenomena of which we have any experience, the principle of the dissipation of energy rests on a very different foundation from that of the conservation of energy: for while we may conceive of no means of circumventing the latter principle, it seems that the actions of intelligent beings are subject to the former only in consequence of the rudeness of the machinery which they have at their disposal for controlling the behavior of these ultimate portions of matter. . . . If we have to deal with a system of molecules of whose motions in the aggregate we become conscious only by indirect means, . . . it is obvious that we cannot grasp single molecules and control their movements so as to derive the full amount of work from the system. All we can do in such cases is to place the system under certain conditions of transformation and be content with the amount of work which it is, as it were, willing to render up under the circumstances."

If the last sentence quoted be correct—and it seems indisputable—then the possibility of utilizing atomic energy in the aggregate by indirect means is apparently admitted; but, if that be the case, then all the current scientific teaching in regard to available energy or opportunity for life is based on an assumption only. This assumption may be disproved, but, from the nature of things, it never can be proved: all that can be proved being that those who enunciate and uphold the doctrine are incapable of transforming this energy into an available form—which may be entirely probable.

If these premises as laid down by science are granted—as they are almost universally at present—then it necessarily follows that the struggle for existence must increase in intensity as the supply of available energy diminishes, and no amount of preaching, editorial or otherwise, or altruistic sentiment will alter the fact.

If these premises are correct, then those who are best able to survive have the best claim to survive, and might not right is the sole arbiter.

These "scientific" doctrines underlie the philosophy of Nietzsche, and the philosophy of Nietzsche underlies German militarism, and German militarism caused the war. (If the statement that German militarism caused the war be objected to as controversial, then all militarism, in the last analysis, rests on the same basis.)

It seems to be a plain case of cause and effect, and the so-called iron law of necessity may have no existence save in the system made unavoidable by the crass stupidity which attempts to lay down the law to God and man. Lord Kelvin, when announcing the principle of the "dissipation of energy" in 1852, stated that "any restoration of mechanical energy without more than an equivalent of dissipation is impossible." What reason had he for laying down this dictum? I will again quote from *The Encyclopædia Britannica* (Energetics, p. 397): "In fact the only reason hitherto thought of for the invariable tendency of available energy to diminish, is that it represents the general principle that in the kinetic play of a vast assemblage of independent molecules individually beyond our control, the normal tendency is for the regularities to diminish and the motions to become less correlated: short of some such reason, it is an unexplained empirical principle."

Does that seem to be a sufficient reason for limiting the destiny of mankind with the word "impossible"? It will be noted that, while the independent molecules may be individually beyond our control, the theory that they are beyond our control collectively is a pure assumption.

This assumption is a direct contradiction to the conservation of energy in an available form, and it is an assumption only, without a vestige of proof behind it. If that assumption is correct, then it inevitably follows that mankind will be finally wiped off the face of the earth after ages of struggle and cruelty and agony unspeakable. What manner of deity could preside over such a system, unless it be Moloch or Baal?

On the other hand, if the energy which is apparently "lost" in matter can be recovered, then the law of conservation of energy can be extended so as to include the conservation of available energy; and the principle known as the "dissipation of energy" would only show that all energy has a tendency to that form where it can be controlled by intelligence. If a higher Intelligence designed the whole, then the probability, or rather the certainty, is that the control of that energy would be placed in the hands of intelligence, instead of being sealed up unavailably in dead matter.

At the present time science ignores the possibility of any intelligence higher than that of the scientists, and, assuming that all available energy is derived either directly or indirectly from the sun, and that this available energy is being continually dissipated and can never be recovered, it predicates a continuous and increasing struggle for existence as the supply



of available energy diminishes with the lapse of time. The present writer has no connection with any visible church, and has no scientific pretensions whatever, but, instead of accepting the premises so arrogantly dictated, he suggests that it might rather be possible to predicate the Almighty and a clear track for human progress. Assuming that the amount of "unavailable" energy is practically unlimited, and assuming also that the unseen Power behind the visible universe is beneficent in purpose, then it necessarily follows that there *must* be some means whereby man can utilize that inexhaustible supply. The doctrine that, in spiritual matters, man can draw on a Higher than himself for life eternal, has its complement in the assumption that, in physical matters, he can rely on the same Providence for energy that endures. In revealed religion it is stated in specific terms that, in the ideal state, they have no need of the sun, as their God will give them light: and light, it need hardly be added, is only a form of energy. That is the issue, God or Baal.

It will probably not be disputed that the amount of this "unavailable" energy is practically unlimited, and as all energy has a tendency in that direction it could never be depleted to all eternity. If this unlimited energy were available it would mean an unlimited supply of heat, light, power, water, etc., and there is no country in Europe which could not support at least double and probably ten times its present population with ease, especially so if peace and good-will prevailed among men.

The trouble would probably lie in another direction. If unlimited energy were available, some commodities might be so plentiful that they would have little more market value than air or sunlight; and, if the worst came to the worst, it might even be necessary to follow the general working rule of beings that can draw on the infinite, "Give, and it shall be given to you."

Turning to the present system of rational mammonism where men are driven to fight like brutes for the brute's portion, it appears that the war which is now being waged to determine by force which races are to survive and dominate, is only a logical demonstration of the tendency and results of the present system.

The tree is known by its fruits. Our present civilization has been built on a foundation of mingled truth and error, and the flaw in the foundation threatens to bring the whole structure to the ground.

The system which has been developed bears a suspicious resemblance to that which was foretold as "Babylon the Great," and, if that be its identity, it has been doomed by a higher Power than man, and shall fall and not rise again.

ANDREW YOUNG

VANCOUVER

*Shakespeare's English*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I notice that in your September issue there is what seems to me a peculiar use of the word “repairing.” The passage occurs in the correspondence department, in the letter headed *Drastic Punishment*, and runs as follows:

“The New York *Globe*, which has been doing such excellent work in repairing the deficiencies of our so-called health authorities. . .”

Does not “repair” mean to bring back to full power or effectiveness? Why, then, should *The Globe* endeavor to bring the deficiencies of our health authorities to their full development? Surely we don’t want to restore deficiencies. We want to eliminate them.

JAMES E. SMITH

NEW YORK

[Every man who does not understand English should buy a reliable dictionary. Many excellent dictionaries are available. “Repair” does not mean only to restore or renew, but also to make amends for, to indemnify for. Shakespeare was content to write:

“I’ll repair the misery thou dost bear”—

and he did not mean that he would restore the misery or make it more acute.—EDITOR.]



## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *Crucify Him*

A LITTLE less than nineteen centuries ago, a great teacher and healer, whom some called the Son of God, was accused of doing good to his fellow-men, was found guilty, and condemned, amid public plaudits, to be crucified. It was a wonderful verdict and a wonderful sentence: for timelessness was with it, and to-day, as then, the man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, is crucified.

He has been deified and worshipped. Millions of men have spent their lives in expounding his teachings. The whole course of history has been changed by the birth and death of the seer who once stooped and wrote with his finger on the ground.

And yet, to-day, he stands for nothing. His creed is a myth, his gospel of love a discredited convention, which not a single Church or a single State in the world has ever tried to live up to. There has never yet been a Christian nation, and there has never yet been a really Christian Church.

There never will be a Christian nation or a Christian Church until men can put away all lies and hypocrisy, and see themselves as they really are; and, in seeing themselves, see their God: for God, we are told, made man in His own image.

But man has little use for the image of God. At the best, it is food for powder. Let it rot in flame-swept fields, and be carrion where once were villages and gardens, but now are blackened ruins. A million corpses, or two millions, or three: what do they matter to the Christendom, not of Christ, but of Cæsar?

The cities and the towns burn; the flight of the refugees continues; the babies are murdered, and their mothers perish. For this is the nineteenth century of the Christian dispensation.

### *God and Provincialism*

A LITTLE while ago, the people of the United States of America were praying, as a nation, for peace. The President had indicated a particular day when all God-fearing men and women should entreat the Almighty to rescue the Old World

from the delirium of madness into which it had drifted. It was apparently assumed that the reiteration of appeals by well-meaning but, on the whole, rather ignorant people, might have a beneficial effect upon the Controller of the Universe. He might be persuaded, perhaps, through the earnest efforts of masses of people, imposing by mere bulk, to reverse His evident decision to permit a devastating and intolerable war. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*

Yet however absurd, to some minds, may seem the attempt to interfere with the divine plan, neither poet nor philosopher will find it easy to make the issue quite clear. Were we praying to an Almighty and Benevolent Deity to do something which He might well have done unprompted? Must He wait to be asked before giving to His children good or evil gifts? If so, who begged Him to permit the outbreak of this orgy of blood? Or is it only the good things that must be prayed for, while the evil are given unsought? Or again, if God, moving in most mysterious ways, makes use of human agencies, then the will-to-peace of a nation may surely be as important a factor as the will-to-war of a militarist clique.

So much depends, for the individual, upon the individual's conception of God, as personal or impersonal, in being or in the making, with or without body, parts, passions, prejudices. To the majority of present-day theists, He is neither an abstraction nor an eternal sleeper, but an active Overseer of the universe and its myriad lives, that He has created and is still moulding. And since, according to those who hold this view, He has intimated that prayer may have far-reaching results—"more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of"—then a suppliant nation may seem a fact of profound significance and strange potentialities, if only for the personal reactions involved.

Each to his own vision and his own judgment. But is it not about time, at least, that the individual nations and the individual leaders of the nations should cease to consider Providence as a mere national perquisite? "God of our fathers" is a resounding phrase, but, with its various equivalents, it is too often applied with a possessive, proprietorial implication. Cardinal Wolsey's famous "ego et rex meus" becomes in modern days "ego et



deus meus"; Heaven is annexed to each of the empires, and kings and kaisers proclaim publicly their appreciation of valuable divine assistance, present and prospective.

The God whom, in our different ways, we strive to discover and understand, can surely have no more, and no less, to do with the carnage in Europe than He has with the perpetual murder in our stock-yards and slaughter-houses. For good or for evil, the affairs of this world, and the domination of this world, are apparently left with mankind—born of the slime of the sea, mounting through ape to ultimate archangel. "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life": whether in a day, or in an æon, what matter? In our own hands now is the issue of all things temporal, and we cannot escape the responsibility by thrusting it upon God, or by repeating the shibboleths that have only a sentimental value, but no pertinence to our present problems. We, and not Allah, Jehovah, Christ, Buddha, are responsible for our deeds and misdeeds. If, then, we pray, let our prayer be articulate: for the granting or withholding of the boon desired is with ourselves. Man is the measure of his universe, and the master of his destiny.

### *The Lights of Freedom*

THE statement attributed to Rudyard Kipling, that in the event of Germany's success in the war "the lights of freedom would go out throughout the world," is a little insular. It is true that the German idea of freedom varies in many ways from the Anglo-Celtic; but it does not follow that either idea is necessarily to be despised. Though neither Germany nor Prussia has parliamentary government of the English type, the Kaiser's administration has been wonderfully effective in other than military ways and in many respects has set an example that the world might well imitate. And when a nation of educated, efficient and intelligent people is as a whole content with its government, proud of its Emperor and satisfied with its own general lot in life, it is absurd to consider that that nation is a nation of slaves, and that any expansion of its influence in the world means a corresponding extinction of the lights of freedom.

England is a great and rich country: but the poverty of her "submerged tenth" is appalling. The shivering wretch on the Embankment may pride himself upon his freedom to starve, but he would be looked after a little better in Germany, in spite of the lack of parliamentary facilities for controlling Cabinets.

It is not necessary to multiply instances for comparison. Mr. Kipling's statement was made in good faith, but without sufficient reflection. It is natural for him to prefer the system of government to which he has become accustomed, but extravagant innuendoes, on one side or the other, should be avoided. They bring no help toward the solution of the great problem.

### *Germany's Worst Enemies*

It is often painfully true that a man's worst enemies are those of his own household, and the adage is equally applicable to nations. Germany has not been well served by the attempts of her sons to vindicate their fatherland: complete silence would have been far preferable to the nonsense that has apparently seemed satisfactory to widely varying types of Teutons. The early control of news channels by the Allies was understood, and allowances were made by all who were in a position to express an opinion of any value. A policy of dignity and restraint would have reaped its inevitable reward: but the policy that has actually been pursued has alienated many of those who still prefer argument and discussion to abuse and intolerance.

### *A Suggestion*

THERE has been far too much unseemly wrangling in connection with the war and the efforts to explain national feeling and disavow national responsibility. It is evident that the limitations of birth, training and environment are more stringent than would, until now, have been considered probable in the case of men of high intellectuality and international reputations.

It should not be impossible for honest inquirers to reach a settlement with regard to any subject whatsoever. But when the mind is warped in childhood, the so-called judgment of ma-



turity has little value. The acorn of prejudice may produce a very sturdy oak, and every school in every country has a large supply of acorns.

Perhaps one of the results of the war—and not a minor result—will be the awakening of the public conscience to the dangers of this deliberate mistraining of youth, so that men of different nations can scarcely discuss any topic with fairness, because of the implanted bias. If all the school histories of the world, for example, were carefully collected and cremated, and replaced by a series of international text-books compiled under the direction of an international committee, a great forward step would be taken in the direction of decency and true education. And there is no reason whatever why this should not be done.

### *Fifty-five*

THOSE who have been attributing all manner of evil intentions to the Kaiser, accusing him of blood-lust, arrogant ambitions and a mania for world-power, have perhaps not given full consideration to the fact that he is fifty-five years of age. Whatever may have been his dreams and desires at different periods of his life, he is now an elderly gentleman and a grandfather. Even at forty, the more fantastic illusions begin to disappear: it is scarcely credible that at fifty-five there should remain any craving to splash blood through the pages of history and emulate the great slaughterers who have gained the infamy they toiled for. The Crown Prince is still young enough, perhaps, to make mistakes: but his father is entitled to the assumption that, at fifty-five, he has reached years of discretion.

### *The British War Office*

THERE are indications that the British War Office is trying to live up to its cherished traditions of incompetence. Such efficiency as has been shown may be credited to the driving power of Lord Kitchener; but it would be extraordinary if the permanent officials neglected this supreme opportunity for the display of red tape. The gentleman who was responsible, some time

ago, for limiting reënlistments in order to save the cost of the trivial pensions that might become due, has no doubt been promoted to a position where he can do the greatest possible damage with the least possible delay. He should receive every encouragement, for the soldiers who are offering their services to their country now must be taught quite clearly that they are an expensive and impertinent nuisance, not to be tolerated by highly paid and supercilious officials.

### *A Little Wisdom*

DEAN INGE, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, recently made some unusual statements (from a clerical viewpoint) in a sermon preached in the cathedral.

"I do not believe," he said, "that there was ever a time when Christians thought less about Heaven than they do now.

"Those who are most in earnest about improving the condition of human society in this world look upon this Heaven as a fairy story, and many of them think that the clergy are trying to keep them quiet by giving them promissory notes to be paid in another world which does not exist.

"They even look upon the doctrine of a future life as a profitable fraud which, after many centuries, has at last been exposed, and so they say, 'We prefer payment in cash: your bank up in the sky has stopped payment.'

"Eternal life is not something future; it is now. I believe that if we dwelt on this aspect of eternal life—as a blessed state to be begun here and perfected hereafter—we should find the doctrine more fruitful to ourselves and more credible to those we wish to influence.

"Working-men would rather hear us say, 'I do not know,' than have crude symbols given to them as literal facts."

### *Atrocities*

LIES are told during the conduct of every war: for without lying war would be impossible. But it will take Europe a long time to recover from the horrors that are only now beginning to be realized in their full intensity.



When allegations of barbarism are first made, there is a natural feeling of incredulity. But slowly and steadily, the evidence accumulates and is brought home personally by personal references. When the world really realizes all that has happened, the feeling at present associated with Louvain and Rheims will be merely phlegmatic indifference compared with the overpowering emotion that will submerge all provincialism and leave the nations racked, penitent, but impotent to change the irrevocable.

*Mr. Bryan's Critic*

MR. BRYAN has often during his career been favored with bitter and even virulent criticism; but probably he would prefer to any previous diatribes the recent denunciations of his peace treaties by Colonel Roosevelt. If the ex-President has still any friends or any influence in the country, the percentage of intelligent men and women must be a little less than has been commonly supposed.

The Secretary of State has made war practically impossible between this country and twenty-seven other nations. Naturally, Colonel Roosevelt is distressed: for if, as he has lucidly stated, any individual treaty should by any possibility break down, and a war that would have taken place without the treaty should take place in spite of it, then the responsibility of the Secretary of State would be enormous. This is characteristic Rooseveltian nonsense, and is paralleled only by the public apology, twice announced, that a certain war did not assume greater dimensions: "But it was all the war there was, and it was not our fault there wasn't enough to go around." A man who, in jest or in earnest, could give utterance to such a sentiment, has no place in American public affairs to-day, and his childish criticism of Mr. Bryan's achievement will show the country what it has been saved from by Colonel Roosevelt's failure to re-occupy the White House.

# THE FORUM

FOR DECEMBER 1914

## OLD HOUSES

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

OLD loveliness, set in the country wind,  
Or down some vain town road the careless tread,  
Like hush of candles lighted for the dead,  
That look of yours, half seeing and half blind.  
Still do you strain at door, but we come not,  
The little maids, the lads, bone of your bone;  
In some sad wise you keep the dusk alone,  
Old loveliness, a many a day forgot.  
But nay, but nay. All weathers to you pass,  
Blown on by some sweet poignancy of air:  
At some shop pane in Lent the jonquils start;  
But O, their like in your old windy grass!—  
Through tears that choke we see you waiting there;  
Once more, once more are gathered to your heart!



# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE NATION WITH REGARD TO A PEACE PLAN

JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

*When crowds have come, as the result of \* \* \* changes of belief, to acquire a profound antipathy for the images evoked by certain words, the first duty of the true statesman is to change the words.*—GUSTAVE LE BON.

## FOREWORD

Herewith is presented a peace plan

Which is not politically controversial:

Which requires no international agreements, calls for no new tribunals or other machinery of operation and will involve no change in present governmental practices:

Which is not offered as a substitute for such proposed solutions of the war problem as arbitration, disarmament, etc., but as an aid toward the development of a public sentiment for such measures:

Which does not suggest the immediate abolition of war, an obvious impossibility until public sentiment shall demand its abolition, but which provides for the automatic *direction and acceleration of public thought* toward the ideal of peace instead of toward the ideal of war:

Which proposes to accomplish these ends by the utilization of known principles in psychology.

## THE LETTER

TO THE PRESIDENT, THE MINISTERS OF GOVERNMENT,  
AND THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES: TO THE  
MEMBERS OF PEACE SOCIETIES: TO THE PRESS AND TO  
THE PEOPLE:

## GREETING

I beg respectfully to suggest that the department of Government now known as the War Department hereafter be called

the Peace Department; that its Ministers hereafter may be known as Secretaries of Peace; that what are known as War Policies hereafter may be known as Peace Policies.

It will be agreed, I think, that the new word expresses more accurately than the old the present functions, temper and intent of our Government in its international relations; that our War Department actually is a department for peace; that our army and navy are, in intention, agencies for peace, and would become more effectively so if their calling ceased to be defined as that of war; that our War Secretary now is, in effect, a Minister of Peace, in that his primary office is not to make war, but to avert it, and the degree of his prestige is in direct ratio to his success in preserving the peace and tranquillity of our people; that our war budgets are, in fact, peace budgets, and should be called so, even in time of war, inasmuch as it scarcely will be denied that peace would be the primary object of any war in which we might engage.

Our war policies being already, in fact, peace policies, my proposal is simply that they be called such, that our terminology be revised to accord with our practices, our intentions and the ideals of the present day.

The tendency of modern thought is negative, if not hostile, toward war. It is positive toward peace. By substituting the concept Peace for the concept War in naming our Departments, our Ministers and our Policies, we shall, by taking advantage of the known suggestibility of the human mind and of the present current of public thought, greatly accelerate that current in the direction of its tendency and in the furtherance of our hopes, our ideals and the admitted purposes of what now is called our War Department.

Inasmuch as the plan here presented is not politically controversial, as it includes no proposal for a change in the existing policies of our Government, or in the actual practice of any governmental department, it is respectfully suggested that those to



whom it is addressed take such action as may lie within their power to bring it before the various legislative bodies of the United States for their consideration; and in every way to further its adoption if the plan shall be so fortunate as to receive their distinguished approval.

JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

## SMASHING THE WAR-MACHINES

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

**T**IME and again I have heard ardent peace advocates remark that the inevitable outcome of the great war must be still more militarism. As frequently I have heard men of the opposite type declare "more men, more guns and more ships" the only effective remedy against another war of the same kind, while from the lips of thousands holding a middle position or no position at all, I have heard the fear that, having "smashed Germany," England's next task would probably be to arrange for a suitable "smashing" of Russia. Thus the thing might be regarded as settled, and to quarrel with conclusions so well supported would seem hopelessly futile. But quarrel with them I must.

Of course, I admit that something has to be "smashed," although I hesitate to identify it with the name of any one country; and I admit also that the world-struggle which began about August 1 may possibly require for its final settlement a sequel in which Russia is to assume the unenviable position now held by Germany. But I venture to question whether it need prove more than a mere possibility. Were this second and greater war as inevitable as some people seem to think, so that the nations of the world would have to repeat their military and naval preparations of the last half century on a still more monstrous scale, then the future would be dark indeed. I am loth to believe it, however, and I think furthermore that to foster a widespread belief in such a future is to give a helping hand toward its materialization.

This very war—so long foreseen and foretold, and yet so startlingly unexpected in its arrival—is a splendid example of what I have in mind when I suggest that our beliefs may influence the future. That economical conditions and considerations must be sought at the bottom of the present struggle, I would be the last to deny. That—up to a certain stage of human development at least—racial competition will be almost certain to produce physical conflict, I also admit. But I insist nevertheless that



the attitude of the entire western world toward the fanatic, fatalistic militarism preached by Germany since the advent of Bismarck has been one of the most potent factors in producing this war, and the dominant one in settling its scope and nature.

I assert, in a word, that, to a large extent, we have it in our power to make and shape the future. If, in the past, we had not accepted war, not only as a necessary evil, but as the one ultimate means of settling serious international differences, the history of the last fifty years might have taken quite another turn. I am not one of those too-logical peace advocates who believe that you can meet the blow of an aggressive and unscrupulous nation by an offer of the other cheek. But I do believe that when everybody is shaking the sabre, the worst bully is most likely to profit by it. Germany has only given an exaggerated expression to what all the rest of the world at heart believed to be true; and thus the mistaken attitude of Germany became warranted and fortified by those who had most reason to deplore it.

Fortunately, however, the universal condition leading up to and finding its logical expression in the present world-struggle has already been very effective in convincing the larger part of civilized mankind that almost any other condition would be preferable. No matter who brought the crisis to a head, both the alignment of the opponents and the character of the conflict have been principally determined by a feeling among all the non-German nations that the war's one warrant was the need of making war impossible for ever afterwards. It is in this feeling, so strikingly different from the one illustrated by Bernhardt's notorious volume, that I see one of the brightest promises of future peace—a feeling based on man's realization that nothing to be gained by war can be worth the loss implied in preparing for it.

I think that the faith of man in war as an effective outlay of life and money and energy has already been deeply shaken, and that the resulting trend of the human mind toward a conception of peace as indispensable to orderly progress will get an added impetus from certain conditions now in the making. Whatever else may be the outcome of this greatest of all wars,

it seems safe to predict that the world emerging from the receding tide of chaos will not be the old one. The world that existed before the war has disappeared for ever. We can never bring it back. If the Allies win a hundred victories or suffer as many defeats; if they wipe Germany and Austria off the map, or become wiped off themselves; if the victors shift all the boundaries of the civilized world, or leave them just as they were—the world revealed by the coming peace will have been so radically changed by the inherent necessities of this enormous upheaval that we may truly call it a new world.

Perhaps the most important of all the changes to be noted in this new world will concern the essential prerequisite of war: that elaborate, vastly complicated machinery without which modern war is unthinkable. Judging by the meagre reports so far received from the titanically sprawling battlefield of Europe, what do you think will be the state of that machinery after a few months only of war? What do you imagine its state will be if, as Earl Kitchener has suggested, the slaughter and devastation should continue for a year? And if, by efforts equalling those of a drowning man, the warring nations should manage to keep that machinery in fair working order to the very end, what do you think *their* state will be in consequence of such efforts?

It has long been my conviction that peace was out of the question while those machines remained unimpaired, and that the great war now under way had to come in order that they might be disposed of. First of all, it seems to be a law of nature that whenever life creates an instrument of any kind, its mere existence makes the use of it inevitable. The presence of an organ, says the biologist, implies a demand for its functioning. The war-machines of the great modern nations are such instruments or organs. Being created at enormous cost for a certain emergency, they have tended irresistibly to produce that very emergency. The greater their perfection, the greater has been their pressure in direction of circumstances that would bring that perfection to proof.

Of course, we know that external conditions will sometimes cause the use of an organ to be discontinued, with the result that the organ in question withers away. But we know also that this



never happens while the slightest inducement to the use of such an organ still remains. The same tendency toward economy appears in nations and finds constant manifestation in their attitude toward antiquated and outworn institutions. In fact, nations frequently display the spirit of a housewife who will spend twopence worth of butter to prevent a pennyworth of meat from being thrown away, or of a man finishing a can of beer merely to save it from "going to waste." What wonder, then, that they are not inclined to scrap many billions worth of armaments?

Think what those gigantic war-machines have cost. Think of the sacrifice and the toil and the ingenuity that have gone into their making. Think of the pride in their perfection that has had to be evoked in order to call forth the needed amount of sacrifice. Remember that they have been building not for months or years, but for decades, and that back of them lies a whole evolutionary series of similar machines which they have supplanted. Bear in mind, finally, the extent to which they have been made the symbol and ultimate expression of loyalty to kin and country and those ideals that are dearer than life itself to the heart of the race. If you have all those things in mind, how can you possibly hope to see those machines discarded while still unused and unimpaired?

But, as I have already suggested, the situation is likely to be a different one at the end of this war. And lest the difference be not sufficient to ensure a fair chance for man's growing tendency toward a peaceful settlement of national as well as individual disputes, I have the hardihood to wish that the end may not come too quickly. An early peace that leaves the huge machines intact in the main will simply mean another war to come—and in France at least they have learned that war itself is hardly worse than the waiting for it, when it is known to be unavoidable. If, on the other hand, the struggle be sufficiently prolonged, and if it be pursued to a finish in the spirit marking the initial operations, then there is hope indeed that the machines—and in speaking of those machines I have the human as well as all other material in mind—will be so damaged that the scrap heap will not appear a too wasteful suggestion.

There will be armies left, of course, and ships, and aeroplanes, and guns, and fortifications. But that will not be enough. A war-machine is not a mere conglomeration of warlike ingredients. It is a carefully devised and exquisitely balanced instrument, the perfect working of which depends on the perfect condition of every part. Its effective use demands that every part of it be present in such proportion and condition that it can interact properly with all the other parts. Our modern war machines bear the same relation to those of the past as a delicate scientific instrument to the primitive tools of a savage tribe. And it is an axiom, almost, that the more delicate the instrument is, the more easily it breaks down.

In assuming that a thorough smashing of the machines during the war will go far toward ensuring their practical abolition when peace comes at last, we must bear in mind certain other results of the war that must assert themselves the moment it is proposed to restore the damaged machines to their original condition, or to produce new ones of still greater perfection. Once more I must point out that those machines are the results of enormous expenditures continued uninterruptedly through a long stretch of years. During the period of their construction the world was at peace on the whole, and experienced a degree of prosperity that must be held without precedent in its history. Thus, and thus only, the building of these wonderful machines was rendered possible.

But I think it certain beyond all doubt that, after the war, every nation taking part in it will be exhausted to the verge of utter collapse. Nor will the neutral nations be wholly unaffected by this condition, as the experience of the United States has abundantly proved. Men and money will be as scarce as they will be badly needed for the work of industrial and commercial reconstruction. If anybody should call attention to the rapidity with which France recovered after the war of 1870-71, my rejoinder will be that the war in question was a local one after all. This, on the other hand, is a world-wide war, and its final scope has not yet been recorded. I think it safe to assert that the degree of exhaustion induced and the difficulty of recovery increase geometrically in proportion to the number of



nations actively involved. Nor must it be left out of sight in this connection, that five of the nations already at war when I write this rank among the foremost both in consumption and production. This is a circumstance that will tend largely to increase the effect of their exhaustion not only within their own borders but among the nations whose peace has not been broken.

Think what sums will be needed to rebuild a hundred wasted towns. Think what time and thought will be required to revive a million ruined enterprises. Think of the debts to be faced by nations and by individuals. Think of the host of cripples and invalids that will be left behind by the war to burden the greatly reduced army of active workers. Think of the orphans and widows and childless parents who will look in vain for the supporters on whom they depended before the war. Think of the demand that will be made on a country like England, which will no longer permit the distress of the individual to be overlooked by the nation as a whole. If we keep all these drains on the national resources clearly in mind, while also remembering that resources already reduced to a fearful extent by the war, may become still further reduced by famine in several countries, how can we possibly think men willing to spend what little is left them on more machines of the kind that has put them in such a plight?

The talk of "more men, more guns, and more ships" will not die down at once. A certain amount of military expansion is particularly apt to occur within the countries that have done least in this direction hitherto—such countries as England and the United States. But I think it no less likely that a universal limitation of armaments will be provided by the peace treaties and enforced by the victorious group of nations and the United States. One of the main objects dictating the policies of the Allies will be to prevent Germany from beginning all over again. And it will be impossible for them to place restrictions on Germany without applying these to themselves also.

Militarism, with all that it implies, cannot be wiped out at a single stroke. The instinct for fighting is too deeply rooted in human nature. But during the last century it has been raised to a sort of religious creed, particularly in Germany, where they

have even given this new cult a national temple in the form of a monument commemorating the Battle of the Nations. This kind of militarism, claiming absolute ascendancy over every other form of national expression, will be doomed for ever by this war, I think. And if such prove the case, no sacrifice demanded by the war—whether it be of life or of money—will have been made in vain.



## LEAVES FROM MY NOTEBOOK

ROBERT E. JONES

BERLIN, February 21, 1914.

The perfection of technical development here excites me, amuses, intimidates, amazes me. . . . The elaborate technical lectures, the floods of books, the floods of Werkstätten-energy here, always energy, energy without vitality, somehow. . . . It's like a carved throne made for some great king. There is no king: the throne is empty. . . .

BAD HARZBURG, July 26.

Forenoons it rains here torrentially, then you get grandiose spectacles of piled-up storm-clouds and racing cloud-shadows. . . . villages lie around, ten minutes' walk apart—a tiny slate church, a cottage or two, a duck pond, sick, thin cows hitched to ox carts, village maids pitching dung, all as it was and ever shall be. If you want social security back up against a dung-heap.

BAD HARZBURG, July 31.

I have just come back from a day's tramp to the Brocken (Goethe's Brocken it is, where the witches dance) to find war declared and the order to mobilize posted by the *Rathaus*. In my *pension* we are dazed, we are in a dream. It is my birthday; we eat the honey-cake dear old Fräulein Naether made for me and toast the Kaiser mechanically in my birthday wine. It is horribly like a last sacrament. The old lieutenant who lives here has his moment of triumph. "At last we have the war we have dreamed of," he says; "there is nothing in the world so splendid, so uplifting, so ennobling as war." He gets rhetorical. But Fräulein Naether cries. She has bought six chickens for to-morrow's dinner, and to-morrow nobody will be here to eat them. Somehow the only thing that sticks in my head is the grotesque image of those wasted chickens. . . . The village is quiet and dark; here and there groups are humming, "Ein Fester Burg ist Unser Gott."

BERLIN, August 1.

God, what a day!—all day through this exquisite German country—fields of wheat, dead ripe, bland, dreamy, smooth like silk—I never saw anything so beautiful—we are thrown from train to train—always we have that gritty, wideawake feeling, our arms and backs are one big ache from our heavy suit cases—at one station two Russians are dragged out from our wagon and shot—hour after hour across this still pale country—I wonder who will gather this harvest. . . .

We come into a mad Berlin—everywhere marching, marching, till our eyes and ears are sick of the motion—I have to put a Swedish girl aboard the night train for Copenhagen—Stettiner Bahnhof is like an island, bags and trunks are stacked high like wreckage around it—all the Scandinavians in Europe are rushing that train—they fight and rave, hundreds of them—I see a woman on her knees in the crowd, praying—we stumble over burst-open luggage and trample on coats, the train is miles long, sickeningly crowded, around every door there is fighting, we try in vain to push our way through, at the last instant I break one of the side windows, she climbs in on my shoulders, waves me good-bye. . . .

A Week Later.

We are all dead. The German papers print no war news. We hear nothing from America. We are in a void, a thrilling, quivering emptiness. Everywhere in the world but here things are happening. The splendid people have gone away; on the streets we see only the weak and the strange and the useless ones. I remember an idiot boy at home once pulled the flowers out of our garden and left the weeds. . . .

August 24.

To-day to the Royal Opera House for the dress rehearsal of *Das Volk in Waffen*, events of 1813 dramatized for charity and patriotism. As a boy I used to read about Theodor Körner, a young German poet, incomparably beautiful, a great lover. . . . Lying wounded on the battlefield he composed a poem, saying:



"The morning sun is red . . . ah, so young to die . . . good-bye, my soldiers, my comrades . . . dying for Germany . . ."

Something similar anyhow, an exquisite fragment of German poetry, thoughts and sounds angelically mingling. . . . In the third act they bring on Körner dead—his soldiers lay him down by the camp fire, read aloud this poem that they fish out of one of his pockets—then two carry him away—and his arms drag on the ground. . . .

It is extraordinary how smoothly and how swiftly the great German wheel turns. My friend Lieutenant B—— was in the hospital at Metz when war was declared. His mother was sitting by his bedside at ten on the evening of July 31; she heard a soldier's voice outside saying, "Good-night." "That means I must go, I suppose," she said. They were surprised. "Why?" "Didn't that man say good-night—Gute Nacht?" "No, he said, 'Krieg erklart—war declared.'" That was all. No fuss, no confusion, just this quiet statement. They all went to sleep. The next morning at four, Frau Doktor tells me, Metz was empty.

August 26.

Refugees are arriving from Königsberg and Lemberg on the Russian border. The Lemberg insane asylum was fired on, the inmates are wandering in the streets and the fields. . . . On the German side this war is being fought from plans drawn up by the old von Moltke; when war was declared they simply looked in his desk, there they found everything . . . 1914 weapons and an 1870 hate.

September 6.

In everybody's mind Paris is already taken. We are all waiting for the actual thing to happen. And bored stiff waiting. We resent its dragging on for so long; we finished with Paris, in our minds, long ago. . . .

September 12.

Kids in the streets are playing war with toy helmets and wooden swords; they all want to play Russians; Russians can bite

and scratch and do anything underhanded, Germans must stand up straight and be controlled. . . .

To-night I met a soldier-mechanic in a café—we talked, drank a lot, got pretty mellow—toward midnight he told me the German Government owns to about forty Zeppelins, but there are sixty *Hansas* alone, all of the same color and size, and sixteen *Sachsens*. Every Sunday afternoon of my life I've seen the *Hansa* poking its nose over the Charlottenburg roofs; every Sunday a different one, probably.

September 13.

The bodies of dead German soldiers are burned on the battlefield, thirty men to a pyre; a short service is read, they are blessed, flame takes them, latter-day martyrs, five hundred thousand. . . . Staying here gets harder, in the face of American journalism and natural German distrust. . . .

September 18.

My last day in Germany. . . . Coming in to-night I find flowers on my table and a note from my landlady:

"I hope your last night under my roof will be a pleasant one. Dream of a speedy return and a happy *Wiedersehen* with your old friend and mother . . ."

September 19: on the train.

Always this smooth pale silken country . . . two soldiers get on at Stendal, they have kidney disease, they are bound for Hanover to rest and drink hot water till they can fight again . . . beautiful sad unintelligent faces they have; the fighting at Lüttich has left them dazed; all the soldiers return with these same mad eyes, their bodies come back but their souls don't. . . .

September 21: on the Channel boat from Vlissingen.

We have just come up to Dover Cliffs in the sunset—here are warships and warships and warships like poisonous black beetles on the water—searchlights flash out from them in the dusk, the Folkestone Light looks at us and winks and looks



again, overhead aeroplanes are patrolling—Berlin has been so calm and so still—Here at last is War. . . .

September 23.

This afternoon to Westminster Abbey—inside, you see bunches of delicate reedlike columns banded together descending from gloom, tawny orange in the west windows, dusty banners hanging, live gold light touching the stone, clinging there, lichenous; you feel an emptiness, a desiccation, you hear the sweet weak voices of vergers saying, talking, narrating, explaining, talking, saying—it all belongs so completely to a past that reaches out and chokes the present—I thank God for a war that will burn and cleanse. . . .

*Not Likely*, at the Alhambra—Lee White, late of Parry and White, New York . . . she is a Dixie girl with a rich deep voice and “that Southern charm,” and she wears the last gowns Poiret designed before he went away to lead his regiment, and she sings all the new late jingly tunes. . . . “Get a-goin’,” she begs us, “get a-goin’, we’re all goin’ back to Dixie, back to the fields of cotton we’ll rag it together, down where my heart is a-pinin’ to be, only hurry, hurry, faster, faster, get a-goin’, get a-goin’ for dear old Dixie Land.” . . . Her American nerve is spun out like a web over the audience; we applaud and applaud. There is a pause. The spotlight beats down; quietly she sings the new recruiting song:

*For we don't want to lose you,  
But we think you ought to go,  
For your King and your country  
Both need you so: (Teedle, deedle):  
Now we want you and shall miss you,  
But with all our might and main  
We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you. . . .  
When you come back again. . . .*

I go out feeling sick. Trafalgar Square is as still as a country field: only a few lamps are burning. High overhead the searchlights pass and repass, like cold white fingers. I think of the boys I knew in Berlin singing around their campfires:

*We come to pray before the Just God, the Stern God, the God of  
Battles;*

*Praise to His Name, for He never forgets. . . . O Lord, make  
us free!*

Everywhere people are being sung into hate.

September 30: S. S. *St. Louis*.

We are eating plum-duff for Sunday dinner, each of us has an orange, the first and second class passengers come down to look at us, yesterday we had an apple apiece—I am writing on the corner of the eating-bench, close by a convenient porthole—a red table-cloth, one swinging electric light bulb, the sea roaring along outside almost level with my head, a smell of feet—here sits a Velasquez dwarf, drooling and twitching; there is a boy from Galveston who used to guard convicts on the Texas State roads; when they ran away he used to set the hounds on them; he wants to sell me his big sailor's knife with a marlinspike set in the back, cost him four shillings in London, sell it for two bits; beside me is a designer for Callou, born in Brazil, wounded in Liège, convalescent in London.

October 1.

This night, full moon on the sea. Here it is lonely and cold. We are travelling fast; to-morrow we shall reach New York. The *nerve* of America comes over the quiet sea to meet us alone, tightens and tunes us. . . . We are coming home. . . .



# THE NEED OF A NATURALIZATION TREATY WITH ITALY

JOHN VALENTE

**A**S a direct result of the present European situation, an old question is before the American people for final solution: a question which is not only interesting to students of the technicalities of international law, but, certainly, of vital and grave importance to over a million of us who through the deliberate choice of our fathers, or ourselves, have cast our lot with that of America. In the recent mobilization of her army, Italy failed to respect the American citizenship of her former subjects who found themselves back in the mother country; she even failed to respect the American citizenship of natural-born Americans of Italian parentage who were within her boundaries. Many artisans, musicians, teachers, and business men have been unable to return. Had my plans for the summer materialized, I should now be shouldering a gun in the Italian army, instead of peacefully teaching in an American university.

This is a problem which our State Department will have to face,—a question which will have to be met with fairness and justice, and without racial prejudice. The happiness of too many of us is at stake. In the next generation, if the present birth rate of children of Italian parentage continues, a steadily increasing number will be involved. This is the time to meet the issue once for all.

For the purpose of analysis, the whole discussion may be restricted to two simple propositions: (1) Italy refuses to recognize the American citizenship of her former subjects who have sworn allegiance to the Government of the United States. (2) Italy refuses to recognize the American citizenship of children of Italian parents, who have been born within the boundaries of the United States. These are two distinct questions, though closely interrelated.

The first of these two propositions which I have stated, clearly involves the power of the United States to bestow upon Italian-born residents the right of citizenship. This difficulty

can be met with one of three possible solutions, and the Government must choose for itself which it wishes to adopt. (1) The United States can, through a treaty, secure the consent of the Italian Government to naturalize Italian subjects. (2) The United States can refuse to naturalize Italian-born residents, or, at least, refuse to naturalize them until they have reached the required age which will exempt them from military service. (3) The United States can continue to bestow the gift of citizenship and safeguard it, if necessary, by force. This last alternative is inexpedient, and one which no Italian, no matter how desirous of citizenship, would ever wish.

The second alternative is not consistent with the enlightened policy which hitherto has made it possible for millions of men to learn the lesson of self-government, and attain—often through many hardships—that self-restraint and self-dignity which is essential for the full development of men. Those of us who have gone through the baptism of fire, or have seen our fathers do so, know what America means to many a thankful immigrant working out his destiny within these States. America must never withhold her privileges from those who are deserving.

The first, and best, alternative remains. America must endeavor to induce Italy to sign a satisfactory treaty. It ought not to be hard to convince her of the wisdom of allowing each man to choose for himself under which flag he wishes to serve. We already have such a treaty with Germany, perhaps the most military nation in the world. Should Italy persist in her present attitude, in the end she will have little to gain and much to lose. In the last analysis, on the part of Italy, it is a question of military duty. Italians who do not wish to serve in her army will never return, and should a former Italian subject find himself abroad and be impressed into service, at best he will be a poor soldier indeed. If Italy meets the question in the spirit of fairness, she will gain the good-will and respect, not only of her former sons who have given their allegiance to the United States, but of the entire American nation.

If Italy decides to sign an amicable treaty—and those of us who love her, though we owe her no allegiance, sincerely hope that she will—there will be no need to discuss the second propo-



sition which I have suggested. But should Italy refuse to come to a satisfactory understanding, the rights of natural-born Americans of Italian parentage must be carefully considered. It is a more serious question than the rights of naturalized citizens.

But before discussing the second proposition, it is wise to consider the difference between the general character of the American population and the population of any modern European country. The inhabitants of France, for example, mainly consist of lineal descendants of Frenchmen, attached to the soil for many generations. The same assertion may be made of Italy itself. Such is not the case of America. Many a New York financier has a father or grandfather who crossed the Atlantic as a humble steerage passenger, with all his worldly possessions squeezed into an old-fashioned telescope, or jammed into a stout bag which served him as a pillow at night. Out of a population of 91,972,266 souls living in the United States, only 50,239,543 persons can rightfully trace back their descent to two or more generations of American blood. These are the figures given in the United States census report of 1910. If we examine the tables of statistics a little further, we shall find, that should England, Germany, and the other European Powers that have furnished us with immigrants during the last thirty years, suddenly adopt the point of view of the Italian Government, 12,950,034 men, women, and children, all natural-born American citizens, would immediately lose those very privileges which have made it possible for Americans on the other side of the Atlantic to return safely to their native shores during the past few months.

It has been suggested by some of our newspapers that those of us who are liable to be impressed into foreign service should quietly remain at home. Though a cautious, it is scarcely an honorable position to assume. Further, this is not merely a question of the present hour; it is a question to be settled for all time. Some of us do not wish to forgo the pleasure and opportunity of foreign travel and study; it is one of the means to serve America.

Now, to a direct discussion of the argument offered by Italy in support of the claims that the sons of Italians, born in America, are rightfully her own citizens. Italy states that in

claiming them as citizens, she asks no more than the United States, who too claims as citizens all children of American parentage born on alien soil. Though an apparently strong argument, it is by no means a parallel case.

Italy must recognize, as other enlightened nations have recognized, that on account of the diverse character of our population, mainly due to our rapid economic development and popular form of government, ours is an exceptional case. Nearly half of our population consists of immigrants and native children of immigrants. Germany during the present conflict recognized the justice of this argument. She has made it possible for all Americans, including former subjects, now naturalized under our laws, and native Americans of German parentage, without any discrimination, to remain, or leave the country, with safety. It is doubtful if she would have allowed native Italians of full German parentage, had she needed their services, to return to Italy. European conditions and American conditions are totally different. In Europe there is practically no immigration question; hence, what seems a strong parallel argument is no argument at all.

But our American point of view can be explained still further. A glance at our last census report will show that comparatively few Americans are born abroad. To be exact, 56,351 cases have been reported. This figure shrinks to insignificance when compared with the 12,950,034 native Americans of foreign parentage. I have been unable to ascertain just how many of these 56,351 "Americans born abroad" were born on Italian territory, but this is certain: in 1910 there were 755,290 natives of Italian parentage living in the United States, a figure which must have passed the million mark during the last four years. What does the comparison of these figures show? It shows that the birth of Americans on alien soil is purely accidental. They are generally the children of Americans who for social, commercial, and other reasons are temporarily established abroad. They all, eventually, take up their residence in America. An Italian born in China or Japan would be an exact parallel case; but, on the other hand, the American birth of the mass of children of Italian parentage born in this country is not a pure acci-



dent. They are the offspring of men and women who for economic, political, and possibly religious reasons have left the home-country forever,—men and women who have deliberately come to America to establish a permanent home. Their children, when they reach manhood, have no interest in the political affairs of Italy; the majority of them have absolutely no knowledge of the details of its government. Can such men be asked to serve what is to them virtually a foreign cause?

Italy must be made to see, and everyone must be made to see, the folly of attempting to make an Italian out of an American child. His affiliations are wholly American. His sympathies are wholly American. He is neither an Italian, except in the very broadest sense, nor an Italo-American; he is simply an American. Though he may occasionally boast of the Italy of Dante and Michael Angelo, much as an American of German parentage might boast of the Germany of Goethe and Wagner, his love is for America. The public school, with its thousands of devoted and noble women, has implanted in his soul the message of democracy. He can never bow before the kings of earth.

## GERMAN AND BRITISH THEOLOGIANS AND THE WAR

### *An Appeal and the Reply*

A FEW weeks ago an appeal was sent by German theologians "To the Evangelical Christians Abroad." In this it is stated that for forty-three years Germany had maintained peace. Only under the compulsion to repel a wanton attack had she now drawn the sword. The circumstances leading up to the war were then set forth from the German standpoint, the character of the recital being indicated by the following quotation: "Unnamable horrors have been committed against Germans living peaceably abroad—against women and children, against wounded and physicians—cruelties and shamelessness such as many a heathen and Mohammedan war has not revealed." It is further alleged that: "Into the war which the Czar has openly proclaimed as the decisive campaign against Teutonism and Protestantism heathen Japan is now also called under the pretext of an alliance." The German support of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference is referred to, and it is said that if this fellowship is now irreparably destroyed and other evils follow the guilt rests not on the German people.

### THE REPLY

The following reply, signed by the Archbishops, several Bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England, as well as by many eminent Nonconformists, has been issued:

A document has obtained circulation in England, and, we believe, in America, in the form of an appeal with reference to the European War, addressed to "The Evangelical Christians Abroad," and making special reference to the members of the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh. It is signed by brothers and friends of our own in the Church of Christ—men of whose honesty, capacity, and good faith there can be no conceivable question, and whose names carry weight throughout the world among those who think and teach and pray.



It fills us with amazement that those who occupy the positions held by the signatories of this appeal should commit themselves to a statement of the political causes of the war which departs so strangely from what seem to us to be the plain facts of this grave hour in European history. They offer in brief words some account of the events of recent months or years, but to the most salient of the facts out of which the war has arisen they make no reference at all.

It has not been a light thing for us to give our assent to the action of the Government of our country in this matter. But the facts of the case as we know them have made it impossible for us to do otherwise. Of these facts we offer here a brief but a careful summary, derived from the official papers, the accuracy of which cannot be challenged. It is upon these facts that we rest our assured conviction that, for men who desire to maintain the paramount obligation of fidelity to plighted word, and the duty of defending weaker nations against violence and wrong, no possible course was open but that which our country has taken.

#### THE COURSE OF NEGOTIATIONS

On July 24, Sir Edward Grey said to the German Ambassador that "if the Austrian ultimatum to Servia did not lead to trouble between Austria and Russia" he "had no concern with it." He proposed that "the four Powers—Germany, Italy, France, and ourselves—should work together simultaneously at Vienna and St. Petersburg in favor of moderation in the event of the relations between Austria and Russia becoming threatening." [Correspondence respecting the European Crisis, White-book, Cd. 7467, No. 11.] The German Secretary of State said (July 25) that he was quite ready to fall in with this suggestion [No. 18].

When the Servian reply was rejected by Austria, Sir. E. Grey proposed (July 26) that the French, Italian, and German Ambassadors should meet him at once "for the purpose of discovering an issue which would prevent complications" [No. 36]. The responsibility for the failure of this proposal rests solely with Germany, who alone raised objections. While favorable "in

principle " to mediation between Russia and Austria, the German Government could not approve the particular method of conference suggested, but, though invited to do so, they put forward no alternative proposal.

Finally, at the very last moment Sir E. Grey made a new effort for the maintenance of peace: " I said to German Ambassador this morning (July 31) that if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were trying to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go to the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but, otherwise, I told German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in " [No. 111].

Nothing could more plainly show that our Government endeavored to the utmost to maintain the peace of Europe, and that it did not receive the coöperation of the German Government in its endeavor.

#### THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM

The actual interposition of Britain in the present war arose directly out of the question of the neutrality of Belgium. The original guaranty of the neutrality of Belgium is to be found in Article VII. of the Treaty of London (April 19, 1839), between England, Austria, France, Russia, and Prussia on the one hand, and the Netherlands on the other. The Article reads: " Belgium shall form a state independent and perpetually neutral. It is under obligation to observe such neutrality toward all other states." On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, identical treaties between England and France, and between England and Prussia acting for herself and her allies, were signed in London. The treaties were in each case preceded by a formal declaration on the part of the belligerent Powers that they would respect the neutrality of Belgium.

The Prussian Note expressly stated that the Prussian Government regarded such a declaration as superfluous in view of



the existing treaties. The treaties of 1870, moreover, specifically recognized as of binding force Article VII. of the treaty of 1839. The treaties provide that in the case of one belligerent respecting and the other violating the neutrality of Belgium, the United Kingdom will coöperate with the belligerent respecting neutrality against the other.

The third Article of the treaties provides that it shall be binding on the contracting parties during the continuance of the war and for twelve months after; "and on the expiration of that time the independence and neutrality of Belgium will, so far as the high contracting parties are respectively concerned, continue to rest as heretofore on the Quintuple Treaty of 1839."

The obligation thus rested on Germany no less than on England and France, to respect, in accordance with the treaties which she had signed, the neutrality of Belgium. In reply to an inquiry addressed by the British to the French and German Governments on July 31 when the outbreak of hostilities appeared imminent, France gave an assurance that she would respect the neutrality of Belgium. Germany gave no such assurance, our Ambassador gathering from what the Secretary of State said that "he thought any reply they might give could not but disclose a certain amount of their plan of campaign in the event of war ensuing" [No. 122]. On August 3 an ultimatum was addressed to Belgium by the German Government, the effect of which was that Belgium would be treated as an enemy unless she assented to the violation of her territory by permitting the passage of German troops to France [No. 153]. This the Belgian Government categorically refused as a flagrant violation of the Law of Nations—a view of the action of Germany which is supported by the speech of the Chancellor to the Reichstag on August 4, for, after speaking of "the just protest" of Belgium, he added: "The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached."

German publications, official and unofficial, have, since the actual violation, stated that Belgian territory was only violated after the Belgians had agreed to allow the French to march through, and had thereby "broken the neutrality." These state-

ments are advanced without any attempt to support them by evidence—they are in contradiction to the substantial pleas put forward by Germany at the time, and they directly conflict with the pledge given by France to Sir E. Grey; they are wholly baseless and untrue.

It is right that at this point we should refer to “the strong bid for British neutrality” reported by the British Ambassador at Berlin as having been made to him by the Imperial Chancellor on July 29 [No. 85]. In replying to it on the next day, Sir E. Grey wrote as follows: “His Majesty’s Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor’s proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms. What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten, so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies. From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable; for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a great Power, and become subordinate to German policy. Altogether apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligations or interests we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either.” [No. 101.]

#### CONCLUSIONS

The facts thus recited are in our belief incontestable. We can only suppose, incredible as it seems, that those honorable and gifted men who signed the German appeal were unaware of the obligations by which we were bound, and also of the story of the negotiations. A violation of such promises on our part would have been an act of the basest perfidy.

When we turn to the generalities which the document contains about German thought and polity and plans, we seek in vain for any reference to the teaching of such writers as Treitschke and Bernhardi.



Does it mean that those who have signed the German appeal regard those leaders and teachers as negligible, or that their own opposition to what those widely read books contain is so well known as to need no assertion? We cannot tell. But the facts of the hour, as set forth in the summary which we have given above, correspond so clearly with what is inculcated and driven home in those writings that we at least find it impossible to separate the one from the other.

Again, we cannot pass in silence the statement of the manifesto that "unnamable horrors have been committed against Germans living peaceably abroad." We do not know to what the signatories refer in this general statement; but we may be permitted to speak of what is within our personal knowledge. Peaceful and well-disposed Germans in this country are being treated with all possible consideration and kindness, and the Home Secretary has taken them under his own protection.

God knows what it means to us to be separated for a time by this great war from many with whom it has been our privilege—with whom we hope it will be our privilege again—to work for the setting forward of the Christian message among men. We unite whole-heartedly with our German brethren in deploring the disastrous consequences of the war, and in particular its effect in diverting the energies and resources of the Christian nations from the great constructive tasks to which they were providentially called on behalf of the peoples of Asia and Africa.

But there must be no mistake about our own position. Eagerly desirous of peace, foremost to the best of our power in furthering it, keen especially to promote the close fellowship of Germany and England, we have nevertheless been driven to declare that dear to us as peace is, the principles of truth and honor are yet more dear.

To have acted otherwise than we have acted would have meant deliberate unfaithfulness to an engagement by which we had solemnly bound ourselves, and a refusal of our responsibilities and duties in regard to the maintenance of the public law of Europe. We have taken our stand for international good faith, for the safeguarding of smaller nationalities, and for the uphold-

ing of the essential conditions of brotherhood among the nations of the world.

#### THE SIGNATORIES

ARCHBISHOPS: Canterbury, York, and Armagh.

BISHOPS: London, Winchester, Brechin (Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland), Ossory, and Dr. Hassé, Bishop of the Moravian Church.

DEANS: St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey (Bishop Ryle), Durham, Christ Church (Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford), Wells.

OTHER REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN: Dr. Scott Holland, Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford; M. R. James, Litt.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge; Dr. Sanday, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, Oxford; Dr. Swete, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge; Dr. Burkitt, Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Cambridge; T. R. Glover, Classical Lecturer, St. John's College, Cambridge; Michael E. Sadler, C.B., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds; Eugene Stock, D.C.L., Church Missionary Society.

NONCONFORMIST AND OTHER REPRESENTATIVES: Lord Balfour of Burleigh, President of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference; R. J. Campbell, City Temple; Dr. Clifford, Past President of the Baptist Union; Dr. Davison, Principal of Richmond Wesleyan College; Dr. Forsyth, Principal of Hackney Theological College; Dr. Horton, Past President of the Congregational Union; Dr. Scott Lidgett and Dr. Meyer, Joint Hon. Secretaries of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches; Dr. Lindsay, Principal of the United Free Church College, Glasgow; Dr. Campbell Morgan, Westminster Congregational Chapel; Dr. Moulton, Professor of Hellenistic Greek, Manchester University; Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Editor of *The British Weekly*; Dr. Paterson, Professor of Divinity, Edinburgh University; Dr. Peake, Professor of Biblical Exegesis, Victoria University, Manchester; Dr. Ramsay, Aberdeen University; Dr. Selbie, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford; J. H. Shakespeare, Secretary of the Baptist Union; Dr. Adam Smith, Vice-Chancellor of Aberdeen University; and others.



## NATIONALITY AND THE UNION

SAMUEL FRANKLIN GAMMON

**D**URING the first twenty years of the government under the constitution, a majority of the States had formally declared the doctrine of State sovereignty; had defied the authority of the President; had denied the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court; had declared acts of Congress to be null and void; or had talked openly in their legislatures of secession. There was so far lacking any thoroughly national conception of the federal organism the people had reluctantly set up, that States frequently challenged the exercise of the commonest attributes of national power. The constitution, in theory, was no more than a compact. And as sovereign States were the source of the delegated powers of the federal Government, so were they held the final judges of the scope of its authority. And when the compact was deemed by any State to have been violated, the right was reserved to the State to determine its own redress. So fragile were the bonds of the union under the old States'-rights doctrine! For whatever might have been the actual resistance to any practical application of the doctrine, it subjected the security of the union to the caprice of a State.

But under the various nationalizing influences through which American life has been transformed, there was brought about also a great change in the political ideas of the people. The American State became converted into a democratic nation. The old theory of the union grew obsolete. And there came into acceptance, with the development of the national principle, what is now universally considered the constitutional theory. According to this theory of the union the national Government is responsible, not to the several States, but to the great body of the people, in whom only there is sovereign power; and the union is not the result of a compact, but is dissoluble only by revolution or by consent of the whole body of the people, who formed it. And when the national integrity is threatened, even by a subdivision, a portion of the people themselves, it becomes the duty of the national Government, through its delegated powers, to

defend and preserve it. Under this theory there was a clear constitutional obligation upon Lincoln and the federal Government to oppose at all hazards the South's withdrawal from the Union.

This national theory as to the nature of the union, which is now embodied in the very warp and woof of our constitutional creed, could hardly have been conceived of at the beginning of this Government. There was then perhaps not a man in the country who did not regard the constitution as a compact between sovereign States, establishing a union from which any State had the right peaceably to withdraw: at least, had the constitution expressly denied this right, there is little room to doubt it would not have been ratified. A thoroughly national conception of the union was impossible when there was lacking any thoroughly national feeling, and this in 1789 the very conditions of life denied. Nationality of course is a matter of growth, and the constitution of our fathers is efficient to-day only because it has been capable of the flexible development an expanding nationality has required. For had it been rigid and restrictive, had it embodied the old State sovereignty doctrine—that of nullification and the right to secede—if it had ever been practicable at all, it would long since have been outgrown and discarded.

No deduction from the country's history is plainer than this: that in proportion to the rise of nationality the old States'-rights formulas—of nullification and peaceable secession—lost their potency. While we were yet a provincial people and with provincial ideas, they were not anywhere to be questioned save on the ground of expediency. With the beginning of the period of sectional divergence they began to be questioned and disputed on constitutional grounds—one section repudiating them upon the development of a thoroughly national feeling, the other maintaining them still, as she remained economically and socially unchanged. And finally, as we have merged into a vigorous and thorough nationality, no one would undertake to uphold them; for by the force of national sentiment they have been overwhelmed.

And so as we boast to-day of a reunited country, after the terrible bitterness of a civil war, we are conscious of a national



unity that in the early days of the Republic could not have been conceived of. It is not the product of any constitutional arrangement. It was not determined merely by the arbitrament of war. But it is the result of those social and economic forces that have developed among the whole body of the people a thoroughly national spirit.

While the constitution provided for the States an efficient national Government, there were many difficulties at first in the way of the development, among the body of the people, of any thoroughly national feeling. There was the vast extent of the country itself, with all the difficulties of communication and travel; there was the diversity of interests in the different sections, and the ignorance of the people in one section of the wants of those in another; there were jealousies and political prejudices handed down from colonial times; all of which account for the provincial and separatist spirit that flourished and found expression in the political ideas of the people. But the outstanding barrier to the rise of a thorough nationality was the institution of slavery, which peculiar conditions were to confine to one great section of the country, and through the inevitable conflict of interests to threaten the national existence itself.

On the other hand, characteristics of the American people from the first have been a common spirit of enterprise and an abiding faith in the country's future. Even in the throes of civil war a glorious national destiny was not utterly despaired of; a hope and faith that worked out, finally, our national salvation. The colonists who peopled the continent came not in search of political and religious freedom alone, but that they might prosper in this Land of Opportunity. And so, out of a common faith and purpose, among a people of certain mutual sympathies, with the same political traditions, who faced alike common dangers that they might secure the blessings of political liberty and economic freedom, was born the American national spirit.

In considering the awakening and development of a national spirit, therefore, which grew out of a common faith and purpose among a kindred people, must be reckoned first of course the Revolution which gave us political birth; then the work of the federalists, who set up for us an efficient plan of national

government and afterward adopted and pursued a vigorous, constructive national policy; a prevailing spirit of democracy, which subdued its tendency, at first distinctly contra-nationalizing, and came, under stress of national responsibilities, to prompt vitally national acts and policies; the second war with England, which in its successful issue worked out our release from the rampant separatist spirit of the early union, and marked the beginning of our economic independence; the influence of the immigrant and territorial expansion, or the development of the West; the various mechanical inventions which supplied the means of rapid communication, of multiplying the forces of industry, which revolutionized our social and economic order and made possible among a widely scattered people an awakened national conscience. And furthermore is to be included the result of the civil war, which at a terrible cost removed the impediment of slavery and enabled the nation, at length united in spirit and in truth, to pursue the fulfilment of its early promise.

When the American States united under the constitution they partook of the form of a nation. Not till after the War of 1812, however, did they become, as well, a nation in substance; that is, with a social cohesiveness sufficient to stimulate genuinely national thought and feeling, and with an economic independence secured. For a chief result of that war was to bring to an end the colonial dependence on the markets of Britain and of Europe. The national spirit, so feeble at the time New England threatened secession that if opportunely put into action the threat could probably have been carried out for lack of effective resistance, had by 1833 attained sufficient force to ensure against any successful application of the old States'-rights doctrine in the future; at least by this time no State could arbitrarily defy the national authority or peaceably withdraw from the union. And but for the institution of slavery, which was practically to shut out one great section from the various nationalizing influences that were to transform the rest of the country, the development of nationality would have been henceforth undisputed.

Territorial expansion and development to the westward was nothing less than the expansion of the national life. The West was not only being developed largely through those forces which



were revolutionizing the East with rapid momentum, diversifying and intensifying its industries and effecting marvellous change in the conditions of life, but was on this account being bound inseparably to the East in interests and sympathies. And this was the vital thing for the union's security. For as the Republic faced the dark prospects of disruption and of civil war, its ultimate salvation depended on whether the great West, filled with the spirit of nationality, would join with the East and offer its full measure of devotion that the union might be saved.

In a dispassionate consideration of the influences of slavery upon the national development, it must be impossible to avoid this conclusion: that the existence of slavery was not only exceedingly detrimental to the progress of the South, but that, as purely a sectional institution, its effect was an inevitable tendency toward disunion.

Slavery brought about the conditions that led to disunion, because it brought about a complete separation of the South from the rest of the country in interests and sympathies. It sectionalized and isolated the South in spirit, because it forbade her sharing those influences that were to awaken a thoroughly national impulse and conscience in the States to the north of her. The diversified interests that characterized the Northern States were not to be found in those of the South; for they were wholly agricultural, and with but one staple crop, cultivated by slaves. The South had no interstate commerce of consequence, except with certain seaboard towns and cities, for her principal markets were in Europe, where her cotton was exchanged for manufactured goods; and therefore was lacking the unifying influence of commercial inter-dependence with the rest of the union. For that reason, furthermore, there were few railroads or travel accommodations; and altogether those means and those industries that had at once extended and concentrated the populations of the North, in the South were almost or wholly lacking. Immigration, that for years had poured in mighty stream into the North and West, to work profound social changes, from the South had been all but excluded.

With such a social and economic contrast, therefore, between the two great sections of the country, with such a division in

interests and in sentiment as the very existence of slavery caused, there could not be brought about, by any means of legislation, a national unity in fact.

Politics in the broader sense is based on economics, and economically of course the South had remained practically unchanged. Her development had been arrested by slavery. Her political ideas also, which national necessities had long since contradicted, she had held unchanged from the first. To quote from Woodrow Wilson's masterly little treatise on *Division and Reunion*:

"The South had not changed her ideas from the first, because she had not changed her condition. She had not experienced, except in a very slight degree, the economic forces which had created the great North-west and nationalized the rest of the country; for they had been shut out of her life by slavery. . . . There had been nothing active on the part of the South in this process. She had stood still while the rest of the union had undergone profound changes; and standing still, she retained the old principles which had once been universal. Both she and her principles, it turned out, had been caught at last in the great national drift, and were to be overwhelmed. Her slender economic resources were no match for the mighty strength of the nation with which she had fallen out of sympathy."

The South's offence against the national spirit plainly was slavery. But the North's offence was, also, in deepening the national breach through the enforcement of an utterly mistaken policy of reconstruction; which, especially in forcing negro rule upon the South, is characterized by the most eminent Northern historian of that period, James Ford Rhodes, as "short-sighted," "repressive" and "uncivilized"; which was prompted largely by a spirit of revenge and of political aggrandizement.

But despite the mistakes of reconstruction, the result of the war in abolishing African slavery meant the removal of the one great barrier to the national fulfilment. It meant the economic emancipation of the South, and that those complex, expansive forces that had already revolutionized to a great extent the



North and West, were through the energies of her people to transform the South, till she had become like the rest of the country; so that there might be at length, among the whole body of the people, that unity of thought and feeling which is the very spirit of nationality, and through which the legal union is secure.

## PRAYER FOR PEACE

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

**N**OW these were visions in the night of war :  
I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Sent down a grievous plague on humankind,  
A black and tumorous plague that softly slew  
Till nations and their armies were no more—  
And there was perfect peace . . .  
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Decreed the Truce of Life:—Wings in the sky  
Fluttered and fell; the quick, bright ocean things  
Sank to the ooze; the footprints in the woods  
Vanished; the freed brute from the abattoir  
Starved on green pastures; and within the blood  
The death-work at the root of living ceased;  
And men gnawed clods and stones, blasphemed and died—  
And there was perfect peace . . .  
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Bowed the free neck beneath a yoke of steel,  
Dumbed the free voice that springs in lyric speech,  
Killed the free art that glows on all mankind,  
And made one iron nation lord of earth,  
Which in the monstrous matrix of its will  
Moulded a spawn of slaves. There was One Might—  
And there was perfect peace . . .  
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Palsied all flesh with bitter fear of death.  
The shuddering slayers fled to town and field  
Beset with carrion visions, foul decay,  
And sickening taints of air that made the earth



One charnel of the shrivelled lines of war.  
And through all flesh that omnipresent fear  
Became the strangling fingers of a hand  
That choked aspiring thought and brave belief  
And love of loveliness and selfless deed  
Till flesh was all, flesh wallowing, styed in fear,  
In festering fear that stank beyond the stars—

And there was perfect peace . . .  
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Spake very softly of forgotten things,  
Spake very softly old remembered words  
Sweet as young starlight. Rose to heaven again  
The mystic challenge of the Nazarene,  
That deathless affirmation:—Man in God  
And God in man willing the God to be . . .  
And there was war and peace, and peace and war,  
Full year and lean, joy, anguish, life and death,  
Doing their work on the evolving soul,  
The soul of man in God and God in man.  
For death is nothing in the sum of things,  
And life is nothing in the sum of things,  
And flesh is nothing in the sum of things,  
But man in God is all and God in man,  
Will merged in will, love immanent in love,  
Moving through visioned vistas to one goal—  
The goal of man in God and God in man,  
And of all life in God and God in life—  
The far fruition of our earthly prayer,  
“Thy will be done!” . . . There is no other peace!

## FEMINISM AND POLYGAMY

HENRY WALKER

THE late Mayor Gaynor once pointed to the root of the prevailing feminine unrest in his prescription of marriage as a sedative; but, naturally enough, he did not carry the diagnosis—and prognosis—to logical conclusions. Mr. H. G. Wells and others in England have discussed the problems from this viewpoint, with keen insight, but also leaving much unsaid.

The tendency of the day is toward plain speaking, based upon sincere endeavor toward clear thinking and accurate knowledge. It is therefore not a little odd that no one has yet had the courage to name the true goal of the feminist movement, of which the suffrage agitation is but a minor part.

That goal is polygamy: legalized, regulated by the State; respectable, and "moral."

This may seem a paradox, and revolting. But its correctness will readily appear upon analysis, if the thinker will but divest himself of superficial prejudice, and will frankly admit the *fact*, patent to any clear-sighted observer, that the experiment of theoretically strict monogamy has never been a success. It has never existed as an actual condition at any period of the world's history, and does not exist to-day. The tragically familiar figure of the prostitute is, alone, a sufficient proof, although until recently she has been politely ignored. She will never disappear until mankind (and womankind) has been radically made over, or until there is a revival of some scheme of the relations of the sexes more rational and possible than strict monogamy.

The quarrel of the feminists with the existing order of things—their clamor for "equal rights and equal opportunities"—is essentially a quarrel with the present convention of sexual relations, all other elements being of minor import and for the most part distinctly subsidiary to this. Despite the paradoxical sound of it, a legitimized polygamy is the only scheme by which the demands of the women can be met, with safety and justice to them



and to the State. That is the proposition, a demonstration of which is here outlined.

But first a few needed postulates.

Before attempting to deal with the essence of this feminism—a dynamic, almost world-wide movement of immense potentialities—it is necessary to clear the ground by a few preliminary propositions: elementary, but often ignored or misunderstood in discussions of the problems, even by the ultra-feminists themselves.

It is impossible to debate these matters with those who think they find the sanction of the canons of sexual morality in some supernatural, “absolute” law. Such a position, of course, can only be held in blind ignorance of all history and anthropology. That it is held by many people—well-meaning, noble-souled, but not clear-headed—and that it has been a tenet of most of the Christian churches is to-day the chief obstacle to any rational solution of the problem. Former president Eliot admitted in a notable speech that “sad to say, the Christian religion has at all times until very recently regarded these topics” (*i. e.*, sexual relations) “as something foul”; although, as Dr. Eliot quoted with approval, “the continuation of the race is the most ennobling act given to man.” With full appreciation of the incalculable benefits of Christianity it must be admitted that the Church has been, certainly for the past few centuries, the one institution which has done the most to foster and maintain prostitution with all its unspeakable evils—although, of course, this was farthest from its intention.

Were this not so it would be unnecessary to point out that sex *mores* are purely conventional. This is writ large in all the researches of the anthropologists and historians. Sex customs have varied and still vary in different periods, among different peoples, according to variant climates, economic conditions, temperament, ideas of hygiene (“eugenics”) and a host of minor factors. To cite but one familiar illustration: there was nothing startling or immoral to the Egyptian in the marriage of brother and sister under the Ptolemies, although to us the idea is abhorrent. That these laws are conventional makes them none the

less binding, while the conventions are in force: but they can be changed.

It follows that polygamy, concubinage, or any other form of marital custom may readily again become as legitimate, familiar, and respectable as our present theory of monogamy. It is not possible here to give even a *résumé* of the history of marriage. It is easily accessible in any library, and there would be no need even to mention it, save to forestall the pre-judgment of those who are wont to consider the topic from an impossible standpoint.

Next—and this also to forestall futile argument—there are those who believe it possible to make over the human race, radically. Such a regeneration is, indeed, conceivable. In fact, in some respects, it has been accomplished in that man is doubtless a better being on the whole than he was a few thousand years ago: effective altruism, for example, is a rather modern growth. But in respect to sexual relations it is gravely to be doubted whether any radical reconstruction of human nature is possible—or desirable. Certainly it is not possible by legislation, nor by any violent or rapid means. Women and men are not materially different to-day in their sexual needs and desires, in the very roots of their being, from what they were in the days of Solomon and the lady of Sheba, or of the prehistoric cave-dweller of perhaps fifty thousand years ago. Nor need we hope to gain anything by making them different, granted that we could. (Indeed, the ultra ascetic ideal is criminally stupid.) The fundamentals of life remain as they were ages before the pyramids were built: the need of and consequent struggle for food, shelter, and, most potent of all, sexual satisfaction; and this last not solely or even chiefly for its own sake but for reproduction,—which the late Dr. Morrow truly called the “most ennobling act given to man,” the very core of all existence, the denial of which is—death, to the individual and the race. The supreme importance of reproduction is, moreover, increasingly emphasized as we ascend the scale of civilization. The struggle for mere existence, for food and shelter is recognized as meaningless without it.

Further, it may be admitted that the ideal of strict monogamy is perhaps the loftiest, certainly the most inspiring—from



the æsthetic standpoint, and from considerations of the individual alone. But it is very doubtful whether it is the best from the viewpoint of the race as a whole. The value of self-restraint and discipline to the individual is obvious; but perhaps the Greek ideal *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, "nothing too much," is wiser still. Too much restraint may, itself, be a lowering of aims. And most certainly, under modern conditions the women suffer loss from an attempt to attain it. It may be dismissed from this discussion with the suggestion that the establishment of polygamy would in no wise prevent any individual remaining as strictly monogamous as he pleased.

This calls up a further necessary qualification. There is always a small number—a very small number—of individuals "at the top"; an aristocracy of brains and will power. These "supermen" may be left out of the discussion, since the law is not needed for them, nor are they in any way suffering from the present imperfect adjustment. The women of this aristocracy are not restive or dissatisfied, for themselves, however deeply they may be concerned for the sake of their less capable, weaker sisters. And at the other end of the human scale is the "submerged" stratum, the lowest in ability, the "frustrate and unfit"; and these are, equally, of little moment here, for the reason that any change will have little or no effect upon them, and more particularly because in this stratum there is never a surplus of females.

The readjustment of marriage chiefly concerns the great middle classes—numerically vastly preponderant, forming perhaps seven-eighths or more of the whole. The question is acute throughout the upper half of these, the moderately well-to-do, economically and intellectually, and it tends to become more acute as culture and prosperity increase. It is a live issue in the large communities, industrial centres, congested countries. For, of course, the root of it is, as Mayor Gaynor suggested, the surplus of females.

Statisticians may tell us that there is no such surplus, but their figures need qualification. Taking the world at large, or even the United States as a whole, it may be true, but the inferences are vastly misleading, since it is also true that the three main

divisions, just outlined, vary greatly from each other in this respect, and that throughout many strata of the middle classes there is an unquestionable excess of women. The small class at the top is negligible; and their birth rate is intelligently controlled. The lowest class always has a surplus of males, due, most investigators allege, to insufficient nutrition. But in the great middle ranks there is a noteworthy excess of females, increasing, usually, as prosperity increases, up to a certain point. Furthermore, the distribution is uneven. A preponderance of men in our West, or in newer countries, does not mitigate the surplus of women in an eastern centre or in England.

From these middle classes come the great armies of women workers—the clerks, stenographers, nurses, school teachers, shop girls, of our great cities; and also the pathetically frustrate “maiden lady” who may not be obliged to work, and is quite at a loss to know what to do with her fruitless life. From these come Mayor Gaynor’s million and a half of “extra” women in England; for the male deficiency there is not now greatly due to emigration.\*

Census figures show about 17,000,000 unmarried persons over twenty years old, in the United States; about 9,000,000 women and 8,000,000 men. Of the men a very large proportion belong to the lowest strata, economically; those unable to support a wife under any circumstances. They include also a large number of recent immigrants who have not “found themselves.” But the vast bulk of the 9,000,000 women belong to the great middle classes, most of them in the large cities and industrial centres. Moreover, it must be remembered that only a microscopic percentage of the men are living a life of strict continence or celibacy.

The evils resulting from this condition under monogamy may be broadly named as two: prostitution, and a vast army of “virtuous” but unhappy, starved, futile-lived women. From these arises the demand that is struggling for a voice in feminism, although many of their married sisters (generally childless) join in the cry, for various reasons, the chief of which is the difficulty and the stigma of divorce.

\* An obvious result of the European war will be a great increase in the surplusage of women in the countries involved; it will also appear here, in less degree, in the form of immigration.



The only apparently weighty objection to polygamy—the economic—may be noted parenthetically, and laid aside for later consideration; it can be met.

What, then, are the demands of these feminists? To answer in the words of one of their spokesmen: "Feminism," says Mr. W. L. George, "can be defined broadly as a furthering of the interests of women, more specifically as the social and political emancipation of women, and philosophically as the levelling of the sexes."

Further: "We wish to establish that the intellectual capacities of the two sexes, though different, are not unequal.

"We wish to arrive at a state when the differences between men and women will be reduced to sexual differences, because these alone are natural.

"We wish to establish a state of balance when sex differences will remain, but when sex *privileges* will vanish.

"We do not propose to establish free-love; we propose to establish freedom in choice, which is not the same thing. It is conceivable that a generation better convinced than is ours of the equal rights of the sexes, might do away with the marriage contract and edict that men and women should freely come together or separate . . . I imagine that under feminism there will be room for alliances of every kind."

Mr. George sums up as "these freedoms, economic, and mental, and physical."

Analysis of these demands for the "furthering of the interests of women," social, political, mental, economic, and physical, will show that they can be reduced to one, and that is the last—the "physical,"—by which can only be meant a readjustment of sexual relations, both as to rights and "privileges." All the other lines of proposed change (except the "mental," which is mostly nonsense) lead directly to this one, and are of no significance apart from it.

"Social" emancipation seems meaningless in this country—and everywhere else in the civilized white world, except perhaps in feudal Germany: that is, if it is to be interpreted as something distinct from what Mr. George calls the "physical." Women, in general, suffer no "social" restrictions except such as result

from the ideal of monogamy, and its corollaries: the preservation of virginity in the unmarried, and strict chastity in the married.

Political freedom—if that means the right to vote—is obviously within their reach whenever it is plain that an effective majority of women desire it. This, at least, seems clear in this country, and is probably true of the other nations, with the possible exceptions of Germany and England, and in these the remnants of mediævalism seem to be breaking down. (In England the case is peculiar because of the outbreak of insane hysteria on the part of the militants, which confused the real issues.)

It is also, apparently, demonstrated by what experience we have of equal suffrage that its results to the women themselves are practically nothing: fundamental conditions remain unchanged. This may not continue, perhaps, if the majority of women attain a clear conception of the use of the ballot as a means of helping toward their real desires. But reforms—wide social readjustments—are never brought about by legislation alone. Law is, in general, the formal expression of established custom. No arbitrary statutes can effectively initiate a radical change; they follow it, giving it express sanction.

What can be meant by “mental” freedom is difficult to understand. This generation finds no restrictions laid upon women, as women, in respect to what or how they shall think, or study, or develop their minds. Intellectual effort and growth is as open to the girl as to the boy; in fact, it is generally freer so far as it is compassed by schooling and opportunities for acquiring mental development. It is many years, now, since any branch of knowledge has been effectively taboo to the women.

“Economic freedom” deserves more careful consideration, especially if it is to be construed to mean economic independence—which seems to be the idea. But here again we are confronted by the fact that, as to one class of women,—the unmarried,—they have economic “freedom” already, to the fullest extent. And—to anticipate—they do not like it. It is probably easier for a girl to earn some sort of a living for herself, than for a boy. There is quite as great a demand for her labor, skilled or unskilled, as for his. No trade, or business or profession, for which she is physically capable, is closed to her—if she wishes to



try it. In the "learned" professions it is probably much easier for her to establish herself—as lawyer, or doctor, let us say—than for her brother; partly because she is still a rarity in such fields. Of course, we must assume equal intellectual ability, here. Teaching is very largely (some critics claim too largely) in her hands. All the way down the scale from the woman physician or college president to the lowest type of unskilled factory operative, the privilege of being economically independent is as open to her as to the boy or man; the quality of the "living" gained being dependent upon her ability, just as in his case. For it will usually be found that where she is earning less wages than a man for similar work it is because she is economically worth less—not because of any lack of "opportunity." It may be admitted that this has not always been so, especially in England, but it is true, to-day, in the main. Economic laws, including that of supply and demand, are paramount to any question of sex. If her work is worth more than his she can command the higher wage—as she sometimes does.

There can be no doubt that the opportunity of "economic freedom" is open to the unmarried woman. But—and this is the crux of the matter—she does not want it. In fact she detests and resents it when it is forced upon her. To be obliged to be self-supporting, independent, is precisely what she feels as a stigma of failure in life. The enormous majority of stenographers, clerks, shop girls, teachers, regard their self-supporting efforts as temporary—as, indeed, they are in most cases. The residue who are compelled to continue may make a pretence of liking it, but every woman knows it is a sham. If you could get a truthful answer from them not one independent woman worker in ten thousand could be found who would not gladly leave her typewriter or ribbon counter for a home and love and children of her own—that is, for a normal, healthy sexual life. Naturally and properly so—because it is the voicing of a law of nature, more fundamental and universal than any other; a law that cannot be repealed, or even amended by any legislature—a law, moreover, that inevitably brings its penalties in the breach, whether such breaking of it is voluntary or not. And therein lies, to no small extent, the tragedy of the superfluous woman.

There seems no solution of her problem within the limits of our present ideals of marriage.

The demand for economic independence on the part of the married woman is a different matter, and calls for a different answer. That such a demand exists in some quarters cannot be denied; but it is also true that it is much less vehement and much less widespread than the reformers would have us believe. The great majority of married women do not feel any degrading or even unpleasant sense of economic dependence, nor do their husbands regard them as mere "dependents" or slaves. They realize that their share of the joint labor is quite as important as his—if not more so—not only to themselves and their children but to the State. The not uncommon characterization of marriage to-day as a form of slavery is nonsense. The vast majority regard it rightly as a partnership. The complaints come from the unhappily married; and their complaint is just, the answer being greater freedom of divorce—which, to the childless at least, should be as easy as the dissolution of any other partnership. The difficulty of divorce, with its attendant miseries and tragedies, is another maleficent creation of the Christian Church.

The normal married woman does not want economic independence in the sense of earning her own living in the same way her husband does. To the few women who do make such a demand the reply is that it is impossible, if she is to fulfil her share of the marital contract adequately. She cannot bear and rear children with justice to them and to herself if she is also obliged to bear the burden of wage earning. Whenever she is forced to do so by circumstances (as happens only too often) it is an injustice of the fates, detrimental to her and to the children. The rare cases of highly intellectual women—writers, artists, musicians, who sometimes can perform both functions adequately, are so few as to be negligible; and even there the double effort is apt to result in the unwise delegation of some of the duties of motherhood. "Wagner singen,—Kinder haben—Kinder haben—Wagner singen—schweres Leben." Such is said to be the verdict of one of the greatest of living singers; and but few, even of the elect, have measured up to her efficiency in both callings.

If by economic independence for married women is meant an



equal right in and to the joint property, she has it now,—and more. The jealousy of the law (man-made) for her property rights is a commonplace; there is no need to linger upon that.

To speak of woman as “enslaved” by man and oppressed by man-made laws is arrant bosh. It is true that a cruelly heavy portion of the duties of life in the fulfilment of the destiny of the race—to what mysterious ultimate end we know not—has been laid upon women. But it was not placed there by man, nor by his laws. It is the decree of nature herself, made when the sexes were differentiated from one into two. Man has done all he could, especially in modern times, to lighten the burden for her. “And He shall gently lead those that are with young.”

There remains, then, of all these elements in the demands for the “furthering of the interests of women,” only the “physical,”—that is, philosophically speaking, a “levelling of the sexes” to a state of balance wherein “sex privileges will vanish.”

This can only mean a demand for greater freedom in sexual life; for the woman now unmarried a chance to live, somehow, a normal wholesome sexual existence; for the woman now unhappily married a chance to try again, to better her condition by free divorce. For they “do not propose to establish free love,”—but “freedom of choice”; which means a right to choose a legitimate, respectable escape from enforced celibacy, on the one hand, and a choice of freedom from an irksome, unfruitful, or unsatisfactory union on the other.

The latter is far the less in importance, for many reasons. The tendency toward freedom of divorce is marked already, in most countries; the rational measure of such freedom can no doubt be attained by progressive legislation, and will be, wherever desired, without any other radical revision of marital custom and law. The State is properly interested in divorce only in so far as the rights of children are concerned; but here it is very greatly interested, and must intervene to forbid injury or loss to them. No other restrictions upon divorce than those necessary for the protection of children are logical or likely to remain long in effective force. The feminist ideal of “freedom of choice” as to divorce is comparatively easy of attainment, but it would still

leave the larger and more vital problem unsolved. It may be predicted, plausibly, that the re-establishment of a system of legitimate polygamy would go far toward lessening divorce by relieving some of the unnatural tensions due to the present monogamous ideal with its faulty workings.

The really dynamic demand for the feminists is that other cry for "freedom of choice" coming from the "extra" women. This cannot be met by "free love" nor by any form of polyandry, since nature has decreed that if a child results from the union it is the woman who bears it. In this greatest of all tasks she needs, and is entitled to have the sustenance, protection and care of the father; furthermore the child is also entitled to this. The State is here concerned; uncertainty of paternity cannot be permitted for many obvious reasons. There is no form of polyandry or group-marriage conceivably adapted to modern civilized conditions. Moreover the women themselves do not want it; their demand is not primarily for any form of "free love," for the normal woman is naturally monandrous. Where she is not, the cause is apt to be accidental or pathological; and we are here concerned solely with the normal, healthy persons of both sexes, and may disregard the diseased or abnormal. The reason for the monandrous tendency in women is plain; its roots lie in the facts of child-bearing. That is the fundamental answer to absurdities of the *Hindle Wakes* sort, recently propounded by Mrs. Milholland Boissevain.

On the other hand, man, as has been pointed out, is "very imperfectly monogamous." In fact, physically and normally he tends to be about as monogamous as a rooster. The restraints he has imposed upon himself, as ideals, and the other restraints imposed upon him by the complexities of the modern struggle for existence, may, often, inure to his individual benefit (although by no means always so), but they are contrary to the ordinances of nature, and, conceivably, are often a detriment to the race as a whole. How many men who read this—men, say, of forty, married or bachelors, have confined their sexual relations to but one woman? If the answer is honest everyone knows what it must be. A bad condition of affairs—a blot on our civilization? Doubtless. But the remedy is not to be found by pretending



that it does not exist, nor by any tightening of futile rules of prohibition. It is hardly necessary to go into the physiology of it, but it may be worth remarking that his normally reproductive sexual life often extends well toward his last years, whereas the woman's naturally limits itself to a period of at most thirty years—and during much of that time, during pregnancy and for a considerable period after child-birth, she should be (and usually is) free from sexual intercourse. Meanwhile her husband's reproductive power and his normal need for its exercise do not cease. And often when the man may be at his best mentally and physically,—most fitted to become a father,—the wife has passed beyond the child-bearing age. The loss to the race is obvious. As a brutal fact he very often finds some other woman to make up the deficiency; and that this intercourse is in the enormous majority of cases definitely non-reproductive is in itself a most demoralizing thing, greatly detrimental to the individual and to the State, for it may be asserted, without possibility of rational contradiction, that sexual intercourse should be reproductive, or intended to be so—otherwise it degenerates into mere lust, and becomes hateful instead of glorifying.

To return—the essence of the woman's demand for a free choice, the right to live a natural sexual life, is rooted not primarily in her sexual desires but rather in her passionate yearning for motherhood, since it can scarcely be doubted that this is the one thing she wants most. The observation and experience of the centuries have so abundantly proved this central fact, that when one finds a woman questioning or denying it, one must conclude that if she is really honest in her denial she is an abnormality—in some sense a “defective”—but usually such denials are mere bravado, a “bluff.” A trained nurse was once found in a certain hospital in hysterical tears—because she envied the mother whose agonies she had been witnessing; “because,” as she said, “it's not *my* baby!” The incident is illuminative. No doubt this impulse is often subconscious, and but dimly realized, especially by the young maid, but it is there, and is really the mainspring of her existence, to which all else that she is is subsidiary. There is no more tragically frustrate being than the childless woman of over thirty. Parenthetically, it may be as-

serted that the man's desire for children is greatly more potent than some of the feminist critics realize; it is one of the strongest motive forces of the mature man, and without its fulfilment he feels himself incomplete; in a sense, meaningless.

Travelling along these two lines of thought—the desire of every normal woman for a complete, wholesome sexual life, her demand for the chance to become a mother, her “right” to a full “freedom of choice” and, on the other hand, the glaring imperfections of the present monogamous system, with its rules which age-long experience has shown to be ineffective, resulting in what the feminists call the masculine “sex privileges” which mean nothing but the privilege of breaking these rules with comparative immunity from harm to himself,—one finds that they converge to the same conclusion: namely, that the only way out is by a form of polygamy, for in no other can the legitimate demands of the women be met with safety and protection to themselves and to the children, and no other system could go so far toward minimizing, if not destroying, prostitution, and the other evils of our attempt at monogamy.

Under an enlightened polygamy the status of the second wife need be no less respectable and dignified than that of the first; her children as legitimate, and as much entitled to the father's care and maintenance as those of the first wife. This result cannot be attained by any other method of granting her the sexual life and privileges she asks.

Indeed, there are but two objections: the sentimental and the economic. The former would soon disappear, for it is no more than an acquired habit of mind, and that, too, a recent growth. The women themselves would be the first to outgrow it; for it is a commonplace observation that in polygamous civilizations the women are the most devoted adherents of the system. It was so in the Mormon experiment. It would be a mistake, however, to draw analogies too closely from Mormonism or from the existing polygamous countries of Asia, since the form of polygamy likely to be evolved to-day, in France or England or here, for instance, would differ materially from these. So far from further “enslaving” the women, it would doubtless give them greater freedoms. And it may be noted that the woman who



to-day keeps her husband devoted and faithful to her alone will still be able to achieve that result under changed conditions. On the other hand it is quite likely that the first wife will often be the one to urge her husband to take a second, as did Sarah, although it is to be hoped she will treat number two better than Sarah did Hagar. That the idea is repulsive to us now is no indication that it will remain so. Sexual customs are peculiarly subject to mutation. Times change—"et nos mutamur in illis." The sentimental objection may be lightly regarded.

The economic difficulty at first seems weightier. It will be said, with truth, that the average man has all he can do now to take care of one wife and a family. But let him ask himself how much he is contributing, directly or indirectly, to the support of women not his wife or young daughter. For one item—and that a small one, comparatively—who pays the wage of the prostitute? Even if he keeps himself personally clear of her, does he not pay his share, in some way, of her heavy drain upon the community, not merely in money, in taxation, in the maintenance of hospitals, police, courts, in combatting disease, and in many minor ways, but also in the great economic loss to the State from the evil effects of her existence upon the efficiency and health of her patrons? Ask any experienced physician as to the prevalence of her diseases, and the incalculable harm they do. It will be objected that prostitution is not unknown in polygamous countries. Doubtless: but it would become possible—at least it is plausible to hope so—for a feminist-polygamous State so to regulate and reduce it as to make it comparatively negligible, and in time to destroy it. No human institution is likely to be perfect; but this seems to point the way to the only possible elimination of the prostitute. She did not exist in Utah in Mormon times.

But far greater than the money cost of the prostitute is the contribution made by nearly every man toward the support or partial support of unmarried women. There is scarcely a head of a family anywhere who does not help toward the maintenance of some unmarried relative or dependent. Very few of the working women are entirely self-supporting; a few at the top of the scale, and more at the bottom. The great majority, in between, live at home, and are far from earning all of their own

living. Under a logically worked out scheme of polygamy the man, instead of aiding the support of his " sisters and his cousins and his aunts " and his adult daughters, would probably be maintaining a second wife. It would amount to no more than a shifting of the persons he works for; a redistribution of the task. And it would eliminate many of the women who work for their living now, and thus open a wider field of employment to the men. For it may be assumed that in the feminist State there would be very few unmarried women; in time, none.

It would need a much longer discussion than this can be to examine all the phases of what a modern, rationalized, enlightened polygamy might become. But it seems clear that if the feminists are to have their way, if they are so to reconstruct our customs that there shall be a state of balance wherein the " sex privileges " will vanish, and the women shall have the freedom of choice they ask, it can only be attained by re-establishing polygamy.



## UPPER SECOND AVENUE

WALTER STOREY

**T**HE beauty of the night rain in the street.

A wind-blown, all-pervading, penetrating rain, soaking into my clothing and beating against my face; I am filled with its transforming beauty.

Far down the street the high approach to the great bridge looms, gigantic and dim, spanning the thoroughfare; on both sides of the avenue the tall, yellow lighted tenements mass in bulky silhouette under a dull, inclosing night. Against this background the purple-blue sparks of electric lights gleam sharply in the rain-soaked blackness.

Enveloped in the darkness black, indistinguishable masses rumble along the street, gradually taking on the forms of horses and trucks as they draw near; in the blurred glare from numberless store-windows, shawl-covered women and dripping men hurry by, and bedraggled children, formless under old coats, appear and disappear in the wet gloom.

And always enmeshed in this sentient beauty, I feel the pulse and ebb of the ever moving life, the day's work and the evening's rest, the love and hate, and the onward groping of restless, seeking souls. This wonderful life and the street in the rain, intermingling, surges around me, pervades me, appealing sometimes with sensitive passion, sometimes with crude force, to be voiced. With tiny hands the soul of the street clutches at my lips, my hands, my heart, but I stand stupid as this wonderful pageant passes.

Ah, the beauty of the night rain in the street!

## THE TREND TOWARD MATERIALISM

### *A Study of Tendencies, Causes and Remedies*

ARTHUR STOCKS

**H**ENRY DRUMMOND wrote: "If the Natural Laws were run through the Spiritual World, man might see the great lines of religious truth as clearly and simply as the broad lines of science," and "the final gain would appear in the department of theology." Is it too much to believe that if some master analyst were to trace the workings of Spiritual Law winding its way down through the centuries, and synthesize the results of that stupendous task, the results would appear in an awakened spirituality throughout the entire civilized world—a modern renaissance? What a theme it would be! The Evolution of Ethics. From patriarch to priest, from priest to hierarch, from hierarch to dogma, from dogma to doubt, from doubt to conflict, from conflict to a new starting point. Or, along the lines of social evolution, first privilege (materialism) flatters public opinion through the medium of servile pens and economic parasites; then through self-interest it coerces that same public opinion until man bows down before the golden calf and tarries by the flesh pots. Follows that private interests intrench themselves behind a bulwark of privilege made laws; laws beget precedents; materialism becomes seemingly supreme; justice, entwined by a thousand insignificant threads of precedent, becomes subservient to law. Man's economic burdens grow; he awakens; the spiritual in him revolts at a seeming political equality fronting an apparent economic inequality. He rebels; he tears down the barriers; he unmakes privilege-made laws, and incidentally many good laws because they happen to be in bad company. He makes new laws, many of them unfortunately tending to disrupt industry and society; laws that favor the masses rather than the classes. The pendulum has now reached the other extreme. Spiritual Law, working through human agencies that know little of its import and less of its control, has run its evolutionary orbit. Reaction follows this violent spiritual effort on the part



of the masses; they relax their efforts and their vigilance. They sleep. The pendulum now swings back toward the other extreme to meet new conditions, new principles, new individualities. And so the thread may be followed, step by step, cycle by cycle; out of weakness strength, out of error truth, out of darkness light; the old story of the resurrection, the lesson of the seasons. Life is swallowed up in death, but out of death comes a new life, new hopes, new struggles and new harvests; the harmonious coöperation of the forces of conservation and transformation working out the destinies of the race.

Spiritual Laws governing the evolution of civilization and of personalities (for personalities are the milestones of civilization) are unquestionably just as fixed and arbitrary as Natural Laws governing the evolution of animal or plant life. Given certain conditions and the forms of life indigenous to those conditions appear in either case. To give life in the Natural World requires the energizing influence of sunlight, moisture and air. To give life to thought requires the crystallizing influence of personality plus action. The greatest of involved principles attracts but little attention until brought to the front by the appearance of a champion having that quality of leadership which focusses thought upon himself. Let established conditions be unassailed and they are generally accepted as satisfactory; let them be the object of attack and the very conditions themselves generate their own defenders. Both Spiritual Law and Natural Law provide the means of offence and defence to all their products. The long roots of the oak are its defence against the storms of the centuries. So the eternal principles of right and justice, deep rooted in the public conscience, slumber though they may and ofttimes do, are spirituality's defence against the power of materialism. Somewhat along these lines are the apparent underlying laws of evolution, whether observed in the Natural World or in the Spiritual World. Designate or classify these laws as you will. Say that sunshine, rain and air cause the plant to grow; that opportunity makes the man, or *vice versâ*. The fact remains that principles are the product of conditions and that men are the product of principles. In the Spiritual World, even as in the Natural World, law furnishes its necessary cor-

rective concomitants. It took a Cæsar to make a Brutus, a Charles the First to make a Cromwell, a George the Third to make a Washington, a Douglas to make a Lincoln. And so, in our own immediate times, as it took conditions especially favoring speculative economics to produce a Morgan and a Rockefeller, the conditions of moral disintegration following produced the inevitable corrective concomitants in the persons of Roosevelt and Bryan. Yet ever bear in mind that the personalities are but incidental—the real fact is the involved principle.

Viewing history with this larger perspective we see that it is the fate of civilization ever to be balancing between extremes. The pendulum swings from extreme to extreme. The fight has been fought under different watchwords according as the leaders of different epochs have raised their battle cries: plebeian v. patrician, democracy v. aristocracy, freedom v. thralldom, right v. power, poverty v. prosperity, equality v. privilege, justice v. law; but always with the same underlying note dominating the chorus—spirituality v. materialism. Such has been the evolutionary process in the development of civilization, and looking back over the long vistas of the past this fact stands out with startling clearness: the greatest and most vital force in the world is spirituality; that quality or principle which pertains to the immutable moral relations and obligations of man to man and to his maker. Against such a power the struggles of materialism are hopeless, for materialism is but self interest while spirituality is divine law. The great principle of spirituality has for its objective the mental freedom of the race; not alone nominal equality of political rights but actual equality of legal and economic rights.

When we survey the tremendous advances made by man in the arts and sciences, it is difficult to conceive why the realm of evolved ethics, of spirituality, has remained practically untouched, unless it be that dogmatic theology has stood as an armed sentinel at its sacred portals warning all trespassers to beware. That there is a great hiatus between the relative progress made in the mastery of Spiritual Law and that in the laws governing the arts and sciences is too evident to require discussion. There is a long stretch of evolutionary accomplishment between the



stylus and the perfection press, the ancient caravan and the modern express train, between Isaac Newton and Wilbur Wright, Benjamin Franklin and Guglielmo Marconi. There is a comparatively short stretch of accomplishment between Plato or Aristotle and Herbart or Maeterlinck. Why? Because achievement in the arts and sciences has been crowded forward by material demands; has been applauded by a humanity whose material desires have been gratified by a something which could be seen with the eye and touched with the hand. Achievement in the realm of Spiritual Law has never had this tremendous impetus of popular demand in the same sense. It is a fact that the civilized world, and our own country probably more than all others, has been so intent upon material problems pertaining to bodily needs and personal gratifications that the educational world, even as the ecclesiastical world, has been drawn within the dominating sphere of materialism to such an extent and for so long that we think and speak and act in terms of materialism. Indeed it is the rare exception when men even think of spirituality or of spiritual needs save for the specific purpose of meeting bodily needs.

If this be true, and there seems little room for doubt; if it indeed be true that in the very midst of our boasted civilization there has developed a moral and a spiritual apathy so deeply imbedded in our national consciousness, it is indeed well that we pause and seriously inquire whether the organs of our national spiritual life are giving efficient service in the performance of their most vital functions, viz.: the development and sustainment of a rational spirituality. If not, why not? The answer, though it may be thought to savor of temerity by many, will appeal to all sincere thinkers, and seekers after truth. It is that we as a nation are toiling under the shadow of a materialism so insidiously cankerous in its operations that it has eaten into the very marrow of our national life, affecting alike the home, the school and the church, which we may reasonably designate as the three important organs of national spiritual life. The danger lies in the fact that men do not realize it. They have eaten of the lotos in the land of material prosperity and they have forgotten home.

Do you seriously question the truth of this statement? Enter the privacy of your own home and observe the spiritual conditions there. Your boys and girls know that they have bodies that must be fed and clothed; they know that physical dangers should be avoided; that physical accidents sometimes occasion physical pains, leave physical scars and make physical cripples. They observe and comment upon these things; they are the common gossip of daily life; they are material and can be seen with the eye and touched with the hand. But to what extent do your boys and girls actually realize as a mental concept that they have minds that must be fed and clothed; that spiritual dangers lurk by the wayside; that spiritual accidents occasion spiritual pains, leave spiritual scars and make spiritual cripples? To what extent do you, O man of mature years and material possessions, realize or think upon these things? Of course you never think upon them. Why should you? You were never trained or educated to do so, and besides you are too busy making money to bother about such matters, so you dodge the issue by saying that what was good enough for you in the way of early training is good enough for your children.

Before entering into any extended discussion of remedies, it is well to recognize the fact that we are attacking an established condition; a condition which it is easier to tolerate than to remedy; a condition which is, for lack of serious thought, generally accepted as satisfactory, and which will find its defenders among those who prefer to travel over the beaten path. To that prejudice our answer is that if Franklin had listened to prejudice we should have had no Marconi. The Law of Progress is the Law of Change. No advance was ever made in the history of the world that was not opposed by the "standpatters" of its day, and this rule will hold good until the end of time itself. It is not the intention to enter into any fine spun discussion of speculative philosophy. Rather that we may, from some of the simpler and more evident spiritual phenomena, deduce or call attention to equally simple interpretations that may be translated into action for the common good.

Study the pages of history closely and this fact will be found written thereon in sweat and blood, that when men cease to fight



for a common principle they then begin to fight for a personal interest. Also that when men begin to fight for personal interest corruption follows, and nowhere is this phenomenon more evident than in a study of democracies. As a principle, however, this applies to the relations of nation with nation equally as it does to the relations of individual with individual. International relations must be founded upon the moral standards of the nations involved, and it is of little avail to hope that a spirit of concord and equity will permeate the whole ideal fabric of a brotherhood of nations before we produce a corresponding spirit of concord and equity among the individuals comprising those nations. Common interest implies an element of brotherhood, and brotherhood is a matter of progression beginning with personal family relations and continuing successively through neighborhood, precinct, ward, city, county and state, until we reach the inevitable conclusion that the same principles of moral justice are with equal force applicable and ultimately destined to apply to the brotherhood of nations. With nations as with individuals, therefore, when power secures privilege for some at the expense of others moral prostitution and conflict follow, and disintegration and decay are inevitable. It could not be otherwise, for leaven will work.

The leading statesmen of the world declare that international treaties are worth no more than the paper on which they are written unless backed by the power of arms, nor do we require the spectacle of a power-debauched and powder-ridden humanity in the countries of Europe to confirm that claim. It is, indeed, doubtful if the spirit of moral law is so far developed in any city or community of importance in the entire civilized world that the power of conventional civilization would, of itself, be sufficient to carry with it the strict observance of written law. If then local laws, with their closer ties of community interest, require the presence of authorized force to compel their observance, how much more must it be true in the case of vague and equivocal international laws and treaties, with infinitely greater material interests involved. And this leads to a sweeping deduction, viz.: that the evolution of international comity must eventually lead to a World Federation which shall absolutely control all of the

armament in existence, limiting each individual nation, as such, to the requirements of internal police duties. It means that the manufacture of explosive compounds of all types and descriptions shall ultimately come under the jurisdiction of such a World Federation, just as the manufacture of alcoholic compounds in our own country comes under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government. It means that the interests of civilization will ultimately demand a Supreme Court of the World, a Court of Last Appeal for the nations of the world, whose decisions and verdicts shall be backed and enforced by the federated power of the entire civilized world. Whether the present unspeakable calamity which has befallen European society will lead to the formation of such a World Federation remains to be seen; but sooner or later society will speak with the voice of supreme authority, an authority that recognizes no international boundary lines, and the claims of material interest, whether individual or national, shall then be subordinated to the interest of mankind as a whole.

The past decade has witnessed a wonderful spiritual awakening in this country. Old political ideas have been shattered, party lines have been broken down, new ideals have been held up before the people, and new lines have been drawn. Great analysts and leaders in political thought have diagnosed the symptoms of the body politic, pointed out its fundamental weaknesses and prescribed remedies. Analysis has been followed by synthesis, thought by action, and the result has been and now is apparent over the length and breadth of the land. Do we not need equally competent spiritual leaders, synthesists as well as analysts, who shall study the body spiritual as the skilled physician studies the body physical, that we may know whether the organs of our spiritual life are performing their functions in an efficient manner? Do not the very facts of our present social-economic awakening afford ground for questioning whether these organs (the home, the church and the school) are in a healthy condition? Has this revolution, for such it has been, been brought about as a result of or in spite of their influence and effort? These conditions developed gradually, as a result of economic conditions already suggested, and they produced their own correctives in



the dominating personalities of Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan, who have been the generally recognized champions of the involved principles and whose forceful presentations and appeals have been exploited, disseminated and enlarged upon over the entire country by the public press—the most potently active educative force extant. Church and school have, to say the least, played very unimportant parts in the matter.

We observe the same general phenomena, in smaller spheres, very frequently in our cities, where the social problem, the liquor problem and problems of local economics develop to aggravating proportions, finally resulting in an aroused public consciousness which is ultimately crystallized into public action by the dominating influence of some local personality. We have seen, and we shall see time and again, such phenomena invariably followed by a relaxation of effort as the public interest wanes and sinks back into drowsiness, at which time materialism once more stealthily begins its fight for power. We may observe it in the case of individuals who, moved by some transient moral impulse, make resolutions looking forward to purer, nobler lives, only to fall back into the old rut when the impulse passes away. Also we see it in individual cases where men seek to throw off some yoke of economic or associational bondage, but yield to obstacles and sink lower than before. Why this seeming transitoriness of spiritual effort? We answer again—materialism. It is easier to act than to think. Men are accustomed to fight only what they can see with the physical eye. Not until the civilized world recognizes the difference between cutting off limbs and tearing up roots, between legislative coercion and spiritual education along the lines of rational character building, shall we attain permanent advancement along moral lines. It is doubtful if coercive legislation on problems involving questions of morals has ever in the entire history of the race achieved more than temporary results. Certainly convention (that crystallizing of the ideas of the many into a general rule of conduct for all so that it eventually becomes a recognized though unwritten social law) has had a greater influence than legislation. Such problems are to be settled, not in the halls of legislation, but in the home and the school, with the assistance of the church along lines of spiritual education. Legis-

lation may punish crime and make it hazardous; convention may make it unpopular and unattractive; but education alone will prevent it; and it is infinitely better and far cheaper to prevent crime than to punish it or cure it.

And so we arrive at the conclusion that humanity's hope for a richer spiritual life lies largely in the home and the school, with a rejuvenated, dogma-freed church to counsel and assist. It would be foolish to gainsay the tremendous influence of the church in the moulding of racial characteristics, yet we suspect that the church has claimed credit for much that is simply the natural outgrowth of the conventionalities of civilized society. Where Jesus concerned himself with principles and character, the church has concerned itself much with conventional rules and duties. Where Jesus confined himself to spirituality, the church has allowed itself to sink into materialistic views and man-made dogmas. While worshipping at the throne of a common God, the dogma-bred and convention-bound Christian World for centuries pictured the material gates of pearl and streets of gold, and formulated out of great spiritual principles a species of common soul insurance based upon its dogmas. But dogma spells death, for dogma says, "thus far and no farther" and by its inherent qualities and its very nature precludes freedom of growth; and life cannot exist, either physically or spiritually, without growth. As in the Natural World the frailest flower or the mightiest oak must die if their avenues of expansion be shut off and they be precluded from life-giving air and sustenance, so in the Spiritual World the frailest or the mightiest of dogmatisms must, as such, ultimately perish of suffocation and lack of nourishment; for being artificially enclosed and sealed they are incapable of obtaining sustenance from the sources of spiritual life or exhaling into the world their spiritualizing effusions. Creeds represent but the dogmatic horizons of finite minds; they are bounded by the shadows of an unknown to-morrow. The humanity of to-morrow passes beyond the darkened limits of to-day's vision and with its more extended vision, forward and backward, renounces the horizon of yesterday's creed and looks out over a larger expanse of human progress, human hopes and human complexities. The involved principles are not changed. The change has



been a matter of vision—point of view. Man arrogantly assumed to define the limits of truth, but truth waited not on man's dogmas or opinions. Goodness and justice and purity are not matters of dogma or creed, but of daily life. The great mission of the church is not to teach men how to die but how to live, and not until the church fully realizes that fact, as did its great founder and leader, will it attain its rightful place and perform its normal functions in the Spiritual World. Jesus said "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." Is not the modern church worker inclined to emphasize "Blessed are the pure in *body*; for they shall see God"? Jesus taught temperance, based upon spiritual education; the modern church teaches prohibition, based upon legislative coercion. The method of Jesus went away beyond any liquor or social problem. It went away down into the very principles of life itself and was infinitely more far reaching. Even so the church must feed the people with spiritual principles rather than with conventional rules if it would perform its mission in the world.

But if any hopeful movement is ever to be inaugurated looking toward raising the spiritual standards of mankind it must begin at the cradle, with childhood's period of greater docility and receptivity, rather than at the grave. For once let the individual pass beyond the foundation period of life without recognizing the great and vital place of spirituality in his very existence, and the dominating power of materialism day by day and year by year crowds it out of his thoughts and it thereafter plays a secondary part where it ought to be a guiding principle. Not until pioneers blaze the trails of Spiritual Law for the benefit of an advancing civilization, and not until our children, as children, have breathed the air and moved in the atmosphere of spirituality will they later, as men and women, think and speak and act in terms of spirituality even as men now think and speak and act in terms of materialism. The tendency is to begin at the top rather than at the bottom in spiritual effort and research, and while the few are trying to penetrate the abstract clouds from the mountain tops, the many are groping in the concrete fogs of the valleys. We have at hand, so plainly that he who runs may read, the facts for basic work—the primer; but it will be many generations be-

fore the exegesis is compiled. And so we turn to the schools as the most hopeful field for rational spiritual work.

“ 'Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.”

The ancient idea of education was wisdom; the modern idea seems to be knowledge. We would not decry the splendid attainment and service of our educational system. It is wonderful, but nevertheless it is representative of a materialistic age. It is not to be expected that we should carry into our public schools a more realistic conception and application of rational spirituality than obtains in the privacy of our homes, for schools are but the expression of and answer to public opinion. It is, however, unquestionably true that no nation or race can ever rise to its full stature of intellectual or moral manhood and womanhood until its boys and girls are specifically trained to regard the spiritual side of life in as actual and comprehensible a manner as they regard the physical side of life; that spiritual muscles are as real as physical muscles; and that the elements of honor, justice, purity and general orderliness go to make up a spiritual being or character that is just as real as is the physical being made up of our different bodily members, and that it is infinitely more important to our well being. It is not necessary, nor would it be wise, that we cease our efforts toward the training of children along practical lines, but would it not be the part of wisdom to devote some time and effort toward making spirituality more of a reality with them? Are we not sacrificing being to becoming? Are we not given to teaching in terms of arithmetic rather than in terms of algebra; giving material rules with which to meet the specific confronting bread and butter problems of to-day (arithmetic) and overlooking the development of broad spiritual character with which to meet and overcome the unforeseen and unnumbered problems of the years to come (algebra)? The greatest teacher the world has ever seen said, “Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.” Without underestimating the value or the place of manual or commercial training in modern educational effort, is it too much to assert that the modern tendency is to say, “Blessed are the proud, whose minds are masterful with the facts



of manufacture and commerce and gain; for they shall inherit the earth"? The material demands are such as to leave but little room for the spiritual, and even our educational leaders see with materialistic eyes. For instance, at this time the educational world is advocating sex hygiene for the public schools. Sex hygiene! What our schools need is not sex hygiene but a spiritual hygiene that shall teach our boys and girls the principles of mental purity. Why attempt to eradicate a great evil by a shameless display of the evil itself, arousing a morbid curiosity in thousands of immature minds? Why not strike at the very foundation by impressing upon the child's mind the basic fact that all impure, unfair and disagreeable actions are but impure, unfair and disagreeable thoughts put into action? The evil—sin if you choose to use that term—is not of the act itself, but lies back of it in the impelling thought, and consists of the failure to control that thought. One of the greatest and most far-reaching burdens that materialism has ever laid upon the race is that it has engraved deeply upon the conventional social conscience the idea that sin is physical—material. Revolting as it may sound to conventional ears, it is, nevertheless, a fact that there is and can be no such thing as physical sin. A stone lies on the sidewalk. A man approaches. He picks up the stone and hurls it through a window, destroying property and possibly life. Did the stone, the hand, the arm, or the body sin? or was it the mind back of the action? Society frowns upon and punishes the material act and overlooks the disordered mentality which impelled the act. Wherein is our legal philosophy better than that of the Spartans who punished their children for being *detected* in theft? Under our penal system, moreover, the innocent probably are made to suffer more than the guilty, for the culprit is cared for, housed and clothed while his dependents are left to shift for themselves. From childhood to old age this form of harmful materialism has for centuries been impressed upon humanity until to-day it amounts practically to an intuitive conception. Adultery is simply an immoral thought put into action; a painting is simply a beauty-thought put into oil; music is a beauty-thought put into tone; an engine is but a mechanical thought done in steel; murder is but a kill-thought put into action. The great reality back of

and dominating all these things is the spirituality or mentality that gave them birth.

With our crude conception of Spiritual Law this topic is not a subject for text book work in elementary schools, although it is a very pertinent topic for normal and college training. Every teacher should be a student of Spiritual Law and able to guide the child mind into a recognition of the involved principles; for the school, to a greater extent than either the home or the church, is the one place above all others where we are equipped to carry on cohesive constructional work along spiritual lines, and the impressionable field of childhood with its freedom from isms and conventionalities affords rich virgin soil ready for spiritual seed.

This leads us to a final consideration of whether the basic purpose of education is the individual or society, becoming or being, and it is well that we think seriously upon this point. National life is but the composite expression of its citizenship. If then the oncoming citizenship be taught to look upon life as a field for individual exploitation, are we not inviting and developing a citizenship whose ambitions will be self-centred, and must we not expect as a specific and natural result that its members will seek individual benefit regardless of common benefit? Is that not the condition which has provoked the social and economic revolution through which we, in common with the entire civilized world, are now passing? And under such conditions is it not inevitable that men will prostrate themselves before the altar of materialism—personal profit? Is not the money worshipping spirit of our country irrefutable evidence that we are drifting toward the idea that the grandeur of our nation consists of its material wealth rather than the spiritual standards of its citizenship? Would that it were possible to enact a national law making it a requirement in every high school course throughout the different States that each pupil be required to write an original essay on the subject, "Education for Citizenship." That would be constructive spiritual work of a high order, and it would cause that once, at least, the attention of each pupil in our high schools should be turned in serious effort and contemplation toward the actual basic purpose of all public school education—citizenship. And, if the element of competitive effort be included, it would in



the course of time attain a traditional importance that would serve, in a sense, to put the successful competitors under bonds that linked them to continued and specific effort along the lines of their own study in citizenship.

Somewhat along the foregoing lines did the mind of the great apostle run when he wrote these words: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Here we find a recognition of the spiritual cry for food and raiment which, in our own day and generation, has largely been overlooked in the passion for material things.

## EVE'S DAUGHTERS

LUCY HUFFAKER

LIZZIE stood still a moment, holding the shimmering silk stockings in her hand, before putting them back into their box. They were the last pair of green stockings in the stock. She had hoped that the young woman she had been waiting on would take two pairs. Lizzie, promoted recently from cash-girl to saleslady, was an assiduous reader of the advice to working-girls in the Sunday newspapers, and it was her belief that if one worked very hard and very well one was certain to succeed. Lizzie was only sixteen.

But the young woman went on with only one pair of stockings. Lizzie, who was naturally neat, was careful to fold the stockings in the creases and to lay them smoothly under the soft tapes in the pretty box. Her fingers worked slowly because she was thinking that they were exactly the shade of the gown which she was to wear to the dance that evening. It was the newest shade, so the young woman who had bought the stockings had said to her friend.

"Just the color of my new gown," she had exclaimed when she saw them. "Cousin Nan brought it to me from Paris. I hadn't supposed I could match it and so I was going to wear black stockings, but of course that would spoil the effect. The thing to do is to have the stockings match the gown and then wear my black suède slippers."

Lizzie smiled to herself. She had black suède slippers, too. Mrs. Ayer had given them to her mother, because they did not fit. As they did fit Lizzie, they had fallen to her.

For days, Lizzie's mind had been on the pretty gown which she was to wear to the dance. Now it had an added charm, because it was the same shade as the gown which Dorothy Fairchild's Cousin Nan had brought her from Paris. She knew Dorothy Fairchild well, although she had never spoken to her before. She knew who Cousin Nan was. She was Mrs. Montgomery Banks, who had been Nancy Deering, an Easter bride. Lizzie knew that she had returned the week before from her



wedding trip to Europe. Lizzie was an assiduous reader of other things in the Sunday papers besides the advice to working-girls.

As Lizzie put the box of stockings back on the shelf, the smile dimmed out of her face. It was all very well to have a new gown just the color of one which Mrs. Montgomery Banks had bought in Paris and to have a dainty pair of slippers. But what was she to do for stockings? If stockings such as Dorothy Fairchild wore would spoil the effect of the soft green gown, what about the kind which Lizzie wore? Suddenly she saw the coarse cotton stockings which she would have to wear. She had darned them carefully the night before. She hoped the big darn which her old torn shoes had made necessary would not show above the heel of the slipper. But she feared while she hoped.

Lizzie waited on several customers to their satisfaction and without reproof from the floor-walker. Yet, despite the advice to working-girls, she was not thinking of the needs of the customers. She was thinking of her own imperative need. Once she opened her purse. She found what she knew she would find in it, five cents. That was for her carfare home that night. The next day would be pay-day. But being paid made no difference in Lizzie's finances. She always took her pay home and gave it to her mother, who doled her out day by day money for her carfare and her luncheon. Lizzie's mother was neither a tyrant nor a miser. She was a washerwoman.

As one of the customers opened her purse to pay for a dozen pairs of embroidered stockings she had ordered sent to her hotel, Lizzie choked down a gasp in her throat. That was because she saw a great roll of bills which the woman did not disturb in making the payment. One of them, at least, was a twenty-dollar bill. Lizzie, who would receive the next day five dollars for a week's work, had gasped in astonishment, not bitterness. She was not thinking that it was a strange world in which the woman who did no work should have a purse full of bills while the girl who worked all the time should have a nickel and that for carfare. She didn't care at all about the money. But she did care about the stockings. Lizzie was not one to be interested

in the theories of distribution of wealth. These were matters beyond her. But when it came to stockings, Lizzie felt the poignancy of injustice.

The woman with the great roll of bills had started away. Then she turned and came back to Lizzie. "I wonder," she said slowly, as she hunted in her purse for a sample, "whether you have any stockings which would match this?"

Lizzie took the piece of satin in her hand and looked at it as carefully as if its color were not one which had been in her thoughts and dreams for days. It was the very shade of the gown which she was to wear to the dance—and of the one which Dorothy Fairchild's Cousin Nan had brought her from Paris.

"No, madam," Lizzie said, "we have nothing this color. It is the newest shade and we had just a few in early stock. I think we will have more in a few days."

Lizzie couldn't have told why she had refused that sale. An hour later as she slipped the green stockings in her blouse, she did not know that it was in that moment she had planned the theft. Lizzie's reading had never ranged as far as psychology.

All the way home Lizzie thought about the stockings. She was not planning how she could return them the next day, although she meant to do that, of course, if she didn't dance holes in them. She was not debating with herself as to whether she had committed a sin. She was wondering what she would tell her mother about them. She rehearsed several lies to herself, to reject each one in turn. The best plan seemed to be to tear them and say they were thrown aside or that she got them by promising to pay a quarter for them. But her mother would say she couldn't afford to let her pay a quarter for them and unless the stockings were torn too badly to be mended without showing, she would know they had not been thrown away. Lizzie decided it would be best to tell her mother nothing about the stockings. She would wear her old black stockings and change at the hall.

At last she was dressed for the dance. It had been a great occasion in the Scott family. It is doubtful if there had been as much excitement in the Fairchild family when the eldest daugh-



ter made her début. Mrs. Scott had laid out the soft green dress on the bed. There was hot water for Lizzie's bath. The four younger girls had offerings to make toward the perfection of the toilet. Rose had a handkerchief with lace on it, which she had found on the street one day. Jennie had a silver pin which her teacher had given her for perfect attendance at Sunday school, Carrie had a rose-colored scarf for her to wear on her head, and Ella, who was known as the "tight" one of the family, insisted on pouring on Lizzie some of the perfume which was her most precious possession. The boys tried to maintain a sex superiority to the excitements of the toilet, but even they succumbed enough to regret they had nothing to lend to her.

Mrs. Scott, true to mother type, was living over again the great moments of her own youth. She described to the last detail the gown she had worn to her first dance. She bridled as she told that she had every dance taken, that night. Lizzie, true to daughter type, was not interested in the long-ago dance. Then suddenly she asked faintly: "Was it Pa took you to that first dance, Ma?"

"Gracious, no," Mrs. Scott replied. "I had a lot of beaux before I began to go with your father."

At that remark Lizzie lost what interest she had had in her mother's youth. She was thinking it would have been a beautiful thing if her mother had married the young man who had been her escort that night. Her thought stopped there in a blush.

"You go and let him in, Ma," said Lizzie as the bell rang. It was necessary to get her mother out of the room, so she could slip the stockings from their hiding place under the pillow into the box which held her slippers.

In the dressing-room at the hall there was a long mirror. Lizzie smiled in it as she stood preening herself. Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were glowing. She took a few steps in front of the mirror to see just how beautiful her feet looked in the silky stockings and the soft slippers. Lizzie had never been so happy before. But even that moment when she stood admiring her own young beauty was to be as nothing to other moments of that night. For Jim Harris kissed her! All evening he had devoted himself to her. He had danced with her so many times

that their friends chaffed them about it. He had pretended, at least, to be jealous because she had danced three times with Joe Gates. He has whispered in her ear as they danced: "You're some looker!" He had asked her to go to Coney Island on Sunday with him. He had said she must come to the next dance with him. He had asked her if she'd like to go some night to the theatre—to a "sure-enough one, not a movie."

Lizzie had never dreamed of such happiness as she was knowing. And then, as they were walking from the car to her home, he had slipped his arm around her. Lizzie seemed to try to draw away from him, but she did it only because that instinct bred in women which tells them they can gain what they want only by seeming to be the giver, not the taker, was speaking to her. For all the heed she gave to them, Lizzie, when first a man sought her lips, might just as well never have read columns of newspaper print on the folly and the dangers of being kissed.

She crept quietly into the flat but not so quietly that her mother did not hear her. Mrs. Scott tip-toed into the room which Lizzie shared with Rose and Ella.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" she whispered as she began to unhook her dress. Perhaps Lizzie's face answered her, for without waiting for her to speak, she went on: "You shouldn't have stayed so late. You'll be all tired out to-morrow."

Lizzie smiled in reply. She knew that she could never be tired again. The world was too beautiful and life and love too wonderful. She wished her mother would go. She wanted to be alone to dream upon the things which had happened that night. At last her mother did go off to bed. Lizzie crept into bed with her sisters. She lay on the edge to be as far from them as possible. She wasn't sleepy and she was glad of it. She wished to stay wide awake with her memories of the dance. She had completely forgotten the stolen stockings except when she recalled how pretty her feet and ankles had been. Even then she did not remember how she had come by the stockings. It was a perfect hour which she was living, without taint of fear or remorse. She grew a little sleepy as the night waned out. It was a delicious feeling like the one she felt when she



had lain back, eyes closed, in Jim Harris's arms, with his lips on hers. At last she drowsed off to sleep. Pressed against her lips was the hand which he had kissed.

When she awoke she looked slowly around the room. It seemed strange that she was there in the dingy little room which she shared with Rose and Ella. She would not have been surprised if she had found herself in a palace. At the breakfast table the family was all eagerness to hear about the dance. She was glad that she had to hurry away in order to be at the store on time. She wanted to be alone to live over again the night before.

She hurried through the employees' entrance to the cloak room. She punched the time-clock with two minutes to spare. Again she had that feeling of strangeness that so many things in the world were just the same, when everything was so different. She hurried to her counter. She could not have kept the smile from her lips if she had tried. But the head of the department standing behind the counter was not smiling.

"Lizzie," she said, "where are those green stockings? The ones at five dollars? There is one pair missing."

Lizzie tried to speak, but she found herself without a voice. She had completely forgotten the stockings and her intention to return them, if she could. Since the hour the night before when she had planned concealing them from her mother, they had not existed to her except as a necessary part of her toilet.

"You'd better come with me," said Miss Seaman.

Lizzie without a word followed her. She knew where they were going. Their store prided itself on having a Welfare Department and all minor troubles were taken there for settlement. Miss Dayton, in charge of the department, was drawing off her gloves as they entered her room. She nodded to Miss Seaman brightly, said "Good morning, my dear" to Lizzie in the tone which she always used with the clerks, and waited for them to tell what brought them to her. She always spoke of the workers in the store as "my girls." She was an incorrigible sentimentalist and although she was given to describing herself as an idealist become disillusioned, she knew no more and probably no less of human nature than she had years before when she took up reform and uplift work.

"Did you take the stockings, dear?" she asked in her gentle voice, when Miss Seaman had stated her suspicion. Then as Lizzie seemed unable to answer, she said: "Never mind, dear. You have told me already."

She reached out her hand to take Lizzie's, lying limply in her lap. Lizzie drew it sharply away. It was the hand which had been pressed to her lips as she had fallen asleep the night before—the hand which Jim Harris had kissed. Lizzie did not answer, so Miss Dayton repeated her question, adding: "Don't be afraid to tell me the truth, dear."

Lizzie told the truth. Pressed for details she told just how she had slipped the stockings from the box into her blouse.

"Why did you take them, dear?" Miss Dayton asked.

"Because I hadn't any stockings to wear to the dance. I had the first new dress I'd ever had in my life and it was just the color of the stockings and so I took 'em."

"You say you had a new dress?"

"Yes, ma'am, I had the first new dress I ever had."

"The first new dress you ever had? What do you mean by that? You mean the first new dress you've had for a long time, don't you?"

Lizzie shook her head. "I mean what I said. You see we've always been poor. Ma washes for a living and the ladies she works for give her dresses, lots of times. There's five girls of us, so sometimes there's a new dress bought. But Rose or Ella always gets it, because though I'm the oldest, they're lots bigger than I am."

"But what has being biggest got to do with getting all the new dresses?"

Lizzie was amazed at such ignorance as Miss Dayton betrayed.

"Why the biggest ones get the dresses so when they outgrow 'em, they'll fit Carrie or Jennie or me. I tell you I never had a really new dress in my life before. And I'd never been to a dance before. Jim Harris asked me to go with him. Ma let me keep half my pay last week and I got the dress at that remnant sale of silk mull. There was enough left over to buy some lace and some ribbon for a sash. A lady Ma washes for gave her some



slippers a while back, that just fit me. So I had everything but stockings. That is why I——” Lizzie hesitated over the word—— “took the stockings.”

“Yes, dear, I see,” said Miss Dayton. “I know all young girls want pretty things. I wish they could all have them. But some can’t. And of course stealing is always wicked. You thought of that, didn’t you, when you took the stockings?”

That was the moment when Lizzie should have lied. But she told the truth. “No, ma’am, I didn’t think of anything but how bad I needed those stockings.”

“But of course you worried about it after you took them, didn’t you, dear?”

“No, ma’am. I had such a good time at the dance; better than I’d ever expected to have since I quit believing in fairies. I danced every dance and—and——” Lizzie broke off suddenly.

“And what, dear?”

“I was the prettiest girl there. Jim said so.”

Miss Dayton was shocked. Moreover she was perplexed. She hadn’t expected the conversation to go like this. She had thought that Lizzie would testify to hours of remorse. Of course she would promise never to steal again. Then, with a clear conscience, Miss Dayton could send her back to her work. But Lizzie, far from having torturing memories of the dance, was happy because of her little triumph.

“I know, Lizzie, that all girls want to be pretty. It is a natural desire. But one should wish to be good, also. Don’t you want to be good?”

Lizzie nodded her head.

“Yes, I want to be a good girl. But I’ve got to be pretty. If I’m not, Jim won’t ever——”

“Won’t ever what?”

“Kiss me again.”

“Again?” There was horror in Miss Dayton’s voice. “Do you mean to say some young man kissed you last night?”

“Jim did. He said I looked sweet enough to eat.” There was pride in her voice. “He wouldn’t have said it if I’d worn those awful old black stockings of mine.”

Miss Dayton turned to the other woman in the room.

"I don't believe she feels any remorse, now," she said. "She is sorry that she has been found out, but that is all." Which for Miss Dayton showed unusual insight into human nature.

Miss Seaman gave no sign that she had heard what Miss Dayton said. Then, after a second, she said: "Lizzie has always been a quiet, well-behaved girl and a prompt one. I wish——"

"She can stay if she is sorry for what she has done," interrupted Miss Dayton.

"I'll bring the stockings back," said Lizzie. "I didn't get any holes in 'em. That's because I'm so light on my feet. Jim said I danced like a fairy."

Miss Dayton grew red in the face. Such vanity made her embarrassed and angry at the same time. It did not betoken the proper humility on Lizzie's part. "No," she said, "you can't bring the stockings back. They would show they had been worn. You must pay for them, a quarter each week out of your salary. You must pay the full price, as under such circumstances we can't give you the usual discount."

Lizzie nodded. The proposition was a fair one. "Thanks," she said.

"And dear, you must promise me to tell the truth about the stockings to your mother and to this Jim of whom you talk."

Lizzie drew in her breath sharply. "I can't do that—that is, I can't tell Jim. I'll tell Ma. I'd have to, with my pay short every week. But I can't tell him."

"Why can't you?"

"Because he might quit going with me. If we'd been friends a long time it mightn't make so much difference. But you see last night was the first time he ever took me anywhere."

"Yet you say he kissed you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you mean to say that you let this person whom you scarcely know, kiss you? What kind of a girl are you?"

Then Lizzie delivered herself of a piece of wisdom. "I guess I'm just like all girls," she said.

Miss Dayton blushed.



"There are some girls, I hope, who never let men take any liberties with them."

Lizzie forgot entirely the ethics which she had read night after night in the newspaper answers to correspondents.

"Uh-huh. I know some of 'em. They're all homely."

Miss Dayton rose to her feet.

"I have reconsidered the conditions I laid down," she said. "You must not only tell Jim as I said, but you must apologize to me and you must realize you did wrong not only in taking the stockings but in letting him kiss you, or you cannot stay."

"I didn't know I'd been rude to you," said Lizzie. "I didn't mean to. Truly, I didn't, Miss Dayton, and if I was, I'm sorry. But all the same, even if you get me fired for it, I won't tell Jim and the reason I won't is because he might never kiss me again. And I'm not sorry about last night. I liked it."

"This ends the interview then," said Miss Dayton, picking up a letter from her desk.

"All right," said Lizzie. There were tears in her eyes—she was wondering where she could get another job, she was dreading what her mother would say to her. But the head which had lain on Jim's shoulder was held high as she walked out of the office.

Miss Seaman rose to go with Lizzie, but Miss Dayton called to her.

"Just a minute, Miss Seaman," she said. When the door had closed behind Lizzie, she turned to her and said: "It isn't you alone who feel badly about this. I don't know when I've had a case that perplexed me like this one. Sometimes it seems to me it is impossible to do the right thing, always." Which was the second time that morning that Miss Dayton had shown insight.

Miss Seaman was looking out of the window listlessly. For all the sign she gave she might not have heard what the other woman was saying.

"I know what you're wishing," Miss Dayton said. "You're wishing you'd fixed it some way so Lizzie was not accused. That wish does credit to your kindness of heart, of course. But you know, my dear, crime—and stealing is always a crime—

must be punished. She is lucky that we didn't arrest her or have her placed in a reformatory."

Still Miss Seaman did not speak.

"I know what else you're thinking," said Miss Dayton. "You're thinking that it isn't fair that a young girl should not have the pretty things all girls want. I grant that. But what can we do about it? That is just one of the laws of life which neither you nor I can change."

Then Miss Seaman turned from the window and spoke. "No, I wasn't thinking anything of the kind. I wasn't thinking about how hard it is for Lizzie. I was envying her."

"Envyng her?"

Miss Seaman brushed her hands over her eyes and pushed back a lock of greying hair which had fallen over her forehead.

"I was thinking," she said, "it was worth anything in the world—poverty, sin, disgrace, to feel what Lizzie is feeling now. You and I—who are we to pity Lizzie? You said something just now about the laws of life. But do you know one as inexorable as the law which takes our youth away and with it our chance for love? And what can you or I do about that?"



## YOUTH

CHARLES R. MURPHY

**W**INGS, ah wings that beat against the sky;  
Soul,—ah soul of her whom thou hast lost—  
Dawn is upon thee with its emptiness,  
Dawn—when thou wouldst rather be entrapped  
And tangled in a mist of dreams; shrouded  
From the evil light of day; smothered  
In the ebon texture of the night.  
Only the fevered beating of thy wings  
That fan the silence of the deeper gloom;  
Only the madness of thy unrelenting  
Hope. Yet in thy weary pilgrimage,  
Down, through the silent corridors of grief,  
Down to the utmost depths of all despair,  
What hast thou seen that makes thee hide thy life?  
What hast thou heard that makes thee shrink from day?

“ This, like an intense whisper through the night,  
This have I heard: ‘ Doubt and forgetfulness  
Are all the surety that thou mayst gain—  
Forget! forget! before it be too late,  
Too late to find the level path that leads  
Back to the peaceful meadow-lands of life.’

“ Out of the night it smote upon the ear,  
As though from some great multitude of throats—  
Out of the night of doubt.—Yet where got they  
This certainty of tone? What do they know,  
They who would make servants of their souls?  
What do they know? Can they with some deep scheme  
Of theirs, have plumbed the sombre heart of Death?  
Or with some fine diplomacy of science  
Have wrested the secret from his wary lips?  
Such erudition of the gods! Yet doubt  
Is the staff of life to them. And I?

Have I not known the terrors of this realm,  
Or rummaged in the secret halls of grief?  
Have I not seen, within the darkest pit  
Of all, doubt turn upon itself?—Beyond  
The confines of all things—(ah doubted doubt,  
I know! I know!)—the throbbing heart of life  
Is ever warm. Why should I fear the day?

“ Yet for a while the empty-handed days  
Within this land of bitterness and grief;  
Yet for a while I shall not touch her hand,  
Her lips, or drink the perfume of her hair—  
Only I know her white soul stands somewhere,  
Fearless and straight to the four winds of heaven.  
A little while to suffer and to wait—  
Until the hint of some ungotten dawn  
Shall strip the sorrows from my burdened heart  
And guide my soul that, in one monstrous flight,  
Shall gain that land, that ever-present land—  
Yet hid till some strange wrenching of our life  
Shows the sheer beauty of its sun-lit vales  
Buttressed in the eternal hills of love.  
There shall I find fair meadows beyond all dreaming  
Fair, stream-threaded, cool within the dewy  
Light of morn; there shall I bathe my heart  
Within the crystal rivers of her soul,  
And hear the murmured chant of windy pines—  
Chant that is the echo of her heart,  
Echo that rings among the leaping hills  
Where all her wild, free thoughts are born. . . .

“ Yes, I will strive with all the metal of  
My soul—strive till I pierce the invious sky,  
Or burst the straining fabric of my heart.  
Yes, if I may have but one wistful glance  
Upon the unforgotten loveliness  
Of her, one instant's slaking of my thirsty  
Eyes—I'll make a song that, with resounding chords,



Some great symphonic loveliness of tone,  
Shall flood the very sanctuary of heaven  
And make our melancholy God to smile;  
And o'er this swelling of my soul, her song,  
Like some immortal bird, shall rise  
Cleaving the lambent pinnacle of day—  
I know! I know! It shall be, or else God  
Shall wither into nothingness for shame  
At having made, or dreamed, or conjured up,  
A thing so useless as a human soul!"

Wings, ah wings that beat against the sky;  
Soul,—ah soul of her whom thou hast lost!

# THE PHYSICIAN AS A HERO: WILLIAM JAMES

M. H. HEDGES

## I

JENKINS said, "I felt myself falling through bottomless gulfs of doubt. All my faiths and hopes and dreams, all the laborious uprisings of my spirits, all the habits of thought and action, became fears, serious downsittings and spasmodic gropings."

Jenkins had come into my office that morning, after four years of separation. We had been chums in college; I knew him as the eremite of our class, the particular white, glowing spirit, who, by destiny, has but one calling, that of prophethood. I had left him on his way to the theological school and I found him this morning a doctor of medicine, his maidliness gone, more a Launcelot than a Galahad. And in these words he was trying to describe in his intense way that moment of transformation from a preacher to a physician.

He continued, "That which precipitated my headlong flight down the black gulfs of doubt was a single idea, namely, that there was no soul separate from the body. That which saved my mind from breaking into permanent madness was work. I crawled from beneath the stones and timbers of my shattered world with but one impulse, to heal the bodies of men. I literally rushed into the clinic, hungry for knowledge of how. I worked night and day, and when I laid my hands upon the diseased I found, at last, in that mean experience, sensuous evidence of the human soul. All my life I had craved the mystical experience, the union with the divine, and I had found it here, in attending a typhoid patient. Falling through the gulfs of doubt, I thought I had lost the soul, and working in the crude material world I found soul everywhere."

Jenkins's passionate recital unfolded a new conception to my mind.



## II

From time to time censure of Thomas Carlyle and his doctrine of hero-worship has come to me. And the amateur critics, one and all, have deplored his narrowness; Carlyle should have stepped off his own shadow, is their contention; he should have widened the scope of his vision. Why should every hero whom he mentions resemble Carlyle himself? To be a hero must a man be a prophet, a poet, a man-of-letters, or a king? Why couldn't a hero be a business man, an engineer, or a discoverer? Why couldn't a hero be a woman and not a man? And these are fair questions.

But, I think those who censure forget that Carlyle had a large generalizing mind. He was celebrating not so much the hero, as the heroic principle. Generalize as he did in each lecture, each hero was the concrete embodiment of the heroic principle. And the heroic principle, which we shall soon define, was best evident in the prophet, the poet, the priest, the man-of-letters and the king.

Carlyle was a perceiver of law. Everywhere in his works there is evidence of his effort to formulate out of concrete fragments of life general, intelligible principles. In *Sartor Resartus*, he tried to descend into the unplumbed depths of his own spirit and to return with treasures of truth. The great unsailed sea of the soul is partially charted in *Sartor Resartus*. In *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, the nebulous movements of humanity are given shape. History is not a mere succession of events, but a series of related acts. In that phantasmagoria of wars, ceaseless weavings to and fro, risings-up and fallings-down, births of nations and their destruction, there is order, law, design. How does society progress? By following the hero. Who is a hero? One who best incarnates the heroic principle. What is the heroic principle? Making sensuous the invisible divine. That is Carlyle's profound primer.

And I suppose this heroic principle, conceived broadly, may be interpreted freely. We should not need to be told what the divine is. What difference does it make whether Odin's "divine" was the same as Mohammed's; or whether Mohammed's

"reality" was the same as Dante's? Given an age of unbelief, of destruction, of blindness and of hypocrisy, and given a man to lead back that age to sincerity and genuineness, and we have the heroic principle at work. And the man who leads the age is a hero, be he god, prophet, poet, priest, man-of-letters or king.

In the age of blind gropings, Odin was the first articulate thinker. He made the great, mysterious Flame-image, which glared-in out of the awful world, intelligible. In an age of idols, superficialities, formulas, Mohammed looked through the shows of things into *things*. The two poets, Dante and Shakespeare, glanced into the deepest deep of beauty, and translated beauty into musical thought. By destroying, Luther united his people with the unseen holy. Johnson, in an age of triviality and transiency, proclaimed the true, the divine, and the eternal. And Cromwell, against unyielding, hostile forces, embodied ideals in practice. These are Carlyle's heroes; these translated the invisible divine into thought, new symbols, music, creed, books or practice.

Judged by this broad standard, are not all men heroes? Carlyle was too much of a democrat to deny hero-ship to any common man; but there is a second element determining heroism, namely, the age itself. "Hero, Prophet, Poet—many different names in different times and places, do we give to great men; according to varieties we note in them, according to the sphere in which they display themselves," says Carlyle; in other words, the age furnishes the soil, season, sun and rain under whose genial sway the hero flowers. Never again can the hero be the divinity, as Odin was, because that twilight zone between brutalism and barbarism shall never come to the race again. To Carlyle, the pragmatic idealist, the conditioning sphere is as important to heroism as is the man himself.

And this answers the allegation of narrowness established by the amateur critics. Why could not a business man be a hero? Why not an engineer? A discoverer? They can, I think Carlyle means. Columbus is a hero; and some aver that the engineer who swings the graceful arc of steel across the chasm is the hero of our era; and the business man in due time shall



become a hero when he has found his age or sphere. But not yet; of this era, it seems to me, the physician is the hero.

### III

Jenkins, unfolding before my eyes that morning, a hero, became a type for his age, and by some strange, mental amalgamation I identified him with Carlyle's heroic principle. Jenkins's experience was a world process in miniature. From beneath the stones and timbers of a shattered world, humanity, led by an archetype, has emerged. Jenkins's private experience is macrocosmic.

The year Darwin's *The Origin of Species* was published, 1859, is a date marking not so much the beginning as the high middle point of an era. Darwin was the expression, rather than the author, of a new spirit. That spirit has been variously defined as the scientific, materialistic, empiric. It was a spirit of change. In this era all the vague, formless, illimitable dreams of man, the nameless longings, the broken lights, sweet sounds, overpowering incenses, the music of flutes, the illusions, impressions—all indeed that we know as transcendental—were given, not a divine, but a physical explanation. Man discovered that he had a body, and that underlying, perhaps, his deepest moments of divine inspiration were mean and gross physical reasons. Then came thundering about his head the columns and pillars of the old spiritual order; he had no rest, nor peace; and, as Jenkins said, he began to suspect that there was no soul separate from the body.

I think this change from a divine to a human explanation of rapturous experiences is best illustrated by this passage from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Perhaps the herb everlasting, the fragrant immortelle of our autumn fields, has the most suggestive odor to me of all those that set me dreaming. I can hardly describe the strange thoughts and emotions which come to me as I inhale the aroma of its pale, dry rustling flowers. A something it has of sepulchral spicery, as if it had been brought from the core of some great pyramid, where it had lain on the breast of a mummied Pharaoh.

Something, too, of immortality in the sad, faint sweetness lingering so long in its lifeless petals. Yet this does not tell why it fills my eyes with tears and carries me in blissful thought to the banks of asphodel that border the River of Life."

The transcendental explanation—"this does not tell why it fills my eyes with tears"—is immediately replaced by the physical:

"There may be a physical reason for the strange connection between the sense of smell and the mind. The olfactory nerve—so my friend the Professor tells me—is the only one directly connected with the hemispheres of the brain, the parts in which, we have reason to believe, the intellectual processes are performed. To speak more truly, the olfactory nerve is not a nerve at all, he says, but a part of the brain, in intimate connection with its anterior lobes."

That era of change was an age calling for its man. It was a shaping age, the chaos which would burst-up, in molten mass, a literature, a hero.

The danger was that man would follow false fires; all barriers down, he would fly to dire extremes. Such extravagances were recorded in the literature of de Maupassant and Zola. These realists had a perverted sense of human values. Since one did not need divinity to explain rapturous experiences, such experiences had no validity. Men were pictured, therefore, by Zola and de Maupassant, without æsthetic and moral faculties—as brutes. Or, men fell into another error. They became so painfully conscious of both worlds, the world of impressions and the world of things, that sometimes, as with Matthew Arnold, crushed between the two, they grew sick with a sense of impotence.

The man who could make the invisible divine, apparent, when the divine had been denied, had to be one who had long been familiar with the gross material world, without losing communication with the invisible currents of God. Such a one was the physician. Many names, Holmes, Doyle, Mitchell, attest to the physician's command of the ideal. These men had seen human beings die like flies, had seen life vanish in convulsions, and the fair body become a stinking hulk, and still they had held



fast to the ideal. It was for such as they, when the age was plunged into materialism, to make sensuous the invisible divine.

#### IV

When one thinks over the illustrious physicians who have left marks upon the last generation, Louis Pasteur, Havelock Ellis, Richard Cabot, one faces difficulty in selecting a single hero. A few years ago, Pasteur was voted the national hero of France; Ellis has wrought more immediate changes in the social fabric probably than any other man; and Cabot's philosophic writings have had sudden and deserved popularity. Moreover, how many men like Jenkins, formed after the archetype, the submerged scores, may also deserve the title, hero. To all of these honor is due. But the pattern, the archetypal man, is William James.

Born in 1842, James spans the transitionary period between transcendentalism and materialism. He felt the stress of all that controversial life, which followed Darwin. He knew Emerson, and felt the winsomeness of his philosophy. He knew Haeckel and better knew than anyone else the strength of materialistic claims. So James had ample opportunity to fall into the dangers of the epoch, but he made neither the mistakes of Zola nor of Arnold.

I perceive in William James, first of all, a singular passion for humanity. The oft reiterated assertion of Carlyle that pity was a mark of heroism is true of James; only his regard for men is something more than pity; it is a passion. Whereas men like de Maupassant and Zola, oppressed by the materialism of the age, almost delighted in conceiving humanity lower than beasts, James exalted human nature still. His retort to the question of an onlooker in his laboratory, "What are you doing there?" "I am seeking balm for the souls of men," reveals better than any other single incident, the warmth of his temperament. Seeking he was always, as painter, physician, teacher, psychologist, moralist and philosopher, for balm for the souls of men.

Coupled with this vernal warmth of temper was an autumnal

gravity of mind, and this high austerity (spiritual valor, Carlyle would have called it, perhaps) enabled him to solve the problem propounded by his sceptical age: How can one bring humanity in contact with the divine when there is no divine?

Science implied that there was nothing in heaven or earth not amenable to human interpretation. Even the mysterious life-force, conceived hitherto as divine, might be contrived by human means. Where now were the sweet, vague premonitions of kinship with another loftier, nobler being, fine intimations of immortality? That was the problem assigned William James.

He did not fall back on the old pantheism and lead humanity to the sea or out beneath the skies, and say, "Behold the signs of God in the world." Science, no doubt, would have answered, "I know how water is formed, and the laws of the tide I know; and as for the blue sky above, 'tis but a translucent vault." James did not point to the inner life of Jesus, recorded in the Bible, for that, too, to the scientist seemed but human life. James instead showed that the mind might be conceived to possess the symbolic features of the outer world, and he led questioning humanity to the great unplumbed sea of the Subconscious. This had scientific validity; this was neither rational, nor irrational, but non-rational, and could not be analyzed. And here every man might come into direct contact with the invisible divine. Untapped reservoirs of spiritual energy, boxes within boxes, are lame metaphors descriptive of the illimitable inner world. If you want actual contact with the divine, lean over the brink of the Subconscious. If you want your friend to know the divine, let him touch your hand. If you want to know the grand consciousness, or God, lay your ear against the throbbing bosom of the earth. The material world is divine.

A materialistic mysticism, a scientific religion, is James's answer to the question of his age. If we look through American life to-day, we see evidence of its effects. In America the physician has become a figure of commanding social importance; the spiritual has become a realm of actual research; faith has been justified by knowledge; and slumbering beneath our materialism are the molten fires of religion.



## THE SHADOW OF THE BRAIN

WITT BOWDEN

“**A** CAREFUL study of the cortex gives nine thousand two hundred million cell bodies in this region alone. Considering the amount of grey matter in the rest of the central system, an estimate of thirteen thousand millions for the total number in the entire central nervous system is probably a conservative calculation.”

These figures, recorded by one of the world's foremost students of the brain, are being increased by further studies of the nervous system. Even more significant than the number of cells is the complexity of their structure and of their connections. The axones and dendrites, the nerve processes, branching from the cell bodies, make intricate and innumerable paths; and the complicated and heterogeneous structure of the nerve cell baffles the analyst.

This structure, the brain, the climax of the evolution of the organism, is intricately connected with the various parts of the body, and served by them, particularly by the neural mechanisms constituting the special senses. It is surrounded by an infinitely complex and varying environment. From this environment and from the organism itself proceed innumerable stimuli, causing nerve impulses to course through the nervous system and to centre in the brain. These stimuli may be classed as objective and subjective. The objective stimuli come directly from the physical and the social environment of the individual. The subjective stimuli include not only those which arise from conditions peculiar to the individual, but also those which have their source in the instincts, impulses, and other hereditary factors bound up with the germ plasm and transmitted from generation to generation.

Connected with the reactions of the brain to these stimuli is consciousness. What is the relation of consciousness to the brain? Many analogies have been used in attempts to illustrate this relationship. None is adequate, but perhaps the most suggestive of these analogies is that of the shadow.

The shadow of a tree results from the interception of light. The leaves, by intercepting the light, utilize the energy of radiation in the process of photosynthesis, upon which the life and growth of the tree depend. The shadow is merely an accompaniment of this interception and utilization of light-energy by the leaves. And yet, unlike the hidden process which it accompanies, it is clearly visible, and indeed is projected beyond the tree upon the environment.

Now let us suppose that there is a controversy among the trees. There is a common idea among them that the shadow is the essential part of the tree and the source of such freedom and effectiveness as the tree may have. It is sometimes long and sometimes short; now far, now near; at times in one place, at times in another. It always intervenes between the tree and the earth when the tree is active. It has remarkable powers of movement, contraction and projection. It is commonly agreed that the shadow is the life, the soul, the essential principle of the tree. But there are some among the trees who propose a startling theory. The shadow, they say, is not what we have been thinking all the while. It has in itself no power to go or come or to do anything. It is to our leaves that we must look for our real effectiveness. The work of the leaves depends on sunlight, and it is for that reason that there is always a shadow when the leaves are active. The shadow merely accompanies the activities of the leaves when they intercept the sunlight in order to utilize the sun's energy to manufacture our food and to carry on our vital processes. It is the work of the leaves and not the accompanying shadow that makes us what we are.

Not so, the other trees object. It cannot be merely an accompaniment; see how free it is; it comes and goes, it moves from place to place; it is indeed our only means for projecting ourselves beyond the limits of our physical forms. If our shadows are not free and effective, then are we slaves, rooted to the soil.

Some of the innovators are silenced, but others boldly reply: How can knowledge of the real nature of our shadow make us slaves? It will free us from ignorance. Will not the light, the air, the water and the soil continue to minister to our needs? Will not our leaves continue their vital processes? Will not the



shadow continue to accompany the interception of light and to serve us in its own way? Shall we not thus continue to be effective in relation to our environment?

Thus among men back and forth proceeds the controversy concerning consciousness.

Even such an unsubstantial and seemingly powerless thing as a shadow is effective in many ways. The shadow of a tree prevents the growth of vegetation about the tree and keeps the heat of the sun from drying and hardening the soil. What child has not tried to evade his own shadow, or has not laughed gleefully or shuddered with a sort of pleased awe at shadow-animals? The author of *Job* gives us a picture of a servant toiling in the noonday heat earnestly desiring the shadow. An ancient prophet promised his people that one should arise who would be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The psalmist speaks of the shadow in the most exalted of all conceptions: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Consciousness, analogous to the shadow of a tree, accompanies the interception of stimuli by the brain. It has no innate freedom or power of initiative, but it is nevertheless in a mediate and supplementary way serviceable to man. One of its uses is to temper the sterner aspects of life. Most men find themselves at times in life's desert places. The imperious demands of life urge them to the insistent struggle with an inclement environment. Their labor is spent on desert soil and they are consumed with the heat of the desert sun. "The world is too much with them." At such times relief is found in the softening and tempering of the hard realities about them and within them, and in a shielding of the root-soil of their lives from the heat and light of the desert, by means of the shadowy accompaniments of the brain. Thus consciousness is indeed "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Consciousness may thus and in other ways be useful incidentally, but it is useful in such ways only. Man's effectiveness is to be explained primarily not by consciousness but by the activities of the brain.

As we have seen, man has a wonderfully complex nervous

system, delicately susceptible to infinite stimuli. If that were all, however, a thousand stimuli would course through the nervous system and beat in upon the brain and chaos would result. But there is a coördination of stimuli and reaction. How can this coördination be accounted for, if not by the freedom of consciousness functioning in choice of favorable stimuli and rejection of unfavorable stimuli?

This coördination is not due to human consciousness, for it is a phenomenon common to all life. The degree of coördination varies, it is true, but so does the complexity of the organism. The degree of coördination or of effectiveness which man has attained is unique and remarkable; but it is relatively no more unique or marvellous than is the brain of man. The process of coördination of reactions and stimuli is to be accounted for not by consciousness but by five biological factors developed in the course of evolution.

There is in material substances, even those that are inanimate, an innate *resistance to dissolution*. The cohesion of the molecules of coal can be overcome only by stronger external forces, as a high degree of kinetic heat-energy. The water of the sea retains its place and form until the stronger forces of radiation transform some of it into vapor and lift it into the clouds. The stone crumbles and mingles with the soil only when disintegrating forces from without, stronger than the cohesion of its elements, beat in upon it. Thus even in the inanimate substances of nature there is an innate resistance to disorganization, and the substance can be changed or dissolved only by external forces stronger than the internal resistance.

In protoplasm this resistance to dissolution is combined with another quality. The chemical constitution of protoplasm is so much more complex and its energies are so much more subtle than the constitution and energies of the not-living, that it has a higher degree of sensitiveness to external forces and it reacts to them far more readily. This greater sensitiveness and greater ability to react, combined with resistance to dissolution, involves the possibility of change without dissolution, that is, of *adaptability* to external conditions.

Primordial resistance to dissolution, combined with protoplas-



mic adaptability, leads under certain conditions to enlargement or growth. But growth beyond a certain point interferes with adaptability, and the result is protoplasmic division—multiplication by division, the simplest form of reproduction. The evolution of the reproductive function is the beginning of a third factor—*heredity*. These three—resistance to dissolution, adaptability, and heredity—are the basis of the desire for life or “the will to live.” This in turn is the basis of the struggle for existence. Against chance, against the not-living, against foes, against competitors, against the subtlety and the force and fury of opposing elements, the organism from protozoan to man has struggled for life. And even in the face of death, man still cries out, I will live! Where innumerable individuals have met defeat and death and dissolution, a few, making favorable reactions, have survived, and by heredity have transmitted their survival qualities to succeeding generations.

These three factors are thus the chief forces in the evolution of complex and specialized organisms. By means of their operation, survival qualities, that is, favorable reactions, became specialized in a neural mechanism; and there these reactions at length became fixed for the individuals that are in a given line of descent. Thus there was developed a fourth factor—*instinct*, or racial memory, by which the individual profits by the experience of the race.

A high degree of adaptability or of survival power demands a highly specialized nerve mechanism for the accomplishment of favorable reactions. A premium was placed upon those individuals whom chance heredity and fit environment favored with increasing neural specialization, till at length the channels of reactions to favorable stimuli deepened into a fifth factor—individual memory, or *intelligence*, the flood-tide of biological advance.

The terms racial memory or instinct and individual memory or intelligence are therefore here used to indicate types of reactions in the nervous system. Instinct is a type of reaction determined by fixed, hereditary neural modifications; intelligence is a form of reaction determined not only by a hereditary element but in part by neural modifications resulting from the expe-

riences of the individual. If a former stimulus has led to a harmful reaction, that reaction has registered a neural modification or impression which in the future tends to eject or inhibit similar stimuli. If a stimulus has been favorable, the brain path made by the reaction is open to receive and to yield to similar stimuli. Such neural modifications depend upon a wonderfully sensitive, adaptable and complex mechanism; and such is the brain of man. The real, effective intelligence mediated by these neural modifications was long unknown, and man's effectiveness was attributed to the shadow intelligence accompanying the neural processes.

But how can memory and foresight, self-projection in time, be explained physiologically? Man has a hereditary organic connection with the actual past and with the potential future. Accompanying this connection, consciousness may project itself in time, as a shadow in space. But this projection, like the shadow, is a mere secondary phenomenon. Man can act in the present alone, and his present intelligent acts are determined by past experiences which have left their impressions on the brain. These impressions, and the present reactions mediated by them, serve, if unfavorable, as a warning against further similar reactions; and if favorable, as an invitation to similar future experiences. Memory and foresight, in so far as they essentially affect behavior, are physiological.

Resistance to dissolution, adaptability, heredity, racial memory or instinct, and individual memory or intelligence: these are the chief stages in the far journey of life. Man has been projected far out upon the attenuated cosmic ocean, but he is held to the solid earth by these five anchors.

Let us retrace briefly the steps of the argument. Man's life is expressed in terms of his relations to his environment, that is, in terms of stimuli and reactions. His effectiveness, or should one prefer it, his freedom, is proportional to the coördination of reactions with favorable stimuli. It is commonly assumed that this process of coördination depends upon consciousness. But this is an error, due to the mediacy of consciousness, which, analogous to the shadow, interposes itself between the organism and the environment, accompanying the interception of stimuli by the brain. The process of coördination is a purely natural phenome-



non, manifested not alone by man, but even by inanimate substances, which have an innate resistance to dissolution. The lowest known forms of life, the thallophytes, and especially the protozoa, coördinate their reactions not only by means of resistance to dissolution but also by means of an acute sensitiveness and adaptability. Chance survival qualities and favorable adaptations are perpetuated by heredity, and registered in the neural mechanism, till that mechanism becomes so complex as to make available for the individual the experience of the race. This process of neural evolution and specialization, culminating in the brain of man, has produced a mechanism so sensitive, adaptable and complex as to register even the stimuli and reactions of the individual, so that one's own experience as well as that of the race becomes available as a guide. These five biological and natural factors are the means by which man coördinates his reactions with favorable stimuli. Consciousness is thus only an accompaniment of the brain processes, and is useful only in secondary ways.

Such a view has been accepted by many scientists and philosophers. But none except the untutored and the doctrinarians are bold enough to dogmatize, for the relation between the brain and the mind is as yet unknown. But it seems certain that a naturalistic view of mind will prevail. It was easier for the Egyptians to explain the Nile flood as the annual visit of Osiris to his wife Isis, the Earth, than for them to ascend the Nile to its tropical sources. It is easier for the philosophers of to-day to explain the flood-tide of human effectiveness as being transcendental in its origin or nature than for them to ascend the human stream to its natural sources. But some, even among the philosophers, are becoming bold enough to make voyages of discovery.

## FRUIT

LEWIS MUMFORD

**R**EGULARLY after breakfast every morning Mrs. Jarvis would say: "Wilbur, that garden is a Perfect Sight. When will you *ever* get at it?" And Jarvis would answer with sublime patience: "Presently, my dear. Don't you see that these lessons keep me everlastingly busy?" Then he would resume his grim preparation of questions for an incipient quiz.

But this morning was different. In college the night before Jarvis had had a distressing argument with one of his students; and he was not sure he had come off victorious. Throughout his journey home little demons of doubt had thrust themselves out of the background of his mind; they had made his slumber uneven, and they jaundiced the golden glare of the morning sun.

"I must try to smooth myself out," Jarvis told himself, as he swallowed an extra cup of coffee. And he formally resolved to drink Postum.

He had gone a little too far, it occurred to him, as he dawdled over the afternoon's lessons; tried to load on too much. One couldn't keep up day *and* night the enervating mental stress of teaching Latin. Had his wife not assured him at the beginning of the semester that little Junius Jarvis was positively in rags, he would most assuredly have avoided teaching in the evening session. It did not seem quite orthodox to attend college after sundown—in spite of that fine phrase about burning the midnight oil. The very words used by the evening session's director should have warned Jarvis; for he had intimated that the professor of Latin was about to open the Gates of Centuries to mature men, and that consequently discipline might to a large extent be dropped. . . .

Jarvis's mouth had tightened very firmly at the possibility of dropping discipline. . . .

There were certain principles which he (as a Sane Conservative) always and forever stood for; which principles could most readily be summed up in the word *discipline*. In his very col-



lege—by some called a dungeon of conservatism—there had been alarming signs which portended that the reign of discipline, and even of the Disciplines, was coming to an end. Jarvis was wont to lament at faculty conferences that there was a “tendency fraught with the greatest danger” to allow untrained youths to elect their studies—none of which ever, by any chance, proved to be a Discipline. He knew with awful certainty that the absence of discipline caused nations to become soft (like the Teutons); increased the discontent of the masses; was a source of sundry evils in our Public Life; and perhaps in some measure could be connected with the disgraceful sophomore beer-drinking contest.

In short, the outcome of undisciplined study was Instability—and the Red Flag!

The sovereign method Jarvis advocated for the restoration of law in the land was the restoration of Livy in the schools. He had even written a copious and well-annotated treatise on *The Uses of the Genitive Case in Livy*, with the object of increasing the waning interest in that great historian. But he had his qualms as to whether this was not unduly catering to Popular Sentiment. . . .

For twenty years Jarvis had taught Latin with a full recognition of the immense value of himself and his subject, and of the important part both played in creating a Stable Commonwealth. Generally he prefaced the studies of each new class with the profound observation that not only was Latin a Cultural Subject, ever worthy to be studied as an example of a Noble Civilization which far surpassed these Sadly Shifting Times, but Latin was also undoubtedly an excellent training for the Intellect, especially for the Logical Faculty, being in this respect not inferior to the Higher Mathematics, and that it had afforded for many generations in the past, and would continue to afford for many generations in the future, that finely rigorous mental training which is so necessary a part of the education of a Gentleman. (Full pause.)

Occasionally Jarvis would read attacks upon classical studies in the more shallow educational periodicals; but it took considerably more than these trifling sallies to agitate the sturdy brain of

Jarvis, whose nervous system was buried in the splendid dust of Rome. Nevertheless, he once took pains to establish the fact that those students who had taken Latin throughout their collegiate course, were, at graduation, superior to the rest of the human race. (*Jarvis demonstrated this most satisfactorily by means of term averages.*) But he never was sufficiently perturbed by these attacks to proceed with the matter further; and he ridiculed the need for following the Disciplined Ones into their later careers. . . .

His wife had said: "Will you *ever* get at the garden, Wilbur?" And this morning he was sure he would not. . . .

For two months all that personality of his which was rooted in *Jarvis's Latin for Beginners* had been engaged in a frightful struggle with an idea. In the wan hours of the night that was gone this idea had lain like an incubus on his bosom; it had oppressed him unutterably; and in the lucid consciousness of dawn it had taken form for the hundredth time. "*What use is this Latin of mine?*"

For so long had Jarvis lived in an atmosphere of sanctified stupidity, with students he could awe into submission, or with colleagues whom he could ignore, that he found his night students extraordinary to the point of being monstrous. By a queer twist of fate Jarvis had elected to teach a group of men who were singularly of one mind; and what a peculiar sort of mind that was! Always questioning, always urging, always disturbing. Theirs was such an *infringing* attitude toward life! . . .

Contrary to long-encrusted precedent, they delighted to linger after the period and discuss the "value of all this." To Jarvis these sessions speedily got to be very trying. He found that when he praised Latin authors whom he had long ceased to read with any degree of pleasure, he was on unsound ground; for at least two of his students had actually read most of the works in English, and were able to discuss them far more intelligently than Jarvis himself. And when Jarvis fell back on the stupendous mental training which a study of the language afforded (not inferior to the Higher Mathematics), he was assailed by quotations from obviously biassed psychologists.

"Parsing a Latin verb gives the kind of mental training



necessary for a postal clerk who has to learn to put things quickly in the right pigeonholes," said one student.

"Or for the kind of person that always has at his fingertips a thousand and one hard, dull, and uncorrelated facts, and uses them on every occasion to make a bore of himself. . . ."

Then the night before the climax had been capped. An aggressive little fellow had informed Jarvis, with an irritating confidence, that *he* was a Vitalist, and he wanted to know how Latin aided Life? He appealed fiercely to Jarvis to answer whether the energy wasted on the Humanities of yesterday could not better be spent on the Humanity of to-day. To which Jarvis had very sagely replied (as he thought at the moment) that he was afraid the young man was a socialist. . . .

Crossing and re-crossing the panorama of Jarvis's consciousness as he sat squirming over his papers, were all those doubts and questionings, conceived in the months past, and born during the night. Oh, that argument came back to him as particularly cutting and painful,—and he had slept wretchedly. Perhaps (my God, the heresy!) perhaps Latin was useless! Ah, Jarvis knew that he could never again face his classes with that old-time smug assurance; he could never again so remorselessly grind the eighty-one rules of syntax into those once defenceless heads. Gone was discipline! Perhaps Latin was useless! (The awful doubt!) Perhaps then he was useless too. . . .

Jarvis roused himself. He stumbled to the porch; he seized a spade; and he went forth into the garden and began to dig. . . .

## PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN

LEWIS M. TERMAN

IT is well known that many great men of history as children gave precocious promise of their future greatness. It is also known that some of these precocious geniuses gave no indications of neuropathic tendency. We must distinguish the precocity of real genius from the more frequently encountered spurious precocity that goes with nervous unbalance. The former can digest a rich educational diet and be the stronger for it. The latter type is essentially morbid. Children of this type are like a straw fire which gives great promise but goes out with greater rapidity when blown into. Their nervous hyperæsthesia is aggravated by overpressure until the case ends in psychasthenia, dementia præcox, criminality, or suicide.

Precocious children are serious beyond their years. They reason, reflect and observe like adults. They are all the time trying to solve problems which present themselves to their active brains. They live under a continual intellectual and moral tension which, strongly accentuated at puberty or other crises, may pass over into mental disease. There is some truth in the statement of a German psychologist that those pupils at the head of their classes are not the promising ones but the *Angstkinder*. There is some foundation for the old saying that "Kluge Kinder sterben früh," or "Whom the Gods love die young." That is, morbid nervousness and precocity often go together, and the overstimulation of the nervous constitution leads to disease. Escaping physical disorders, the precocious child may fall into psychasthenia or chronic dulness. One writer instances a small boy who was able to explain the principle of a steam-engine, who was made a "Paradeppferd" on account of it, but who in later childhood learned little else.

All writers on the precocity of genius have noted the frequency with which it is confined to particular lines, while in other respects there may be no unusual promise. The mathematical prodigies, for example, are, as a class, notoriously one-sided in their ability,



as are also the wonder-children of music and the stage. The precocity of the latter is confined chiefly to their emotional development.

The narrowing of interests and talents is always an event to be deplored, and against its premature appearance parents and teachers should religiously stand guard. Sometimes children who could be fitted for quiet and useful lives are "staged" on account of some insignificant gift of nature, such as ability to perform feats of memory or of arithmetical calculation, with the result that all the other interests atrophy and the personality dries up. The emotions become distorted, and nothing remains but a caricature of what a human being should be. Under this kind of treatment even the rudiments of common sense sometimes disappear, leaving the person practically an imbecile in all respects except his particular gift.

Children who show precocious tendencies should be subjected to psychological and medical study. At least three classes of such children must be distinguished if their education is to be fitted to their real needs: (1) Those who are gifted in all respects, who are intellectually bright, emotionally stable and physically healthy. These are the real geniuses, destined to be the leaders in science, art, philosophy or business. They are not numerous, and when found will repay to the State many times the expense devoted to the education of the ordinary child. At present they tend to be crushed by the lock-step of educational methods, seldom living up to their highest level of possible performance. They should be carefully sought out, segregated and allowed the pace which is normal to their intellectual powers. (2) The second class is made up of children who are genuinely bright, but unstable, neurotic, one-sided, or perhaps physically subnormal. Properly safeguarded, medically, hygienically and pedagogically, such children may develop their really superior qualities and become leaders. If over-stimulated, maltreated or neglected, they are thrown into nervous bankruptcy. (3) Finally, we have the spurious geniuses, children who are nervous and somewhat precocious, whose brightness is not real but due only to an excitable imagination. In character they are likely to be volatile, restless as butterflies, peevish

and tyrannical. They have more command over language than over things, and usually show volitional deficiencies.

Féré, speaking of this type, says: "One ray of the sun enlivens them, a cloud dulls them, an electric state of the atmosphere torments and overpowers them." Clouston instances a boy of seven years who was abnormally sensitive to sense stimuli. Loud sounds and strong lights almost threw him into convulsions. Later he developed moral over-sensitiveness and was haunted by absurd fears of wrong-doing. After an extended over-culture and after being put to a highly stimulating employment, he developed adolescent insanity at seventeen.

There is always danger that the ultra impressionability of these children will be taken as a symptom of genius and that the child will be unduly encouraged in the mastery of book knowledge or in the acquisition of some kind of one-sided skill instead of being restored to balance by contact with real things and by feeding the sense of reality.

Of the second type, the morbidly precocious but real genius, Mozart and Tasso are classic examples. Mozart, who was giving concerts in the leading courts of Europe at the age of seven, was extremely morbid, sensitive and self-conscious. He was accustomed to ask those around him many times a day if they loved him and in case of a negative answer he was greatly affected. His mobile physiognomy was never at rest and expressed incessantly either pleasure or pain.

Tasso's peculiarly neuropathic nature has made him a favorite subject of mental pathologists. His life illustrates almost every phase of precocity coupled with nervousness and melancholia. As a child he was extraordinarily precocious. His friend and biographer says that he uttered some words when only six months old. From earliest childhood he showed an amount of sense and gravity beyond his years. The Fathers at his school made him take his first communion when scarcely nine years old, though both mind and body were at that time so mature that he might have been judged twelve at least. He was also sexually precocious. His mother dying early, the boy shared all the vicissitudes of his father's life, "a mixture of gratified vanity and humiliation, pride and dependence, poverty



in sight of grandeur." With his precocious intellect and keen sensibilities, these distresses imbued him with a tinge of melancholy which followed him to the grave. That he was of nervous constitution is also indicated by his stuttering. His exaggerated scruples were shown by his habit of troubling his friends with letters asking whether he had offended them, and by his suffering from fancied religious doubts. His vanity was so over-fed by praise and honor in his early life that he owns he could not live in a city where all the nobility did not either yield him first place or at least content themselves with a perfect equality in all exterior marks of honor. Later he developed his characteristic delusions of persecution, which, in varying intensity, remained with him through life.

Such characters are also frequently distinguished by excessive timidity. The timidity shows itself not only in excessive and insane fears, but in a kind of paralysis of the volitional powers; a devotion to the contemplative rather than the active side of life. At the same time the ambitions grow lofty in proportion as the inclination to try them out declines. Conceit and pride in their ability to perform great deeds are inversely proportional to the likelihood of their accomplishing anything.

Precocious, psychopathic children are by no means rare, and it is an important question whether the environment we furnish them is as suitable as it might be for carrying them through the critical periods of their development. The students of children's defects and abnormalities are almost unanimous in the belief that it is not. The child from the first week of life is subject to over-stimulation. He is tossed and coddled and talked to. He is subjected to too great heat, light, and other intense stimuli. He is taught to walk and gesture as though he would never learn these things of himself. He grows up among elders whose actions he is urged to imitate.

It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the results would be similar to the hot-house culture of plants. In accordance with this, most investigators find that puberty is reached distinctly earlier in the city, where such conditions are at their maximum, than in the country; and that there is a greater tendency in the city to all kinds of nervous ailments. The per-

petual distraction of the attention makes for imitativeness and shallowness rather than for personal resourcefulness and initiative. The refined pleasures and love of luxury to which children early become accustomed awaken prematurely the mania for sense satisfaction. Theatres, exciting reading, and the unguarded talk of elders contribute to the same result. Our whole environment makes for unnatural living and nervousness. Instead of the field and hunt, we have the office, the pen and the library. We do everything in a hurry; our whole civilization is on the run. Children are the worst sufferers because they have not yet become habituated to the thousand forms of stimulation. The nervous never become able to accommodate their senses. They are awakened precociously to the sensuous life. There are children's balls, children's parties and children's newspapers. In cities, especially, we no longer find real children, but small adults.

Statistics prove that crime is becoming more and more precocious. This holds for homicide, theft, and suicide, and is true for Italy, France, Russia, Germany, England and the United States. Industrial changes of the last century have revolutionized social conditions and institutions. Temptations have increased in number. Work, for many people, has degenerated into labor divorced from life interests. The neuropathic disposition is robbed in this way of one of the most sanifying influences known, the opportunity to forget self in work which is essentially creative and vital. At the same time inhibitions are weakened by the omnipresent appeals to sense.

There is evidence also that conditions exist in civilized life which tend to induce sexual precocity. All the available investigations indicate, for example, an earlier sexual maturity in the city than in the country. Two Russian studies involving a total of 9,117 boys gave an average difference in the age of puberty of more than a year and a half between city and country. The average for 3,000 Prussian girls showed an urban precocity of a half year. The causes most often alleged for sexual prematuration are rich foods, premature excitement of the fancy, the theatre, impure literature and specific sex stimulation; in short, pampered, unnatural life and precocious stimulation of every kind.

What can be done to avoid the dangers of prematurity in



development? The cry of "back to nature" can never be heeded. The complexity of civilized life will remain, and along with it the dangers and difficulties of bringing children into timely *rapport* with it. The child cannot be left entirely to a natural course of development. The plane he must reach in a few short years is so infinitely separated from the helplessness of infancy that he cannot cross the gulf by his own efforts. Even if he could, circumstances would not permit of his doing so. The child being imitative and sentient, the mere presence of others exerts a powerful influence over his rate of development.

But infancy and childhood can at least be protected from the grosser agencies of prematuration. The strenuous life can be postponed until the danger of nervous breakdown is lessened, and life ideals can be so transformed that one may live the simple life even in the metropolis of civilization. The problem is largely to strengthen the volitional powers before the onset of puberty. Only a strong will can guide the human bark through the storm and stress of adolescence. The basis of the will is the motor apparatus. One-third to one-half the brain cortex is motor. It is reasonable that neglect of these centres may lead to an over-functioning of the thought centres. In neglect of these things we have lengthened the hours of school work and taken away many of the opportunities for physical development, and we have thereby removed at one stroke the best safeguards against the danger of precocity.

## SOME ASPECTS OF FRESHMAN KNOWLEDGE

CLINTON J. MASSECK

“WHO was Robert Louis Stevenson?” I asked the question of a freshman class in English composition. It was an average group of twenty-five students. There were two or three really promising youngsters, already possessed of the knack of phrase-making and occasionally blessed with an original idea. The others were conscientious, eager, and imbued with that intelligent alertness that is characteristic of the American youth. There was not a dullard in the lot; they all possessed the stamp of approval in the guise of diploma and college entrance certificate from numerous and well-known public and private high schools. They were, indeed, a representative and typical class.

I asked the question, and at random sought an answer. Promptly, glibly, the student spoke up: “Robert Louis Stevenson was an Englishman of the seventeenth century who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*.” Two or three persons joined me in a grin of amusement; several more, taking the cue, smiled knowingly; a large number took the information as it was given—as the literal truth.

Now the psychology at the bottom of this astounding response interested me. It betrayed not only a confusion of ideas on the part of the student; it indicated, also, something of the nature and method of his previous instruction in the secondary schools. In addition, to my way of thinking, it showed pretty exactly the type of the student’s intellectual activity.

One can state definitely enough, without previous knowledge, the circumstances that preceded this display. Obviously, the youth had studied at some time *Robinson Crusoe*. *Robinson Crusoe* is a tale of adventure on an island; there appear the sea, ships, and savages. After reading this, probably the boy had essayed, on the advice of a chum, “that peach of a story,” *Treasure Island*. (Or, again, this masterpiece, though modern, may have eluded the censors and found a resting place on “the required list.”) At all events our student had some-



how, somewhere, encountered John Silver and his companions. Now there appears in *Treasure Island* something of the same setting that is found in De Foe's tale. There are again the sea, ships, and a new element of hidden gold. Grasp the principle of association of ideas, and we can understand the mental processes that were at the bottom of the pupil's answer.

My curiosity was aroused. I was anxious to know the extent and nature of the average freshman's knowledge of books and every-day facts. Lucas's *The Gentlest Art*, then on the list of reading for the class, I took as a probe with which to delve into the undergraduate mind. I discovered some interesting facts. Samuel Johnson was habitually confused with his namesake of the missing letter; not a soul knew him as the Swan of Lichfield. Lord Jeffreys was not, as I had expected him to be, confused with the late vanquished and vanished pugilist of a similar name, but he was, in the concurrent opinion of the whole class, "a famous judge—or essayist—or dramatist—that lived in the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth century." Thomas B. Macaulay had written but two things: *The Lays of Ancient Rome* and *The Essay on Burns or Johnson or Milton*—the author discussed by Macaulay varying with those students who had entered under different entrance requirements. Nobody knew exactly when and where he lived. Shelley was English; that was a certain fact, although some of the students hinted vaguely of some connection with Italy; nothing was known as to the titles or nature of his contribution to literature; he was born in the seventeenth century. Edward Fitzgerald was an absolute unknown, although most of the class could glibly quote a line or two from *The Rubáiyát*. Two or three, to be sure, had heard of Charles Lamb; two, I think, had read an essay. Cowper, Gilbert White, Sydney Smith might well have been obscure Buddhist priests as far as any information on the part of the class went. The same results rewarded my efforts throughout the entire list of authors contained in *The Gentlest Art*.

My curiosity was indeed aroused. I pushed my inquiries further. *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* appeared not as masterpieces of dramatic literature, but as a couple of "required texts" to be

read only with notes, to be memorized in parts, and speedily forgotten as so much *junk*—to employ the genuine word of the student. Addison was an uncertain individual—uncertain in manner and matter, who lived “about the time of Pope.” Pope was a man who wrote something in the thirteenth century, although by some his existence was doubted. Walt Whitman—one man had heard of him—was a modern Englishman who wrote “novels and the like.” Poe was merely a drunkard and “dope fiend who hit the pipe too often.” What little he wrote was mostly detective stories inspired by “his drug-haunted dreams.” Longfellow wrote *Snowbound* and had lived somewhere in New England.

I asked other questions of a more general nature; the derivation of a few words—almost the whole class had had four or five years of Latin; only a few could supply the information; scarcely one displayed the imagination to guess at a derivation. I went further. One boy, on the whole extremely intelligent, did not know what a *keystone* was; this bit of knowledge came out in the course of an attempted explanation of a figure of speech. Not one could tell the meaning of the word *mysticism*. On other matters of even more common interest, there was the same lack of information to be found. Only one student had ever heard of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and he had never read it. *The Nation* might well have been printed in China and Chinese; the class had never known that America possessed a weekly newspaper of this type. *Harper's Weekly* was known; it contained pictures. Yet all these magazines were before the class every day; the reading room of the library contained them all—and more.

There was yet something more significant brought out. These same students, on further questioning, could discuss in the latest slang, the latest sensation as set forth in the latest sensational magazine or newspaper. They had a varied and amazing amount of information on baseball, the tango, and dress.

And yet these students were intelligent; they had come from the best secondary schools; they were children—the greater part—of wealthy and supposedly cultivated families. That they



were mere, callow freshmen does not excuse them. The same amount of misinformation, half-baked and hapless replies I have found among upper-classmen. One senior girl on being told that a certain professor was studying socialism, remarked that she had no idea that the teacher in question was bent on entering "the social whirl."

The reason for the state of affairs described above may be deep-hidden; hard to discover; not easy to set forth. We are a complacent nation; money is our divining and measuring rod, even in education; we spend millions in training our youth; our youth is the inferior of none in potential intelligence. Therefore, we have no cause to assume that aught but the best result is obtained! Yet contrasted with the French and German youth in the point of both definite and broad knowledge, we invariably come out second best. And the reason is this: from the kindergarten to the university, the American student is *given* knowledge; it is parcelled out to him in neat "tabloid" doses; he has but to swallow, and the process of education is completed. The Continental student is trained to *seek* knowledge for himself; he is taught how to study for himself and by himself. He imbibes his information perhaps with better grace and with more eagerness than his American brother—but this, too, can be explained by the training in self-culture that he must undergo.

With us education seems to be a mixture, not always mixed by the same hands after the same formula; but the mixture is always to be applied after the manner of varnish, liberally, and with a large slap and dash. But unlike varnish, the coat of knowledge that is applied is not always of a viscous nature—as certain of my remarks may have shown.

When will quality, not quantity, be our ideal in education; when will our boys and girls be taught to think for themselves; when will they be blessed with a method that teaches self-reliance and promotes intellectual curiosity? I do not know; but somehow almost a crime is being committed; in some manner we are most fearfully wasting valuable raw material—the most precious that we have; sooner or later we must reform or pay the reckoning.

## LAY READING PHILOSOPHY

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THERE seems no good reason why the term "lay reader" should be confined to the ecclesiastical usage which has traditionally monopolized it. All unprofessional dealings are lay. A business man deep in Kant's *Critique*—is he not a lay reader? Or a society woman wrestling with the *Origin of Species*? And, just as lay readers in the Church have a recognized dignity of their own, so do lay readers of science and philosophy form a reputable class.

At once it should be stated that humility is the first of their qualifications. If they are intelligent and sincere (and otherwise how should they care to exert themselves to read philosophy at all?), they know their places; and would no more think of presuming to speak *ex cathedrâ* concerning the great subjects they have in hand than the devout churchman, reading Matins in the absence of his rector, would think of celebrating Mass. "It seems to me," "As I understand it," "Speaking frankly as an amateur,"—these modest phrases must preface all philosophical remarks on the part of the untrained.

Yet, deprecation being assumed as a natural attitude of mind, the class has its dignity, as I have stated; and there is a good deal that it can find to say in defence of itself.

Perhaps the very fact that it has to defend itself at all may seem an argument in its disfavor; especially when it is seen to be open to criticism on both sides. The philosophers say to it, "Run along, child"; and the rest of the world murmurs dubiously, "What is the use?"

But these are great days of judgment for almost all of us, days of being called to account for our interests. We have grown used to challenge. People no longer permit themselves to drift along pleasantly, doing those things which they just happen to want to do and because they want to do them. They pull themselves up short: "What is the use of this occupation? How am I going to justify this enthusiasm?" Our faith without works is quite dead.



It is curious how a standard, a mood, will impose itself on a whole generation, obliging all the sheep in a flock to nibble with their noses turned in the same direction. To save his life, the most western-hearted creature can hardly get his head around to look at the sunset if all his fellows are pointing due east. So that what most of our comrades agree in exacting of themselves and one another and us, we are pretty sure to feel the necessity of rendering. Efficiency is our watchword now, practical application our uniform direction. A grudging word, rather, efficiency! Some of us lend wistful ears to the doctrines of the Reincarnationists, and hope that we may be lucky enough to revisit the earth when some more inspiring slogan is in general use. But, meantime, living right here and now, we have no manly choice but to take up the cry. When our neighbors call us to account for our interests and occupations, we do not resent the interference, but soberly set ourselves to meet the issue.

The books on most library tables explain themselves obviously enough, and fall into line with the general practical tendency. Sociological investigations, arguments for or against suffrage, theories of reform in Church and State and school and prison and the family, socialistic treatises, eugenic admonitions—these volumes have no ambiguity of immediate application. Nor have the novels. When they are not simply treatises themselves, sugar-coated, they exist frankly to serve the purpose of occasional relaxation which even the strenuous modern world must still permit itself lest it go wholly mad. But now and then, rarely, the inquiring hand picks up a book of metaphysical speculation, and then of course the challenge is inevitable: "Ah! I see. Um! Well, tell me, really, what do you get from a book like this?"

The poor lay reader! If the fatal question is put in that straight, uncompromising form, and if he answers it honestly, he is apt to disgrace himself at the outset by sitting down and taking his head in his hands and saying, "Good heavens! I don't know." Whereat, of course, his inquisitor triumphs with exceeding ease and scorn. Yet the disgrace is not real, any more than the scorn is justified.

Lay reading philosophy is an extremely perilous and baffling

occupation. It may be likened to the crossing of a strange and stormy sea by an adventurous voyager who has made his own boat. Lured by the immensity before him, he has knocked together a raft from a few haphazard boards which he has found lying on his native shore, and he has put forth with temerity. Of course the raft goes to pieces at once—the unfaltering waves see to that—and he has to swim for his life. He would like to go slowly, to pause and consider; but he does not dare. If he stood still in this welter of unfamiliar phrases, they would close over his head and that would be the end of him. He must push on, breasting, cleaving the waves, keeping his eye fixed on the land ahead of him. Then, when he scrambles up on a rock and sits down to catch his breath and look back, somebody calls to him, “Hi! Did you get anything out of that?” “At least, you can see that I am dripping wet,” he might do well to reply.

Dripping wet. It is a sort of baptism which he has received from his experiment with philosophy. His soul has been immersed, washed, purified in the waters of the infinite. He cannot fathom them, cannot tell whence they come or whither they go; but their vastness and vigor have made him a new man. Surely that is “getting something” out of the experience.

Nay, more, as he sits on his rock and ponders, he perceives that he has learned some definitely valuable things: the futility of his raft, the possibilities of his own arms and legs, the buoyancy of the ocean of thought. Before he knows it, he goes to work on a new raft, bigger and better than the old one, and again ventures forth. The allurements of the metaphysical ocean, once experienced, can henceforth never be dismissed.

It is in the face of this gasping, drowning method of reading their careful pages that the disgusted criticism of the philosophers themselves must be most poignantly felt and expressed. They elaborated their thoughts to be gravely and solidly dealt with, not to be dashed through recklessly. Such dashing amounts to skimming. And think of the insult of skimming a book of philosophy! But it behooves the grave masters to be patient and tolerant awhile, considering the situation. Skimming is a perfectly legitimate device by which—and sometimes by which alone—the philosophical lay reader approaches knowledge. He



rushes through his book swiftly, then runs and stands off at a distance and studies the general effect. In this way, he apprehends largely and vaguely "what it is all about." By and by, not too soon, he goes back and steers his course more soberly; goes back again and again, makes no end of going back. But if his first headlong career has not sketched the cloudy image for him, all his later investigations must be in vain. There is nothing like that first headlong career. It grasps at infinity.

Not too soon must he go back, we said; and indeed it is a dire mistake to turn straight from the last chapter of a book of philosophy back to the first. A long pause is needed, a pause which is just as much a part of the book's "message" as any separate chapter. In it, the image shapes itself, the significance gathers weight, the vast abstract possibility relates itself to the affairs and demands of everyday life and begins to take on concreteness. The author, the reader and heaven conspire together to write that pause as an indispensable epilogue.

But neither must he wait too long. For he has by no means as yet laid hold on the truth that allures him; he has only tangled his fingers in the fringe of its garment. If he does not get up and follow soon, the gracious presence will imperceptibly free itself and be gone from him. This must never be allowed. There comes a point beyond which the lay reader's failure to stand and deliver himself of his faith is a real disgrace. The peril is insidious. No one is more surprised than the reader himself when, asked to state the creed which he openly professes, he remains with his lips apart, stupefied and silent. He has read a great book on the subject, has thrilled through and through with conviction, has fallen prostrate and vowed himself to the cause; he really is a convert, but, being questioned, he finds himself unable to formulate one explicit statement. This disconcerting inefficacy comes from remaining content with the first cloudy vision, and neglecting to follow it up and make it his own. Lay readers have to be very severe with themselves in this matter. It is so easy—comparatively—to adumbrate things in a general way, so hard to cast a net of thought about them and hold them fast. But only a net of thought will persuade any bird of heaven to fold its wings and abide with us. Glimpsing

the significance of a system of philosophy is a glorious adventure; really understanding it is downright hard work.

Not yet, however, have we answered the question which started our whole discussion: What does it all amount to? What good does it do the average person to read philosophy? By "good" it is here understood that the questioner means some definite, practical result in the daily life of the reader, some assistance in the solving of his problems, some inspiring instruction as to his treatment of his fellow-men. The question of our generation is: How does it apply?

Well, in the first place, philosophy gives a man control over his life by the somewhat paradoxical method of setting him free from it. This is an age-old device. The psalmist knew all about it when he sang: "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou hast set me free."

It is partly a matter of perspective, partly of relation, direction, and unity. The lover of philosophy wonders how people can understand their lives at all, can even see them, when they remain so perpetually embroiled in them. How can they tell which way they are going, how can they know which step to take next, unless they frequently stand off and view themselves in relation to others and to the whole? Books on sociology are indispensable as manuals; but they complicate the vision, carry one deeper and deeper among the trees of the human forest. Books of philosophy bear one away, out of the forest, among the hills, under the open sky, where one may look at forest and mountain and sky all together, and perhaps form a fresh judgment of their relative values.

They ease the personal ache and throb too. Perhaps that is what the psalmist meant when he suggested his yearning bargain. He was unhappy. The pains of the hell of his immediate circumstances had got hold upon him. He was riddled with misery—for himself or his friend or his country,—he was bound hand and foot, tied down to an inexorable engagement with suffering; it was simply beyond his power to get up and run the way of any commandment whatever.

Now the altruistic standards of the present day are so sturdy and noble that they will not allow us to defend philosophy on



the ground that it affords a refuge from pain for the individual soul. But if it saves that soul from impotence, and sets him free to master his pain and turn it into service—surely, it proves itself.

One great trouble with us nowadays is that we depend so exclusively on our own powers. We do not mean to be arrogant about this; in fact, strangely enough, the self-reliance has come about in a very unselfish and humble way. We look on ourselves simply as instruments of service; we believe that we must use ourselves, give ourselves, utterly, always. The man who stops and goes off and sits down by himself is shirking, contemptible. But of course it follows that we consider ourselves stored with wisdom and power to last a whole lifetime; we feel no need of filling our cups again and again from the infinite. Good luck to us, then! The average man will have to dole himself out very carefully, drop by drop, if he expects to last more than a year or two.

But perhaps we no longer believe in the infinite. Then, of course, there is no hope for us and no sort of use in working for the crumbling world. All is vanity; and the sooner the crumbling process is complete, the better for all concerned. People should think out their positions, and be consistent and logical. Either there is an infinite, and everything is worth while and should be done as well as possible; or there is no infinite, and nothing matters.

As a matter of fact, it has been proved again and again that the infinite is the only reality about which we can be perfectly sure. Ourselves, our neighbors, our circumstances, the progress or decline of the world—all these things are problematical and open to dispute. But no subtlety of reasoning can evade the infinite. There it lies at the end of all our arguments, as serene and inevitable as the open country at the end of all city streets. It is the only entirely simple and natural thing with which we have to do. That being so, it is surely wise in us to keep in close, constant touch with this our best reality; it is even the height of unwisdom to allow any long separation. Creatures of limited power, we have to devote ourselves wholly to one thing at a time; so that, when we are working hard at some

partial aspect of our temporal destiny, we are almost obliged to forget the universal significance which it helps to indicate. But the universal still gives the only intelligible meaning to the particular; and we cannot work well unless again and again we recur to the general truth of things. Everything must be tested by the standard of the absolute. A sociological worker, intent on remedying some particular evil of some particular industry in some particular city, could hardly do better than free himself from the whole particular order of things once in a while and lose himself in the great, quiet whole which, through him and his fellows, is surely hastening to bring good out of its evil. Not only will he rest his soul, he will also purge his vision.

Habitual readers of philosophy tend to acquire an inner poise of mind which is immensely valuable to them and to their fellows. To them because it helps them to deal with difficulty and disappointment; to their fellows because it often makes them less irritable and exacting than nature fashioned them. One of my lay reading philosophical friends told me once of a great experience he had had in escaping from trouble. It was a sudden trouble, quite fortuitous, and it threatened to overwhelm him. But, before it could make any headway, he ran and climbed on board a big, grave book of philosophy which he happened to have on hand. Deliberately, he dropped everything, and, giving himself no time for brooding or even for realization, he sat down and read all the afternoon. He said that he was intensely aware of the process at work in him. He could feel his dismay rising to claim him, he could feel the natural, dizzying tendency to succumb to it; then he could feel himself refusing, surmounting, escaping.

"It was not I that did it, though," he said thoughtfully. "I had never exerted my will so strenuously, but it would not have saved me if it had not been reinforced by the Will of the universe. My will was taken up into the latter. I felt that, in actual truth, I had an omnipotent volition to draw upon. Of course I succeeded then; I couldn't fail. I know now what people mean when they say that the stars fight for them."

That is the whole thing in a nutshell—that matter of the will. We are effective individuals only in so far as we have strong and



active volitions; and naturally, the more we lay hold on the infinite forces that are available to us all, the stronger and more active we shall be. It is literally true that there is nothing a man cannot do if his purpose is firm enough; but he has to begin his doing by allying himself with the infinite.

It all comes to this: that philosophy is another name for religion, and that absorption in it is a kind of prayer. Philosophers do not often call the infinite and the absolute by the familiar name of God; but one definition would have to be very little changed to fit all three terms. And God:—there is nothing in all the world so interesting to us. We do not always understand this. We cheat and belittle our immortal, insatiable concern by calling it love of beauty, zeal for justice and equity, scientific enthusiasm, desire for progress, what not. But always, if we would honestly follow our motives back to their fountain heads, we should find that love for, or curiosity about, the nature of God prompted our whole endeavor. This being so, it follows that philosophy is the subject of widest, most universal interest and application. Every human soul really wants to know everything that has been discovered about God.

As for the prayerful attitude which philosophical reading induces, there is nothing so effective in all the realm of action. One earnest prayer for a given cause does more good than a score of finite deeds. Why? Because it relates the matter to the whole, refers it to the general decision, claims for it the invincible purpose of the universe. Instead of striving to renew its individual battery, so soon exhausted, it connects it with the cosmic dynamo whose force is generated by eternity. Then he who prays goes to work with renewed assurance, knowing that he cannot fail.

Readers of philosophy, then, even lay readers, are no mere dreamers, no visionaries. They are engaged in the most practical, the most purposeful of occupations. They are trying to keep themselves in touch with the great purpose of the ages which alone is sure of fulfilment. They are trying, reverently, to learn as much as they can of the content and direction of that purpose and of the nature of the God who sways it. When they emerge from their meditations, they take hold of their tasks with the fingers of the sun and the stars.

## THE SHADOWY MR. YEATS

B. RUSSELL HERTS

**S**LOW and sure seems the forte—or may one say the *piano*?—of Mr. Yeats. On the instrument of his talent the sonatas he plays are soft and melodious. Compared with the poetic symphonies of Masfield, the work of Mr. Yeats is that of a veritable MacDowell. And this is high praise; for MacDowell, despite his notorious repression by the president of Columbia, composed with surety and success—that is, with beauty.

That Mr. Yeats's poems have something near to beauty in them is almost the first thing one feels the need to say of them; that this presence is not always that of beauty itself, is the second. So often is it merely the atmosphere of beauty, the hypnotic influence of the expectation of beauty; for always we are led by Mr. Yeats to expect, continually and everlastingly, beauty of the first order. In a way, his claim to beauty is like the claim to seriousness of a writer of ponderous prose, resounding with profound phrases, the writer of some book of pseudo-science by a man who knows not how to be simple: the matter of the book may be the merest buncombe, but it persuades us of its seriousness by its size and ponderosity. So Mr. Yeats seems always to be telling us, as we turn his pages, "This poem or this play is going to be beautiful, very, very beautiful," and certainly the atmosphere of the thing invariably calls up beauty; but, examining the lines, we find that those actually of rare and wondrous quality are few.

Perhaps this is because the work is comatose. It is, at least, unstimulating in a high degree. There is something soporific about it, and although we may admit that bed is a beatific place, we do not desire our poets to drive us there. Nor is this sleepiness to be explained by reference to Mr. Yeats's obvious mysticism. Many a mystic besides Jesus has been a stirrer-up of the spirit. It is, perhaps, because the slow-moving calm of religion is what his mind requires. He happens to be a Protestant, but he has



the soul of a Catholic, as Chesterton, who happens to acclaim the Catholic belief, is temperamentally a typical Protestant.

Mr. Yeats's mysticism is unalive. He writes of life as if it were death, and of death also,—therefore these latter descriptions are strangely adequate and ghastly. But man does not live by death alone (nor, indeed, at all) and we cannot dwell indefinitely in a world of ghosts without disturbing our digestions. Mr. Wells may tell us all he pleases that stomachic difficulties are essential to good writing; we are not all writers, and surely some part of Mr. Yeats's readers still hope for something from him besides death-smitten heroes possessed of strange, uncarnal appetites, maids married to the grave before their entrance on the scene, old hags stepping into it, and wandering children a-dream on eternity!

Once in my presence, and Mr. Yeats's, a ministerial gentleman expressed this hope in supple, rounded oratory and was verbally trounced for it afterwards in Mr. Yeats's most delicate and biting manner. He admired the Yeats poetry exceedingly, but he wished to see its appeal widened, and he proceeded to call the poet "onward and upward" to "greater tasks and grander glories," if I recollect his phrasing. Mr. Yeats declined with thanks, and quite rightly. The things of death, the pale purple things, are the ones that he is able to do, brilliantly able, and he is adequate to nothing else. It is not so very important why this is the case. It may be due to his Irishness, to his deep relation with the saddest people on the globe, who are credited, ridiculously, with being a nation of humorists, because they possess Shaw and Moore, the most serious man and the simplest of our time. It may be because he has led a life of poetic solitude, as the poets of old are supposed to have done, instead of bowing to the bowl or rah-whooping with the mob. It may be because of a hundred experiences, associations and ties, or lack of them: but aloof from life he is and is destined to remain; and his public must take him with that understanding.

That they do take him—a certain public—is very evident. That this public is not so large as that of more human poets, is probable. But shall we not come to realize some time that the size of a poet's public, in the present state of the world, is influ-

ential mainly on his royalties, and on very little else? Of poets, as of prophets, it may be said that the despised of our time become the darlings of our children's. And Mr. Kipling, the peerless clanger of Britannia, may be thought cheap and insignificant—except as a story writer—within fifty years! —<sup>+</sup>

It is slight condemnation to declare Mr. Yeats a man without a message. His poems are messageless, and in his prose he writes big vaguenesses on little concrete things, as naturally as some philosophic spirits of this age are writing tiny thoughts upon the greatest questions in the world. But Mr. Yeats's mind remains at large, whether it deals with the Celtic Twilight or the Celtic theatre or the twilight of the theatre—now that Synge is dead and Yeats is over forty! His is a mind that roams the empyrean no matter what it starts for, sprinkling its path with star-dust as it goes, but never reaching any of the weightier planets.

Why, indeed, should it be otherwise? He can never conquer the cohorts of the propagandists Shaw, Wells and the rest, though he may have a part of the following of the idealistically elusive Galsworthy. At least he has the pleasure of knowing that many of the thousands who read him, understand and enjoy; and how much larger can be the public of H. G. Wells and G. B. S. who enter deeply into their ideas, who feel and think and seriously analyze? The true public of every man is a petty thing to-day,—though his readers be numbered in the millions. We are not meaningful to the many. Demos remains undaunted, though the first-rate of every generation give their lives up trying to stifle his stupidity. Shaw laughs his truth out, smeared with his heart's blood, and the multitude laughs because it is all so funny. Yeats sadly smiles his ecstasy upon the world, and a few quiver while the many yawn.

George Moore attempted to do poems like Mr. Yeats's and he failed, because he was too clever and too—mundane. And so did Lady Gregory with the one-act play. These failed in beauty, or rather the elusive atmosphere suggesting beauty, that is Mr. Yeats's chief performance. Lady Gregory tells all of a thing, and therefore nothing; Mr. Yeats, saying naught openly or completely, unbares a world to those who carry one in their heads.



The great ones have done more than this: they have made a world out of their own minds and left it to us to play with for a thousand years: our Shakespeare and Milton and Balzac and Hugo and Goethe; this they have done. Mr. Yeats is leaving us a land of shadows, visible to those who can see in the quickening twilight, sweet and suggestive figures; and that is all that Mr. Yeats must do.

## THE WAX MUSEUM FOR MEN

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

**B**OLDLY it stands beneath the tallest towers  
Upon a street of granite and of glass;  
The ever changing crowds that come and pass  
Are mirrored in its windows day and night.  
There is no mark above the doors to tell  
What lies beyond the thresholds wide and dim,  
Only a glittering sign with letters grim  
Spelling the words: "For Men. Come In and See."  
But I have entered through its calling doors  
And know the hideous secret kept apart  
Here in the city's vast, prodigious heart—  
Hidden away to shame the truthful sun.  
Behind its quiet walls my eyes have seen  
A refutation of all reaching towers,  
All pageantries that streak the glamorous hours  
And go to shuddering music down the street!

For there, disgraced, the lovely Body lies—  
Man's shining Body bleeding, wrecked, forlorn,  
Its sacred Temples trampled down and torn,  
And all the marvel and the magic gone!  
There in the silence of a little room  
Are mocked the songs and all the dreams that rise  
Around the Paradise of human eyes—  
The hymn to Beauty in the face of Helen,  
The voice of fair Iseult along the sea,  
And my own Love's sweet lips come home to me—  
Damned there in cold unanswerable wax!  
There the eternal pilgrimage of Love—  
Man ever wandering to a woman's breast—  
Becomes a worthless and a wanton quest:  
The tramp of harlots through the streets of Time!



## THE VISION OF BERGSON

MARY WHITE SLATER

*"A man's vision is the greatest fact about him."*

**T**HAT incandescent American, William James, says a man's vision is his most interesting and valuable contribution to the world, and that one man's vision may be vastly more valuable than another's.

By vision is meant a man's idea of life; what he sees as reality. It is his opinion about himself, his earth, his universe; and as opinion, whether on a microbe or a universe, derives its value from the holder's proved, working knowledge of the subject, the value of a man's vision of life depends upon his actual knowledge of life.

Men's views do differ in kind, extent and value. One man sees more and deals more creatively with what he finds than another. The human consciousness, from lower to higher types of men throughout the ages, shows a progressive growth from simpler to more complex abilities. That each man is a consciousness, functioning at his own evolutionary stage, is evidenced in the world about us. . . . Not one of us but can lay hand upon a sub-man or woman, going blindly through the actualities of a working or playing day, not yet enough aware of the self, to ask its relation to the stars; not one of us, but is daily confronted in men, women and books, with the evidence of minds vastly more developed and dynamic than our own. We are beginning to see men from the evolutionary standpoint; that the difference between one man and another, the essence of individuality itself—cave-man, Plato, Attila, Jesus, Napoleon, Emerson, Joan of Arc, George Eliot, yourself, myself,—lies in the peculiar kind of consciousness through which each views the world.

No two men would carry to another planet exactly similar views of life on this one. A human wharf-rat, whipped from tropic torpor into spasmodic labor at the river landings of the north, would have a view of reality differing greatly from that of Dr. Eliot of Harvard. The value of their views would differ

also. Biologists have thought there is less of an evolutionary distance between ape and man, than between primitive and civilized man; and to-day, there arise in our midst consciousnesses that work at a place of vision far in advance of that of the average civilized man.

The term "superman" is even being utilized to designate, ideally, a personality whose mind shows a newly dynamic reach beyond the functioning place of the mass; and a notable American scholar discusses such a group of moderns as "The Twelve Major Prophets of To-day."

Such terms and titles are arresting even to the casual reader, holding, as they do, the idea of a certain few men at an evolutionary crest from which may come revelation. The personalities and messages of the most highly evolved human types at the ripest age of the world ought to be its supreme interest and asset. They would show the functioning of mind at its highest reaches here, the high conscious-flowering of æons of evolving life in the garden of the earth. . . . One thing they would know. Having come into knowledge of the growing nature of their own minds, they would not use them to make final measurements of the universe, God or man.

Truly, man confronted with himself and the universe is the master fact of the earth, for man. All the myriad diversities of form and action on this planet culminate for us in the fact that an exquisitely conscious being finds himself struggling for more consciousness; looking out into the processes of the stars, the earth, into himself, with the need to know the what, whence, whither and why of himself in relation to the rest.

The unintelligibility of life, coupled with the human struggle to understand it, has been at once the indignation, sorrow and inspiration of the world. Cries of rage, recklessness, grief and faithful joy have gone up constantly from the Calibans, Omars, Pauls—the Goethes, Nietzsches, Maeterlincks—the Euckens and Bergsons of earth. Each cry embodies faith in the unknown and the attempt to measure it by the limitations of the known; for man persists in measuring his universe, his God, himself, as best he can: his universe grows with his knowledge of it; his idea of God grows as man grows.



Even Caliban, the cave-man, in a world all woods, sea, rocks and sky, beset by dangers, dependent upon his physical force to secure food, mate, home in the rocks, formulates a universe and a God consistent with his own experience. He dances on dark nights, but moans in the sunlight, so as not to seem happy and arouse the ire of "that other whom his dam called God"; then crawls into his cave and "from that safe darkness" growls arraignment at a God whom he conceives to be the capricious maker of creatures caught in a trap of hunger, fear, love, hate, heat, cold, lightning, thunder, flood, quake, avalanche, attack from behind, before, above, beneath, from ambush and in the open. This sums his science, his theology, his ethics. It is Caliban's vision of reality.

We easily comprehend him, our younger racial brother, at a place of greater ignorance than our own. We know his God and his universe to be the measure of Caliban—logical to his knowledge and his ignorance. Not so readily does civilized man realize that his idea of God and the universe must ever be too small—measured within the limits of his knowledge and his ignorance; and though he has grown out of Caliban, he is seen not yet greatly to have outgrown him. . . . Man still hunts and fights in field, factory, shop; on sea, in the canyoned walls of seething cities; and he numbers his slain by thousands. He still looks out of caverns of fear and ignorance upon a God amenable by praise and persuasion. Only after centuries of hapless blundering into the uses and abuses of things, has he come to put his mind purposefully into his life-problem; and only in slow proportion to his advance in knowledge of the laws of life and by appropriating this knowledge to his evolving needs, has he enlarged and ennobled his idea of the universe and God. Man's view of reality grows with his increasing knowledge of life.

The visions of men far in advance of their day are usually discredited, belittled, opposed. To-day they may perchance be besought, advertised, for there is a modern market for anything new, from protozoan to philosopher. So much has the working, playing environment of "the man in the street" been benefited by thinkers and searchers into the processes of life, that in the message of a master physicist and psychologist the world detects

a master asset. So much has the dynamic "Show me" charged the very modern mass, that Henri Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, a ponderous volume of mathematical, biological and psychological import, becomes a "best seller," outside of novels, in several American cities; students from everywhere flock to his Paris class room; publishers are beset by busy people for short-cuts to his philosophy, and Bergson is briefly persuaded to the lecture rooms of American universities where the public throngs.

The cause lies deeper than the curiosity of the crowd over the amazing personality whose single volume of applied mathematics, chemistry, anatomy, biology, embryogeny, psychology and philosophy might well serve as a prescriptive short-cut to a liberal education.

The real reason lies in the ever-increasing number of keenly intelligent and mentally hungry people at this day of the new world. In America, compulsory education for all and the higher education for thousands every year is producing a well or poorly educated mass of people who have come to associate health, improved, ennobled living conditions with mental enlightenment; and new, disturbing factors in social evolution, affecting all classes and uniting all interests, are awakening men to a need of getting some basic understanding of the evolutionary drift.

What these people represent is the human consciousness newly awake, eager. What they want of Bergson is his vision of reality. In the midst of this emerges Bergson, thinking a master-thought and seeing a master-vision of to-day.

The first actual human finding about the nature of life, and the most significant practical discovery, judging by its transforming effect upon the world, was made by a physicist of the past century. For Darwin was a physicist of profound integrity, not a psychologist. Up to his time, men had theorized upon reality; started from an assumption, a theory of life, and argued logically to prove the theory. Each man's philosophy or vision of life was thus a closed system of logical ideation to prove a preconceived hypothesis. Darwin turned away from this method; repudiated the knowledge-value of theories of life that were based on theories and kept men arguing within a circular track. He insisted that to secure real knowledge of "life," man must pro-



ceed to the concrete, actual life-forms and processes, and that a theory of life should be based upon these findings. Though this is the simple method of scientific procedure to-day, it placed him, in his day, in opposition to all previous systems of ideation on life!

What Darwin found was that animal life-forms on this planet show a continuous, unbroken growth like a tree, from the cell up through vertebrates to man; and that new species of animals are periodically produced as part of the growing process. This, the theory of the creative evolution of animal life-forms.

Although it refuted special creation by fiat, it was not to theology that Darwin gave the great jolt. Theology had become somewhat accustomed to the troublesome nudge of growing minds, and in case the theory gathered proof, had only to adjust itself to a different idea of the creative process. It was to science, established within its knowledge systems, that the Darwinian life-theory came as an explosion from within, a seismic, transforming thing out of its own cosmic depths, making its way among the ruins of its previous structures of thought.

What happened is history. Thought and action kindled at Darwin's flame. Men turned away from hypothetical arguments on life and "tackled" life itself, in the living laboratories of nature. More actual knowledge of life and more actual human progress was made in the next half century, than men had been able to make in all the centuries that preceded it! . . . . A new geology and biology extended the age of earth and man into æons; new sciences of comparative anatomy, palæontology, embryogeny, piled the proofs of the organic evolution of animal life-forms mountain high. The evolution of germ-life was applied to the prevention and cure of diseases that had hitherto meant death to thousands throughout the centuries; the theory of organic evolution was applied to the successful production of new and better plant and animal forms; and its application to the production of better human types awakens man to a new, creative responsibility. . . . A moral implication of profound significance, to hide within the finding of a physicist! No wonder that John Fiske found in the idea of creation by evolution a deep religious inspiration and said of Darwin, "He who unfolds for us

the way God works in the world of phenomena, may well be called the religious teacher." No wonder that John Dewy attributes to Darwin the main dynamic of the new century's thought and action and the transforming element in the philosophy of the future. "The influence of Darwin upon philosophy," says Dewy, "lies in his having conquered the phenomena of life for the Principle of Transition, and thereby freed the new logic for application to mind, morals and life." . . . If by philosophy is meant that method of interpreting reality which best reconciles the rigorous facts of life with man's highest ideals and needs, this appraisement means much.

With such horizons opened, mankind scarcely looks up to taste the breath of the wind from new distances, much less to fill its lungs with the inspiration of the new found facts. Opinion always lags behind environment. The working benefits of research and discovery are always projected into actual use long before society as a whole makes mental adjustment to the significance of new facts as affecting old mental attitudes. A man flies to secure the diphtheritic germ-serum to save the life of his child long before he realizes the relation of his act to his established attitude on prayer; but since he benefits practically by someone's discovered knowledge of the actual, working laws of life and is compelled to square his conduct to them, or lose in the life-struggle, he must eventually make mental adjustment to the implications of these laws. For whatever else is false or true, the discovered processes of life are truly revelational for man, not only as affecting his length of life and improving his living conditions, but as increasing his understanding of life itself, and so affecting his beliefs and conduct.

So slow is man to make mental adjustment, so deadly the weight of traditional, accepted attitudes of mind toward life, that his greatest sin is well conceived as the crime he commits against the growth of his own spirit—the holy human ghost—by his slovenly resting in outworn mental traditions that hold him, his universe, his God, his vision of life, to less than they ought to be.

In the personality of Henri Bergson, we have the physicist and psychologist of more than half a century after Darwin, deal-



ing with "life" itself. Equipped with knowledge of life-theories that preceded Darwin, enriched by the rapidly compounding enlightenment that followed, the consciousness of Bergson might typify, in contrast to Caliban, the high evolutionary product of the centuries. In him we have the high-typed Caucasian of superb equipment, confronted with himself, his earth, his universe.

As a physicist, he proceeds, like Darwin, to the concrete—the study of actual life-forms, to secure real knowledge of "life." He has tracked "life" on this planet through mineral, plant, animal and human forms and discovers not only in these, but in the whirling universe itself, the evidence of a single, unbroken, creative movement—the Vital Impetus.

By a masterful metaphor he compares this universal life-movement to an explosion from a centre of "an action that is making itself, across an action that is unmaking itself, like the fiery path of a rocket through the spent cinders of rockets that are falling dead." In this simile, the comparatively "inert matter" of planets evidences the cinders of the return movement, and the up-springing plant, animal and human forms on earth evidence "the action that is making itself"—the creative struggle of the Vital Impetus against and by means of the "matter" of its return movement.

In a profound study of the way the Vital Impetus has worked on earth, Bergson finds it to be of modest, insinuating beginnings, gradually succeeding in storing solar energy into flexible forms, its purpose being to secure free, creative action by means of these forms. Finite in the individual and persistent in the race by a process of budding, it has proceeded by the use of three functions that differ not in degree, but in kind. These are the chlorophyllian function of plants, the instinctive function of animals, the intellectual function of man; and while all three may be present in one life-form, one of them dominates and determines the form.

By use of the chlorophyllian function, Bergson finds that the vital impetus succeeded in storing solar energy into plant forms of great variety, but of limited mobility. By the instinctive function dominant, it produced the great variety of living tools, animals, but secured in these, little creative action. By the intellectual function dominant, it has produced man, not only the living

tool, but a tool-maker, a creator, in whom Bergson identifies the greatest success thus far on this planet that the Vital Impetus has been able to achieve for free, creative action.

As a physicist, therefore, he finds the intellect to be one of at least three kinds of faculties of life's creative action.

The crowning work of Bergson, however, is that of the psychologist. He deals here with "consciousness," the psychological factor that inheres in life-forms. In this, he is pioneer in proceeding to the concrete,—the study of his own individual consciousness, as the "life" or unit of reality which he most profoundly knows, in order to secure knowledge of the nature of universal life, or reality.

Here he comes upon a discovery, a simple, fundamental finding, which, if it prove true to all human experience, will compel a re-valuation of all knowledge, and new understanding of life.

He finds that he apprehends reality in two ways; looks outward into a universe exterior to himself, and inward into himself; and that the views he gets are dissimilar and contradictory.

He looks outward by means of brain, eye and other sense adjustments, and perceives the sun, moon, stars, the earth, plants, animals, men, with their relative positions and movements;—a fixed universe of things in space and events in time.

He looks inward, by shutting off as much as possible sense impressions from the exterior—say, ideally, in midnight darkness, stillness, detachment from outer concern—and becomes most purely aware of the duration of his own being as distinct from the things and events of the outward view. . . . He then senses himself, his "life," to be the duration of a consciousness—the Henri Bergson consciousness; knows it to have been a psycho-physical growth from birth, in a single, unbroken movement that carries its past into its present; that though its quality has been determined by heredity and environment, the very essence of its individual existence is the will to act freely, to create. . . . He perceives that other lives—men, animals, plants—are similar units of reality, all durations of consciousness, each of its own growing kind in a larger growing movement. . . . Then comes the universal analogy: the graded hierarchy of life-forms in the universe—suns, planets, vegetable, animal, human—



evidence a single, unbroken, creative movement—the Vital Impetus; and the universe is sensed to be the creative evolution of a consciousness, throughout its evolving forms.

By the inner view, therefore, Bergson senses “life” or ultimate reality to be the spiritual factor of creative change. This is indeed the ultimate finding of Bergson, that Change is all there is, and that life-forms are its throbbing evidence. This gives the inner sense of a universe in flux.

The outer view presents a fixed universe of solids in space and events in time.

Both views are true, since both are presented. The question is, which is the greater, which the relative truth?

The key to Bergsonian psychology lies in the answer. He identifies the inner view as the intuitional sense of “life” or reality itself; and the outer view as a relative one, taken by the intellect, trained upon certain relational conditions exterior to man.

His vision may well be compared to a bi-focal lens. Through the main, intuitional lens, the eye of life itself, he apprehends “life” to be creative, evolutionary change; the universe a “becoming,” a creative flowing.

In the body of this mother-lens of life is a finely differentiated spot for looking outward and backward into the life-flow and dealing creatively with what it finds there. This is the lens-tool of intellect.

The intellect is thus found to be a specialized tool or faculty of action for “life,” as the eye or hand is tool for the brain. Like any tool, its value lies in its adaptation and limitation to certain uses. The use that “life” makes of intellect, says Bergson, is to cut out by means of brain, eye and other sense adjustments, certain configurations in the outer life-flow, and to react creatively upon them.

He finds that the intellect looks backward upon the life-flow and reasons on a future logical to what has happened in the past; sits pick-a-back upon the life-stream, taking static, snap-shot views of a reality that flows, and like a cinematographical camera, strings these findings together, (in its mathematical formulations

of astronomy, chemistry, etc.), thus attempting to reproduce the action of the life-flow.

Constructed to see ("cut out") and deal primarily with its own configurations in the life-flow, known by it as "things in space," the intellect places certain prominent events in the actions of these things beside each other on a space-string which it calls time. It establishes the full journey of the earth around the sun as a year-string of twelve month-beads; the turn of the earth upon its axis, as a day-string of hour, minute and second beads. It thus constructs for its practical needs a system of "time"—making time simply a space-string for events; and is characterized by its inability to comprehend true time, which is life itself,—the factor of creative change only to be intuitionally known. When a man divides his life into babyhood, boyhood, manhood, old age, he is making an intellectual, artificial division of a life-movement that he also intuits as undivided—the "true time" of his uninterrupted psycho-physical existence.

To infer from this that Bergson depreciates the value of intellect is grossly to misinterpret him. As well depreciate the value of eye or hand to the brain, or the magnificent intellectual structure of earth's civilization to man! On the contrary, Bergson sees in the intellect and its science findings the value of an absolute, in so far as they relate to certain aspects of the life-flow. "The intellect, having been stereotyped upon matter," says he, "ought to give us a faithful impress of it. It becomes relative only if it claims, such as it is, to be able to present to us life, which is the maker of the stereotype plate."

Many chafe at this limiting of intellect as a faculty of life's action upon the "matter" aspects of the life-flow, and the identification of intuition as the apprehension of the flow itself. Our deeper concern should lie in the question whether Bergson's two fundamental findings in his own consciousness are true. For Bergson offers these as actual, factual findings in the laboratory of his own working consciousness, not as theories that he desires to prove. And if two such fundamental functions actually exist in human consciousness, a new psychology, a new theory of knowledge and a new theory of life must ensue.

After all, should the distinction between these functions



gather proof, it is simply a matter of adjusting ourselves to a new idea of the intellect as a functioning tool of life, and the intuition as the sense of life itself. . . . Take the denizens of a water-drop upon which man trains a microscopic eye. According to Bergson, a man "intellects" when he cuts out or "sees" the shapes of these germs and their movements in the drop; and he "intuits" the brief existence of these forms as "change," in the life-flow. He sees the germs not only as "things" but as "change."

What Bergson finds is that man apprehends reality in two ways; by intellection on "things" and by intuition of things as "change." Certainly the facts of the "death" and disappearance in time of all life-forms, especially those embodying beloved human consciousnesses, prove to us not only the fact of their bodily existence but the fleeting relation of their special bodily shapes to the "change" of the life-flow. And is not intellect, as Bergson defines it, constantly compelled to reject its own immediate findings in the "matter" of the life-flow? The earth looks flat and is found to be round. Matter looks solid and is found to be in vibration; the smallest particle of matter, the electron, ion, is found not to be a "thing" at all, but "a balance of magnetic forces," action and reaction. Is it not just here, where "matter" becomes "vibration," that the intellect, as categorized by Bergson, comes upon its inability to handle the non-dimensional, which slips through its sense fingers like smoke, yet is clearly apprehended by intuition?

Critics contend that Bergson is himself compelled to use his intellect in reasoning about the very "life" which the intellect cannot comprehend. But does not Bergson show that what the human consciousness "intuits," if expressed at all, must be translated into language—the word-moulds constructed by intellect to hold its ideas of things? That the intellect is the expert, expressional tool of man, by which his fuller consciousness strives to express even intuition, as best it can? And no matter what telepathic, clairvoyant, clair-audient power, the purposeful development of the intuition may bring to the man of the future, he will always strive to express his inner sense of life in the word-moulds of intellect. . . . Is not Bergson a splendid ex-

ample of one who intuiting life or ultimate reality to be creative, evolutionary change, must express this psychological factor metaphorically—by means of words? This has indeed been the task of Bergson, to express his intuition of life by the word-moulds of intellect.

Assuming that his categories of intellect and intuition are true, it follows that all knowledge is not transfigurably by intellect, which gives us the mathematics of solids in space and the logic of events in time. There would also be the intuitional knowledge of life, established by the non-mathematical sciences of biology and psychology, in contrast to the logic-system of intellect; a knowledge of "life" solving its problems in its own way, behind which and upon which intellection must always wait. Then there is the superior knowledge that the analyzing mind has over its own states. Add to these at least two other kinds of knowledge that life has employed on earth, the chlorophyllian and instinctive, and it is seen that only the sum of all life's functionings would give universal consciousness.

The identification of "matter" as a relative configuration of the intellect trained upon the life-flow exterior to man, and its reduction to "vibration," destroys the classification of "matter" as an absolute. And in "pure memory" is evidenced the existence of spirit, not to be reduced to or explained by "matter."

It is when the intellect claims to present "life" or "spirit" that it comes into basic error, says Bergson, because the intellect as such must treat life as a "thing."

He points to the only two accountments man has made of the universe, to prove this. One, the mechanistic conception of the universe as a finished machine working logically from an impulse of the past; the other, the finalistic conception of the universe as not yet finished, but working toward a foreseen end or purpose in the future.

Bergson appraises both views as complementary presentations of the same "thing," both, the intellect's configuration of a universe as a big thing acting in a big space, to be instantly apprehended by an intellect big enough to take it in.

In one of these two intellectual camps of mechanism and



finalism, materialism and idealism, all appraisements of the universe have been made by man, finds Bergson. He shows that the finalistic argument, upon which most of the theologies have been based, is nearer reality, as sensed by intuition, since it sees the universe as open, as yet; its error being to bring the universe to a foreseen term in the future. In both arguments he detects the fundamental error of human mind, attempting to fit "life" into intellectual experience, to reduce the universe to a "thing."

At a place between mechanism and finalism, Bergson intuits a universe always in the making and never made; the creative "becoming" of life, "a continuity which unfolds, swells as it advances, carries its past into its present, its latest moments always the elaboration of the new, unforeseeable indeterminate."

The life of man he sees as part of the original unbroken movement of the Vital Impetus for free, creative action. Each man embodies the will to create, to choose, and to be as much or as little creative as he wills; while, as a product of heredity and environment the quality of each man's will is conditioned both in the past and the present.

Herein lies the reconciliation of the facts of man's freedom to create and choose in the present and his undeniable conditioning as a product of the past. The correct question to ask about man, therefore, is not "Has he absolutely free will?" but, "Does he create? Can he choose?"

Thus the ancient problems of free-will and fatalism, materialism and idealism, in the light of Bergson's discoveries about consciousness, are shown as classifications of pure intellect. He answers these questions by proving their artificiality and removing their reasons for existence. The new psychology, if his fundamentals prove true, will render such questions obsolete.

So with philosophy; it must turn away from its closed intellectual systems of the past. Bergson points to a new philosophical method—that of proceeding to the concrete investigation of his own individual consciousness in order to secure knowledge of the nature of universal consciousness, life, reality. And having identified life or reality as creative, evolutionary change, he is exponent of a philosophy always in the making, since it must be

founded in the actions and uses of life itself—and life, not to be contained within closed intellectual systems.

There is stuff here for approval and disapproval of both knowledge camps of mechanism and finalism. Both read out of him what they most naturally discern from their established standpoints which he claims to have outgrown. It is not strange that rigid mechanists and finalists of both scientific and theological camps condemn Bergson without much of a reading, since he takes the ground from under their feet by appraising their thought systems on life as valuable for showing the track of intellectual error. Nor, if his findings on intuition gather proof, will it be difficult to account for the host of strongly intuitional people, to whom his message rings concise and true. In his pragmatic attitude toward truth, he is also *persona grata* to a host of modern minds.

Neither his adherents nor his opponents, however, can deal with his message until they get his vision of life; and to get it means a personal demonstration. For Bergson's excursion is into the invisible, untracked region of his own consciousness. To verify or disprove his findings, each student must personally work his way to the point of vision which Bergson claims to have reached not only by the pick-axe-against-granite labor of intellect upon matter, but by his newly identified light of intuition upon life.

Certain it is that modern thinkers and writers, from young to very old, are showing the charging current of Bergsonian electricity. But they are also showing misapprehension, misapplication and mutilation of his message. This is inevitable for a while, since the re-adjustment includes getting upon new intellectual feet before securing the new intuitional wings. We cannot measure Bergson except from new categories that he offers. It is our business to find whether the new categories are true to our experience of life. If we begin by trying to fit him and his message on "life" into the intellectual mould which he finds inadequate for the purpose, the moulds will crack and Bergson be found lacking, ridiculous, bewilderingly incomprehensible and incredible.

Once the student gets the bi-focal lens of intuition and intellect adjusted, the vision of Bergson arises simply, naturally as



the breath of a new spring in the nostrils. For such, his vision is crystal clear, normal, it having microscopic, telescopic and other than dimensional power, as though, to use a Bergsonian metaphor, in him life had succeeded in evolving a highly intuitional camera equipped with a highly sensitized intellectual plate. Such a student sees that what makes Bergson a new figure among men and a new force in thought, is that he deals with life itself and not with systems of ideation upon it; that his genius lies in his ability to see universal analogies; that he leads naturally into strange yet dreamed-of countries, opens new horizons at which man, at first sight, reels, yet at the approving joy of intuition, recovers to look again.

*Creative Evolution* thus becomes a veritable book of life—the open, advancing, endless, free, creative romance of the conscious cosmos. It shows life to be the evolution of a consciousness, from the fecund mystery of ether to the whirl and rush of planets; in the atomic throb of mineral, the triumph of crystal, the wistful effort of the rose; from the cold finesse of fish to the warm flash of bird; from the ferocity of a myriad wild to the patience of horse or ox or cow or the loyalty of a dog; from the ape that stood to reach the nut, to man who stretches to reach the stars and yearns and works and aches toward infinite understandings.

Such a vision is profoundly revelational, scientifically, ethically, religiously.

It sees God as the Spirit of Life—the spirit of aspiring consciousness working creatively in the universe.

It sees the true “life” of man to be the spiritual, conscious advance he makes in the midst of the encompassing negation of “matter”—in spite of it and yet by means of it.

It awakens man to a newly conscious plane—the realization of himself as the high creative ability and responsibility of this planet. It sees in the free, willed intelligence of man, a part of God—a God hindered or furthered by what man does or does not accomplish, a God who suffers and rejoices in man.

Its gospel might read: “O men, you are the gods of the earth! Work more and more intellectually, more and more intuitionally, more and more fearlessly, creatively and without

capitulation in the line of the higher evolving needs of life. This is your special, dynamic, man-duty to the present and the future."

Bergson, practical scientist of physics and psychology, thus lights the universe of "things" with the fire of aspiring, creative spirit and points to a human consciousness of the future, in which the splendid achievements of intellect trained on matter will be stupendously supplemented by the achievements of intuition trained on consciousness or "life."

He sees in the intuitional development of man the application of laws of consciousness, in which man's developing psychic powers will displace the need of many a physical invention; and in the more even development of intellectual and intuitional powers, he predicts such increased understanding of "life" as to enable man to overcome all obstacles, perhaps even death.

He sees the very sinews of man's creative power to lie in the integrity of life's laws that respond beneficially or disastrously according to man's enlightened or blundering use of them; but he denies the claim of pure intellect to be the only pathway into this knowledge of life and calls to the age to awake and place itself intuitionally within the life-flow and so apprehend the greater reality; that not only by intellect but by intuition is man the creator and fulfiller of his own needs.

The testimony of one who first opens a way into the actual regions of consciousness or "life" must be profoundly revelational. It must charge the world electrically and cannot leave it as it was before. If Darwin's actual discoveries about life, as a pioneer physicist dealing only with animal life-forms, began a transformation of living and thinking conditions on earth, what shall we say of the possible effect of his torch-bearer, Bergson, in extending the search into the nature of consciousness which inheres in and determines the life-forms?

In discovering the relation of his intellect and intuition to reality, does not man transcend the plane of his previous blinder functioning? May not such a mind evidence in itself a type of evolutionary transformism, the origin of a newly conscious species? Would not such a mind, looking out upon the new found country



of its lonely climb, have a vision of reality that includes and transcends the viewpoints of camps it had left below? Is it not somewhat in this fashion that Bergson emerges at the threshold of the new century, looking back upon the almost solid phalanx of established thought-systems, and calling to them his practical demonstration of the relativity of intellect and the supremacy of the soul?

A long, long climb from Caliban to Bergson! If we metaphorically conceive the consciousness of man as a burrowing upward through resisting matter, the cave-man would move in the depths, the rest of mankind along the upward way, some in crevices, pockets, blind alleys, some on the hard-working road ahead,—the most advanced only within faint calling distance of Bergson and his kind. A long, long way from the grovelling monster of the cave to the slender, upright human torch of mountain heights, the matter of his frame, the carbon of his flame reduced to a minimum!

A long, long cry from Caliban to Bergson. . . . It voices man risen from his face to his knees, from his knees to his feet, from his feet to his wings. It sings the passionate epic of human life from the "De Profundis" of ignorance and fear of the unknown, to the fearless height of man's faith in his creative responsibility in the known;—and lo, God is emancipated from much of man's outgrown littleness! . . . This is the vision of Bergson.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### *Germophobia*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Since the belief that germs are the possible cause of many human diseases has been so summarily disposed of by the paper *Germophobia* in the October number of THE FORUM, could you not induce the same writer to extend her brilliant line of attack into other but similar fields?

I speak particularly of plant diseases.

We who grow plants have long been possessed with the idea that potato rot, wheat smut, asparagus rust, apple scab, pear blight, and countless other disorders of the vegetable world are due either to germs or to minute parasitic fungi not altogether differing from them.

As a result of this unfortunate obsession we mix many vile compounds and spray diligently from early spring till the crop is harvested.

Laboring under the delusion that disease may be transferred from affected to healthy plants by spores or germs, we cover our unresisting garden and orchard crops with a fresh coating of Bordeaux mixture with each new unfolding of their leaves. The labor and expense constitute a burden that we would fain forgo.

Now that we know we are in no danger of contracting typhoid, small-pox or even the hook-worm, if but our minds be joyous and our ration of mince-pie not too generous, life for us would never again be irksome if we could recline in the shade of our orchard trees without the haunting thought that germs were abroad in the branches, and if we didn't begin working the handle of the old spray pump there wouldn't be any apples for winter.

If your contributor would devote an inspired half-hour to this back-breaking question, so that we could be assured that our crops, whether "from a contagion of fear and suggestion," or some other equally subtle cause, would never again have scab, rust, or blight, we would acclaim her as our great deliverer and THE FORUM likewise for causing her light to shine.

C. B. WALDRON

NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have just had the great pleasure of reading an article entitled *Germophobia*, by Helen S. Gray, in the October number of your magazine, and I must congratulate you on your progressive ideas and the courage you display in presenting to the public the other side of the germ



theory. It is only fair that the public should know both sides of a question; but heretofore it has been a rare thing to find an editor brave enough to print anything opposing the pet theories of the American Medical Association, and I sincerely trust you may continue the good work you have begun.

NEW YORK

DIANA BELAIR

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of commending the article which appeared in your October number, entitled *Germophobia*. In these days, when the doctors are filling every available publication with new germs—each new germ presumably being intended to sell a new serum—it is refreshing to see the germ theory get such a good prodding. If one-hundredth of all that the germ advocates tell us were true, the human race would never have survived its first generation, and would have ended as it began, with Adam.

NEW YORK

MAE M. LYON

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I cannot say that I ever read a more timely article than *Germophobia* in your October number. It is the most concise and common-sense statement of the fallacies of medicine that I could imagine, and a bundle of truths that should be read by the well as by the sick. Such articles strike the bull's-eye of fallacious theories with which the world is overburdened.

EUGENE, OREGON

W. RUBLE

### *British Red-Tape*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I wonder if you have noticed that the British Government, with its usual fatuous regard for shillings when hundreds of millions of pounds are involved, has discriminated, to the extent of sixpence a week, between the third and fourth child of the widows of any of the men who have responded to the call for voluntary service? The difference is only between half-a-crown for the second and third child, and two shillings for each additional child; but probably each of the officials who worked out the details of the scheme was receiving between two and three thousand pounds per annum for the ability to indulge in such pettifogging parsimony as is illustrated in this instance—and has been illustrated before, notably after the Boer War.

If Great Britain lost in this war half a million men, of whom two-thirds

left widows, and two-thirds of these widows had an average of four children (an entirely disproportionate assumption), the saving to the exchequer achieved by those ingenious sixpenny red-tapists would be well under three hundred thousand pounds per annum. And this is the wonderful result accomplished in a war involving hundreds or even thousands of millions of pounds—not dollars—to each of the great nations involved!

Is there nobody in England who really knows what efficiency means?

JERSEY CITY

JAMES H. SHORTER

### *An Open Forum*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—At Brentano's a few days ago I picked up the October number of your magazine, and the headings of several articles at once caught my eye, so that I took it home with me to read. The articles in question were *Through Mohammedan Spectacles*, *Germophobia*, and *The C. T. U.* They were exceedingly strong, and I could not but admire the courage which admitted them to your columns without the usual cringing apology of the editors, that "these are not the views of our magazine, but . . ." etc., etc.

We have no liberty of the press, for rarely is anything allowed to appear in print which is against the opinion of the editors (or perhaps the owners, rather); but does the public want *their* opinion? It is allowed to choose the food for its body and digest it as well as it can, but the food for its mind is still chosen and masticated for it by the press, as though it were in its babyhood, unable to think for itself.

The press should be an open Forum, to place all matters of value—from whatever point of view—before the public, and then let the people form their own opinion. There may be more than one capable of looking at Christianity and its works through the spectacles of Islam; and more than one may see the narrow-mindedness in our system of education, and the exploded germ theory which the Medical Trust has forced down the people's throats for so long because they were never allowed to see or hear the other side, although attempts are made from time to time to bring it before the public; but the editors are soon silenced, not being of the stuff that pioneers are made of, and evidently they are amenable to gentle persuasion.

NEW YORK

MARGARITA WILLI

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have read with profound interest the article by Mr. Vale, in the October FORUM, as well as *Through Mohammedan Spectacles*, by



Achmed Abdullah. Surely one of the important things for us as a nation to do next, is to come to a better understanding of, and acquaintance with, our fellow-humans in other lands, that we may learn to respect them for their higher qualities and to lose our latent hate and fear. Also, to heed Whitman's admonition:

"If we are lost, no victor else has destroyed us,  
It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fear grace, elegance, civilization, delicatessen,  
Fear the mellow-sweet, the sucking of honey-juice,  
Beware the advancing mortal ripening of Nature,  
Beware what precedes the decay of the ruggedness of states and men."

I am sending your October number, because of the two articles above-named, to a nephew of mine in England, who goes to Cambridge this fall. His mother, my sister, is American, for generations back; his father is a delightful German, whose business is in London and who is hard-struck by the present catastrophe; and I hope those articles will help the boy to a philosophic world-view that will clarify his perplexing outlook upon life—surely he should be cosmopolitan, with his heritage of German-American ancestry and his education in St. Paul's School.

BROOKLYN

BERTHA JOHNSTON

### *War Comment*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Your illuminating Editorial Notes on *War* deserve the highest commendation. I have re-read them several times, and the more I read the more truth and wisdom I discovered. No matter how one is drunk with patriotism, he cannot fail to realize that he has been reasoning in a circle. To my mind your comment is unsurpassed in the field of English journalism for the propagation of peace and truth.

NEW YORK

H. H. BLOOSTEIN

### *Through Impartial Spectacles*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I should like to state my personal opinion—which, I hope, represents that of many others—that *Through Mohammedan Spectacles* was one of the most illuminating articles I have ever read in any magazine.

NEW ORLEANS

LOUIS LEBLANC

*Creative Thought Extension*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The article *The Twilight of Experience* by Grace S. H. Tytus in a recent issue of THE FORUM was a fine exposition of a much-garbled subject.

In quoting the following, let the experiments that come after act as semi-refutation: "Telepathy is a sort of sixth sense, instinctive and used for practical purposes; it is denotive, NOT CREATIVE; concerns itself ONLY with accomplished facts, NEVER with future possibilities; neither does this power seem to be producible at will."

The examples from personal experience have been published in *Nautilus*, *Aquarius*, *et al.*, and are confirmed by private letters in the possession of the writer.

Immediately after sealing a letter addressed to H. M. Daniels, 3442 Poydras street, Los Angeles, California, which contained testimonials as to telepathic experience, in an introspective mood I cut out, in thought, one of them, projecting to Daniels the thought that he should omit the testimonial of Ralph Holmes, U. S. ship *Reid*, when he printed the batch of circulars.

This semi-creative order of impelment went into his subconsciousness, 3,000 miles distant, and was acted on, he not being conscious of my reason or order of thought and having no good motive of his own for the omission.

Let me say here that there are hundreds in the employ of the U. S. Government who use successfully telepathy and telepsychy (word form, not emotional, but intellectual, thought transmission, human wireless telephony).

I received a letter from F. J. Peterson, of Ferndale, California, poorly addressed. I sent him a wireless message to print the address on the next, which he did. On my writing to ask why he did this, he replied, "My inner spirit told me to print the address alone."

This same wireless message was picked up by people in Nebraska, Virginia and South Africa, letters being sent to me with the address alone printed in a similar manner. To my letters of inquiry, why? the answers were, "I don't know, contrary to all my habits"; so we see telepathy can go into subconsciousness unknown to the recipient, rise unconsciously above the threshold, acting as self, greatly modifying habituated expression.

H. S. LEVALLEY

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS



## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *The Crown of Thorns*

**N**OT long ago, the people of Belgium were industrious and prosperous. To-day, they are scattered and despoiled: their homes are in ruins, their country desolated. Tens of thousands of their women and children are refugees in alien countries, happy at least in this, that they are no longer compelled to witness, and endure their daily share in, the gross and ghastly tragedies of war. But those who remain—the millions of a mutilated nation—face famine, pestilence, the rigors of winter and the continued barbarities of military operations.

Why has Belgium been forced to suffer this martyrdom? Why has she been scourged and tortured, plundered and ravaged? Has she committed some almost inexpiable crime, for which a terrible retribution must be exacted?

No: it is merely a matter of “military exigencies”! The declared foe and the avowed friend alike must sacrifice the gallant little country to the necessities of strategy. Whoever wins from day to day, Belgium must be made to bleed.

It is monstrous and incredible: in other words, it is entirely in keeping with the whole principle, purpose and perfidy of war—the lauded regenerator of mankind.

### *The Dream and the Deed*

It is too often assumed, by those of little imagination and less faith in their fellow-men, that the world is doomed to its recurrent periods of splendid hopes and sorry disappointments. Because a few idealists, in the early years of the nineteenth century, dreamed of a regenerated Europe and found their dream illusory, therefore now, in the early years of the twentieth century,—and a hundred years from now, and a hundred centuries,—similar dreams must be unrealized, and the same traditional selfishness of the nations and the rulers of the nations must continue to plunge the world into cataclysms of slaughter.

Only a coward could believe that former failures inevitably presage further and continuous defeats; and only those with undeveloped minds and illogical methods will deny the hope of progress and final success, unless they have first examined all the conditions, and find the parallelism between the past and the present so exact that only similar results can be expected.

But can any impartial inquirer discover such a parallelism, and justify the jeremiads of the pessimists? Rather, is it not clear that conditions have so changed that optimism rests not less on reason than on faith? For in spite of the Great Crime that is now being completed in Europe, the age of reason is not postponed indefinitely. The war is the supreme answer to the reactionaries: the lessons that the pacifists did not need, the militarists are learning at last.

Idealism is not a jest, or an effeminate affectation, as some of our robust blusterers assert: it is the moving force of the world and the remoulder of the world. What we need is more visionaries, and fewer of the so-called practical men. A man of the world has been defined, justly, as one who in every serious crisis is invariably wrong. He is wrong because he has no imagination: he relies upon old experiences to carry him through new conditions, and he merely repeats the old mistakes. That is what our Roosevelts and similar practical men are perpetually doing. They have not realized that it is possible for conditions to change, and therefore they have not perceived that conditions *have* changed.

In the first place, although the multitudes—men, women and children—read as the multitudes have never read before, the power of the Word, the Idea, has not yet been fully grasped by our practical men. They will point to the marching hosts of soldiers and ask if an idea can arrest those armies? It can, just as an idea gave birth to them—the idea of nationalism, of power, of efficiency. But it is the people who constitute the armies, and the people are rapidly assimilating the new idea—that nationalism and efficiency must be a means, not an end. It is not because the masses of the peoples of Europe have hated each other that they are now fighting: but because they had not learnt to trust



one another. The worst results of over-confidence could not have been more terrible than the results of lack of confidence.

In the second place, our practical men, though they talk of democracy and occasionally make slight concessions to democracy, have not realized that this is an age of established democracies, which have won through the weaknesses of the experimental stage and reached maturity and strength. Now they are learning how to apply that strength, not only to their own improvement and the devising of governments that shall be really representative, but to the general welfare of all other countries with which, through ties of commerce or sentiment, they are intimately connected. The world-idea grows steadily; and though the difficulties still to be surmounted are understood and in no degree underestimated, they are known not to be insuperable. The federation of the world is no vain dream: ignorance, provincialism, bigotry alone stand in the way. Those who wish to fight for ignorance, provincialism and bigotry will of course do so: but let them at least acknowledge the banner under which they are serving the devil.

### *Contrasts*

FEW people need to be told that the ordeal through which Europe is passing—and, with Europe, America also—is supremely terrible: yet some, perhaps, have failed to realize the full intensity of the horror. Our distance from the battlefields, our partial severance from the inevitable national animosities that have developed to the point of hysteria, have given us a clearer perspective and made our judgment less fallible: but we have lost something of the personal, shattering vividness of the tragedy, as it has been brought home to almost everyone in the warring nations. And so, at a time of international calamity and mourning, our young men and maidens, and men no longer young and women no longer maidens, can parade in their hundreds of thousands on election night, indulging in the usual amusements and making the usual raucous noises. Well, it was natural: yet there was something in the old symbolism of sackcloth and ashes that would have seemed more appropriate. A world at war—and ticklers in Broadway! millions wounded, starving, tortured—and a good time in the old town to-night!

Quiet, orderly throngs, deliberately repressing all rowdiness

or exuberance in recognition of the shadows and the shrouds beyond the sea, would have provided a far from unimportant contribution to the development of this crisis in the history of humanity. For though laughter is good, and patience is good, and danger may be met with a jest, there should be something more than laughter and jesting when our brothers, and not we, are paying the cost of militarism, misunderstanding and divergent ideals.

Am I my brother's keeper? Yes.

### *The Futile "Never"*

A LEADING Church journal declares:

"There is already much hasty talk about the present struggle marking the end of wars. There never will be an end to war, and the world's armaments are likely to be even greater in the future than in the past. But they will be defensive and not aggressive armaments."

If the different Churches and religious organizations of the world would listen to the men who are really doing things, instead of repeating stupid platitudes, they might redeem themselves from the parochialism that has turned so many from the teachings of the clergy to the teaching of Christ. Such men as the writer of the above quotation—a sincere and estimable man, beyond peradventure—would have rebuked Jesus himself for his idealism, and gravely informed him that mere ideas could never penetrate through the materialism of a matter-of-fact world. Yet some penetration has been effected.

If armaments in the future are going to be defensive, and not aggressive—and this may well be the first stage of development—it is clear that the elimination of war is already indicated. For if all prepare for defence, and none for aggression, the preparations will be more ornamental than essential.

### *George Bernard Shaw*

IN *Androcles and the Lion*, Mr. George Bernard Shaw proved that he was finally and fully entitled to be accepted as a genius, and not merely as a very clever man, of whom there are several in the world. In his refusal to associate himself with the long list of English men of letters who signed a *résumé* of the



British explanation of the causes for which they are fighting, he showed, as might be expected, additional signs of genius. For whether Great Britain be right or wrong (the consensus of American opinion has already declared that she is right), intelligent men should not associate themselves publicly and forcibly with affairs that have such little concern with intelligence. Probably every man who signed the English appeal would have signed a German, or French, or Russian, or Turkish appeal, if he had happened to be born within different boundaries. Mr. Shaw, at least, had the decency to try to transcend local limitations, and behave (within Shavian restrictions) as a man of the world, in the true and unparochial implications of the phrase.

Probably Mr. Shaw has lost much of his popularity in London: in truth, he has not gained much here. But he has at least acted, not in accordance with the mob-spirit, but of his own deliberate volition, uninfluenced, apparently, by the stupidities of localism. His views of the situation may or may not be right. His view of the respect due to himself and to every other self is indubitably correct.

If all the intelligent men of the world had refrained from the natural tendency to plead their own country's cause, and had combined in a universal protest against national jealousies, national stupidities, and international crime, they might have achieved a result worth while. As it is, the English are the English, and the Germans the Germans, and the French the French; and the universal consensus of genius and of talent has been conspicuous by its absence. Each man speaks (conscientiously, but stupidly) as a parochialist. None has dared to be a universalist. But Shaw has at least made an attempt to escape from the herd.

### *The Anti-Pacifists*

IT seems to have occurred to several people that the present time is exceedingly opportune for the publication of pointed remarks addressed to all pacifists in general, and to Mr. Bryan in particular. The English language, which is sufficiently copious, has been ransacked for pleasant epithets; and it has been intimated with cultured precision, by no less an authority than Colonel Roosevelt, that those who have worked for the inauguration

of an era of elementary common sense are merely moral and physical weaklings. War, we are told, is rooted in the necessities of human nature: it has existed, exists, and will exist, *in sæcula sæculorum*, pre-historic, post-historic and pan-historic; and nobody but a lunatic would make any real effort to avert it.

It is undeniable that war, on a large scale, is now bringing its vaunted blessings to the European nations, and especially to little Belgium, which has much cause for thankfulness that strong, virile militarists have been able to overrule the effeminate pacifists and prevent the horrors of a peaceful harvest-time, of an undesolated country, and a winter not linked irrevocably with such slaughter and starvation as the world has never yet witnessed.

In the face of this unique exposition of the virtue and value of militarism and militarists, it is indeed extraordinary that Mr. Bryan, or any other statesman or publicist, should be foolish enough to indulge pacific tendencies, or to imagine that the peoples of the world, amazed, nauseated, shocked into the full realization of facts, will highly resolve—and will keep that resolution—that the dead shall not have given their lives in vain, and that the future shall be free from the intolerable curse that has lowered over the past, and brought us now to the supreme abomination of desolation.

*Charles S. Whitman*

MR. WHITMAN'S election to the governorship of New York State was thoroughly deserved and entirely expected, though the degree of support accorded to Mr. Sulzer was a surprise to the majority of observers and must have been touching to Tammany, as showing that the great heart of the people does not throb entirely in tune with the infinite trickery of Fourteenth Street. But though Mr. Sulzer has a certain personal popularity, the votes cast for him must have been intended chiefly as a protest against the conditions of his removal from the governorship: for the people know perfectly well that a Tammany governor, well trained and duly heedful of the little finger of the Big Chief, could have committed almost any amount of subtle rascality without fear of impeachment.



Perhaps Mr. Whitman may be able to initiate a few interesting investigations with regard to Tammany activities in the State.

### *The Sing-Sing Scandal*

THE hasty removal of an undesirable warden from Sing-Sing, in the hope of checking, before the election, the effects of peculiar disclosures, is both interesting and amusing; interesting, as a public event of fourth-rate magnitude; amusing, as a public exhibition of first-rate incompetence. The gentleman who was responsible for the appointment of the warden should be deeply gratified by the results. Of course, as he merely held a highly responsible position, he could not be expected to know that the warden of a large prison requires qualities that are not generally found in the average plumber, cobbler or tinsmith, however estimable the cobbler and his companions may be.

That a position requiring expert training, unusual personal qualities and fine ideals should be filled by the saloon-lounger type of local politician, is in accordance with Tammany traditions. But times are changing, and even such a disgraceful institution as Sing-Sing may be made less hopelessly unfitted to its real purposes.

### *The New Republic*

A CORDIAL welcome must be extended to *The New Republic*, "A journal of opinion which seeks to meet the challenge of a new time." The new weekly has made its appearance under excellent auspices and with excellent intentions, and it should certainly discover that there is a growing public in this country which no longer regards ideas as inherently dull, but sees in them the means by which a finer order may be established. There are still certain people who find their chief recreation in Elinor Glyn fiction, and their chief occupation in avoiding ideas: but there are many others who find some pleasure (at least occasionally) in clear thinking and intelligent criticism.







AP  
2  
F8  
v.52

Forum

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---



